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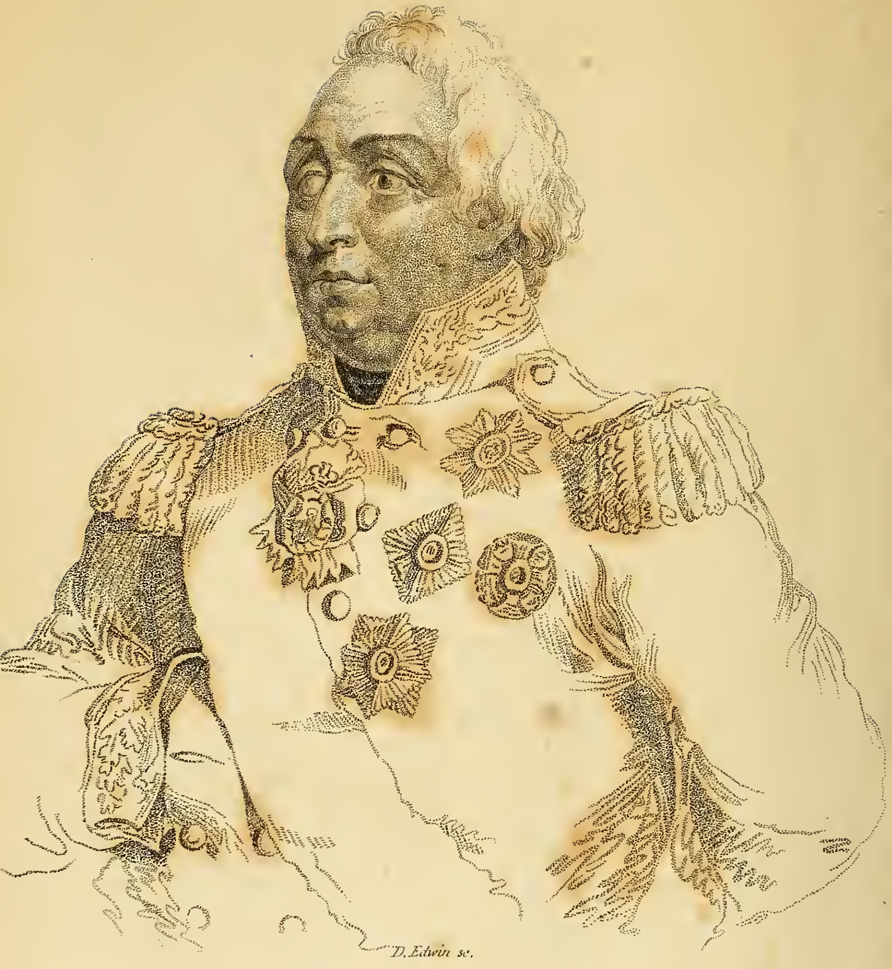
CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.



D. Edwin sc.

Prince Koutousoff.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA, DURING THE YEAR 1812.

BY

SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

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CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.

THE late War between the Russian Empire and that of France, which closed in the Peace of Tilsit, is too much alive in the recollection of Europe to need a narration here of the particular events which led to its commencement, and accelerated its conclusion. The necessity which compelled the Emperor Alexander to make that Treaty, there is little doubt originated in the nonfulfilment of promises, made by powers in alliance with him, to give their support to a warfare which involved not more the safety of Russia than that of all the civilized world. Though an ally only, (on the destruction of the Prussian force, and the decided apathetical tardiness of Austria,) he found himself, left to bear the whole weight of the contest as a principal. Though thus abandoned, and placed in a situation, to maintain which, it being unexpected, he had not provided resources, he nevertheless receded not a step; but in the field and in the cabinet continued to assert, to the extremest point of his empire's existence, the liberty of Europe. It is well known, from what passed between the Courts of London and St.

Petersburgh, how anxious he was (in spite of disappointments) to retain the friendship of England, and her active co-operation in the Great Cause. At length the Russian Monarch's patience was exhausted; and and on the 7th of July, 1807, the Peace of Tilsit was signed.

From the date of this event six years elapsed; and during the whole period the face of Europe never ceased being deluged with blood. Austria, who had neglected the past favourable moment to defend her rights, was at last aroused; and became involved, and alone too, in a desperate and unsuccessful contest with Napoleon. Spain burst forth against the tyrant, with the spirit of her ancestors. And England, (however those at times in power may have committed political errors) continued, in principle, true to the grand cause by feeding the flame in the Peninsula; and thus kept up that fire with which the far-spreading torch of the North now lights the rest of Europe to Emancipation and Peace.

The negative kind of amity, a body without a soul, which the Treaty of Tilsit established between the Empires of Russia and France, (and which endured little more than four years) gave time and occasion to Alexander to be fully aware of the ultimate views of his Gallic friend; who lost not an opportunity of endeavouring by every species of intrigue to pave the way for an easy conquest over the arms and allegiance of the subjects of his august and honourable ally.

The machinations of Napoleon have ever been as much against the principles, as the personal liberties of men. Former conquerors were content with subjecting nations by the power of the sword. His aim is a deeper destruction: he attacks the moral principle. He subdues, by seduction, from the rule of law, from the standard of conscience; and having, like the arch-fiend, trammelled the souls of his captives, he hopes to keep them in perpetual, because desperate, slavery. I need not particularize the objects in Russia, of this his system of mental vassalage: some few fell victims to his spells, but the many, the worthy of the name of Russians, remained impregnable to the most determined, most wily assaults of his art.

The impatience of Napoleon to compel every state under his influence to adopt what he calls *The Continental System*, and which means the exclusion of all commerce with England, exciting him to extraordinary and imperative demands of Russia: the insolent declarations of his power to enforce obedience to his will, alarmed the independent spirit of the Emperor Alexander; and made him wisely prepare, in silence, for a rupture which no flatteries of the tyrant, nor suggestions from the world's panic, could persuade him to compromise.

The Common Disturber of Europe soon learned from his agents in Russia, that it was their opinion the people was not to be corrupted; and that his favourite *System* could not, by any method whatever, be forced upon the ruler of such a people. Napoleon laughed at these representations. A man without honour, believes the integrity of all others impugnable. He is a very Proteus in politics. Again and again every subtilty was tried, every temptation offered; but Alexander frowned on the vain art, and repulsed it.

Napoleon continued to dissemble and to intrigue; for the moment of unfolding his ultimate plans was not yet arrived: and with a semblance of the most ardent friendship, grasping at the most intimate bonds of connexion, he essayed to cajole the unsullied faith of the Emperor Alexander. Even while his serpent tongue wove this Machiavelian net, with hands more numerous than those of Briareus, he was secretly preparing the means of subverting the Russian Empire, and establishing upon its ruins and those of Europe a dominion that would command the sovereignty of the world.

Russia now saw clearly the impending storm; and no exertion was neglected on her part, to prepare against its rage. Her troops, by degrees, spread themselves along her vast frontier; and took up the best positions that the probable circumstances of her situation could point out. A force of four hundred thousand strong, public report said was then extended from the shores of the Baltic to the extremity of Volhynia; but as the casualties incident to a Russian armament are numerous, we cannot confidently rate this body of men, at the commencement of the campaign, at more than two hundred thousand effective soldiers.

While Alexander was silently drawing these lines of circumvallation around his frontiers; lines of brave men, more impregnable than bulwarks of stone or iron; Napoleon, conscious that it had never been his intention to fulfil his engagements in the Treaty of Tilsit, and perceiving that Russia was now aware of his premeditated breach of faith and determined future hostility, endeavoured, through the medium of his ambassadors at the Court of St. Petersburgh, to cast an insidious gloze on all that had passed; and by misrepresentation, falsehood, and sophistry, to throw the blame of the approaching rupture upon the Northern Emperor.

Even in the third year (1810) of this hollow peace, France was seen to manifest serious designs of invading the Russian dominions. Napoleon was compelled to understand that, in spite of his menaces, Russia would have a commerce with England; that she would not, in consenting to him as an ally, yield her own equal rights of maintaining her people, and replenishing her treasury, by those honest arts which give to peace a value beyond that of mere personal security. He saw that ukases were repeatedly issued to encourage a commerce with England: and more and more irritated by the steady policy of Alexander, he decided, not only on the destruction of that prince, but on the annihilation of his empire.

Notwithstanding these sentiments of each other, and the preparations which both were quietly making, the one to commit, and the other to resist violence, diplomatic civilities passed between the two courts. Alexander maintained a dignified silence; and Napoleon, carefully masking his face when turned to Russia, was moving all his engines in other countries, to excite their armies to assist his in overwhelming her with ruin. During the year 1811, his agent at Constantinople, pursuant to this scheme, exerted every nerve to keep up a war against Russia on the side of Turkey. No alarm was left unsounded, no promises spared, which might persuade the Grand Seignior to believe that the boasted *Genius of France* was fated to be also the prophet and protector of the Ottoman Imperial line.

The co-operation of Sweden was solicited by similar means. Provided she would engage to march a large army towards the Russian frontier on her side, while a French force should invade the empire on the quarters of Poland and Prussia, Napoleon proffered her, as an indemnification, all Finland, and vast accessions to her Pomeranian territories.

Treaties of defensive alliance were concluded with Austria and Prussia. Dantzic was reinforced, and provided with stores of all kinds. And the rest of the strong Prussian fortresses which, according to articles in the Treaty of Tilsit, ought to have been evacuated by the French troops, had, on the contrary, their garrisons considerably augmented. Columns of troops from France, as well as from the various states which comprised the Confederation of the Rhine, were known to be on their march towards the Vistula.

Such military preparations, together with the ratification of treaties of the most intimate alliances between France, Austria, and Prussia, left no doubt in the mind of the Emperor Alexander as to the object of their proceedings. He saw that the time was now come to take his station at the head of the army his precaution had so wisely provided; and quitting his capital about the 22d of April, 1812, he arrived on the 26th at Wilna, where he established his head-quarters.

THE army of Napoleon was all in motion. The confederate princes of Germany had sent their tributary powers; and a reluctant remnant, of about ten thousand Spaniards and Portuguese, had been pressed into the service. Not less than four hundred thousand men were ranged under the despot's standard; and by the beginning of May, 1812, the banks of the Vistula were overshadowed by his thronging legions.

Napoleon left Paris in May, and found himself at the head of his grand army on the 16th of June. A finer or more complete force never was marshalled by the destructive abilities of man. It possessed the *élite*, not only of the French nation, but that of all her confederates; and, to give efficiency to so formidable a strength, was commanded by the most celebrated captain of the age.

This mighty array had been a work of deliberation. Its ambitious leader had long sought to make a vassal of his imperial ally, or to push him to the extremity of a rupture. Through the medium of Prince Kourakin, Napoleon, while at Paris, had precipitated that decision from St. Petersburgh, which he looked for to give him an excuse for the meditated invasion. His demands were, that Russia must immediately adopt, without any reservation, the continental system, to the exclusion and destruction of all commerce whatever with England. The style of this message, as well as its purport, was in a strain to offend the dignity, as well as the just political views of the Emperor Alexander; but he treated it so far with forbearance as to commission his ambassador at Paris, while he refused compliance to the extent required, to use every means, consistent with the character of the Russian nation, to preserve the peace.

The demand was repeated without any softening terms; and Alexander's reply was still in the same spirit. Much as he wished to maintain a friendship with France, nothing should induce him to attempt it at so dear a price, as compromising the ultimate good of his country, by the sacrifice of its commerce. To this resolution, he added a protest against the French occupation of the Duchy of Oldenberg. This resolution, and this protest, were immediately construed by Napoleon into demands "arrogant and extraordinary!"

and announced by him as equivalent to a declaration of war. Still, however, his hypocrisy was not satisfied with the part it had already acted; he must have another scene of fawning, yet insulting, overtures of re-cementing an alliance which it was his own determined object to break.

To this purpose he dispatched his aide-de-camp, General Narbonne, to Wilna, to know whether the Emperor Alexander would at last withdraw his extraordinary demands. The General was heard and answered; and, after a very short stay at the Russian head-quarters, carried back this reply,—That his Imperial Majesty would negociate with Napoleon, as soon as ever he had withdrawn his troops from the Polish and Prussian frontiers.

This message, and the information that General Lauriston had been refused permission to visit Wilna for the purpose of having an interview with Alexander, so enraged Napoleon, that he exclaimed—"The conquered assume the tone of conquerors—Fate leads them on—Let their destiny be accomplished!"

He spoke a Delphic oracle in these words; for they certainly are accomplished, though in a manner directly contrary to his translation of their meaning.

Without a moment's delay, at the same instant he issued orders to cross the Niemen, and to send forth the following address to his troops.

"SOLDIERS!

"The second Polish war is commenced. The first was terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and as eternal a war with England. She now violates her oaths. She declares she will give no explanation of her strange conduct, until the French eagles have repassed the Rhine; leaving, by that abandonment, our allies at her discretion.

"Russia is led on by a fatality. Her destiny must be fulfilled!

"Does she believe us degenerated? Are we no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She places us between dishonour and war. The choice is not doubtful. We march forward! we pass the Niemen! and will carry war into the heart of her territory. The second Polish war will be as glorious to the arms of France as was the first. But the peace which we shall conclude will carry its own guarantee: it will annihilate that proud and over-bearing influence which, for fifty years, Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe."

"Head-quarters, Wilhowiski,
June 22d, 1812."

On the twenty-third of the same month, the head-quarters of Napoleon were removed to the neighbourhood of Kovna, within a league of the Niemen. After visiting the line of posts on that river, and throwing across three bridges at the several points selected for the passage, at an early hour in the evening the army was in motion; and by eleven at night the three columns had reached the opposite shore. The light troops arriving at Kovna in great force, and falling unexpectedly on a body of Cossacs, who occupied that town, drove them out with terrible slaughter. Thus, in this spot, were hostilities commenced!

The news soon reached the Russian head-quarters; and the aggression was of too deep a dye to allow of any farther forbearance. That his people might not be ignorant of the end to which this treacherous act (committed in the very hour of negociation) was to lead, the Emperor addressed to them the following declaration.

"We have long observed the hostile intentions of the Emperor of the French against Russia. But we hoped, by our forbearance, to allay the adverse spirit; and to convince him, by our moderation, of the policy as well as justice of not seeking to overwhelm all Europe by the weight of one power.

"Our amicable efforts were repeatedly disappointed; and, at last, seeing that our patience rather invited insult, than persuaded to confidence, we found ourselves obliged to resign our wish of preserving the tranquillity of our people, (if that might be called tranquillity, which must have been purchased by the sacrifice of all their dearest interests!) and to fly to arms. Though brought even to this point, that the enemy might have no excuse for the violation of his faith, we refused not to listen to the embassies he continued to send to our quarters; still shewing our will to avoid a rupture, though we kept our station on the frontiers, ready to maintain the peace or to support a war.

" But neither moderation nor forbearance had other effect on the French Emperor, than to give him time in which to act his premeditated breach of all honour. While the pacific words of his aide-de-camp, the Count Narbonne, were yet sounding in our ear, he crossed the Niemen, attacked Kovna! and thus, by a deed of the basest and most sanguinary aggression, began the war.

" The hope of peace, without a contest, is at an end; and we have now no other resource than to oppose our brave soldiers to the invader, and to invoke the Supreme Judge of all, to bless the Righteous Cause!

" We have no occasion to remind our Generals, or Commanders of regiments, or our troops in general, what is either their duty or their honour. The blood of the Sclavonians, so illustrious by their virtues and their victories, flows in their veins. Soldiers! you defend your Faith, your Country, and your Liberty! Your Emperor marches at your head, and the God of Justice is against the Aggressor!

" ALEXANDER."

" Wilna, 13th of June, 1812, O. S.
25th of June, 1812, N. S."

Independent of this manifesto, the Emperor addressed an official letter to Marshal Count Soltikoff, president of the imperial council of state, in which he repeats the substance of what he had addressed to the nation; but, entering into more particular details of the French subtilties and dishonour, concludes the communication with these magnanimous words:

"My brave people, attacked in their very homes, know well how to defend them with a perseverance that will never ground its arms till the independence of the nation terminates the war. And for myself, I will never sheath the sword while a single enemy remains within the precincts of the empire."

The trumpet of hostilities having been now sounded from both camps, the adverse armies put themselves in general motion. The force employed by France to draw down upon Russia her "inevitable destiny," was thus divided and commanded.

A leading corps, composed chiefly of cavalry and flying artillery, was under the orders of Murat (King of Naples).

The first corps. Marshal Davoust (Prince of Eckmuhl).

The second corps. Marshal Oudinot (Duke of Reggio).

The third corps. Marshal Ney (Duke of Elchingen).

The fourth and sixth corps. Beauharnois (Viceroy of Italy).

The fifth and seventh (the seventh being Regnier, Saxons, and Dombrossky's corps), and the eighth, were under the orders of Jerome Buonaparté (King of Westphalia).

The ninth corps. Victor (Duke of Belluno).

The tenth corps (composed of French and Prussians). Macdonald (Duke of Tarento).

The corps of Marshals Davoust, Ney, Oudinot, Macdonald, the Prince Poniatoffsky, and that of the guards, passed the Niemen, almost at the same time, at Jourboorg, Kovna, Olitta, and Mercez. This advance commenced on the 23d of June, when the French troops completely established themselves on the right bank of the Niemen; and, by the 26th, they had pushed their light cavalry to within nine or ten leagues of Wilna.

When Alexander received information of these movements, he gave orders for the immediate reunion of his army at Drissa. But that point of concentration being at a considerable distance from the frontiers; and those frontiers stretching to an immense extent on all sides; and along which the troops had been necessarily spread to defend them; (as it was not to be divined at what part the enemy would first oppose himself); a complete obedience to this command must take time to accomplish. When the Emperor issued this order, the Russian army occupied the following places:

Head-quarters were at Wilna, where were stationed a part of the Imperial guards. A reserve of that corps was at Swantziany. The whole was commanded by Barclay de Tolly in chief.

The right of the first division, consisting of thirty thousand men, stretching from Chawli to Telch and Wilkomir, was commanded by Count Vigtenstein.

The second division, consisting of twenty-five thousand men; which had previously occupied Kovna, but on the approach of the enemy to the banks of the Niemen, had fallen back to Schirving, between Wilkomir and Wilna, was under General Baggavout.

The third and fourth divisions of Generals Shouvaloff and Toutchkoff, each amounting to twenty-six thousand men, occupied Novtroky, and from thence to Lida. These divisions were called the *First Army*.

A part of General Dochtorroff's, (or the Fifth division, amounting to twenty thousand men), under Count Palhen, occupied Grodno. Dochtorroff had, some short time before, been detached from the *Second Army*, which consisted of sixty thousand men, and was commanded by Prince Bragation, then stationed at Bainstock and Wilkowiski, together with a large body of Cossacs under Platoff.

A corps of observation, amounting to twenty-five thousand men, under the command of General Tormozoff, was left at Loutzk. And Generals Essen and Steingel, commanded in and near Riga, a body of twenty thousand.

In the event of a rupture, the plan of the campaign, determined on by the Emperor Alexander and his military council, was, as a first measure, that of retiring to the banks of the Dwina; where a strengthened position was preparing, at Drissa, to receive the whole concentrated force of the Russians. Experience had taught them, from the late wars, and by the brilliant example in the western Peninsula, that the only mode of ensuring ultimate success against the present enemy, was that of a protracted warfare. To this plan, they added that of laying waste the intermediate country; sacrificing a province of their own empire, even to the demolition of towns and villages, that the enemy might have no means of subsistence, no shelter for his troops.

Drissa was the point of re-union, and accordingly every branch of the extended Russian army moved towards it. On the 28th of June, the rear of the main body left the city of Wilna, after having destroyed nearly every thing in the magazines which might have been of service to the enemy. It crossed the Vilia with a trifling loss, burning the wooden bridge by which they passed that river.

Count Vigtenstein left Wilkomir and its neighbourhood, proceeding to Breslau, where he arrived on the

7th of July. The reserve of guards stationed at Swentziany, moved forward to pass the Dwina; whilst the corps of Baggavout, Toutchkoff, and Schouvaloff, formed their union at the same time in and about Widzy. By these movements it was hoped the communication was ensured with the division of Dochtorroff, which was in the neighbourhood of Weleyka.

Without losing a moment, when Prince Bragation was apprised that the enemy had effected the passage of the Niemen, he set his army in motion, to effect a junction with the main body at Drissa. To cover this march, which he foresaw would be traversed by innumerable difficulties, he ordered Platoff to move upon Grodno.

During these movements the French followed the steps of their adversary with eager activity; and, it was plainly perceptible that the object of Napoleon was to turn the right flank of the Russians, and to cut off the re-union of Dochtorroff. Could he effect this final separation, he would completely throw himself between the first and the second armies, and so Alexander's plan of defence would be destroyed.

The official reports of the French leader relating to this period of the campaign, would lead us to attach some blame to the Russian Commander in chief, Barclay de Tolly, for the precipitancy of the retreat from Wilna to Drissa; and also for leaving General Dochtorroff several days without orders, and Prince Bragation in total ignorance of the steps that had been taken to form a junction of the two armies on the opposite shore of the Dwina.

With respect to Dochtorroff, it was well known that on the 30th his corps reached Ochmiani, and that the Prince had, according to the exigency of the moment, put himself in full advance to approach the centre of the main army. Dochtorroff, although followed up by a force of the enemy far superior in numbers to his own, so well disposed his cavalry and light troops, that he reached Borodino, with a very trifling loss, on the 4th of July; having sustained the repeated attacks of the different corps of Borde, Soult, Nansouty, and Pajol. Thus, by his courage and activity, he gained the left shore of the Dwina, and secured his passage of the river.

Meanwhile the right of the army, covered by its cavalry and light troops, with intrepid resolution, continued its movements upon Drissa. On the 6th of July, the rear guard, under the command of Major-Generals Korff and Koutaitzoff, was attacked near the river Dziasna, by the troops of Murat, supported by a strong corps of flying artillery under the command of General Montebrune. The Russian dragoons received the charge with their usual steadiness; and attacking in their turn with a regiment of Polish Hulans, and the Cossacs of the guards, aided by several pieces of light artillery, completely repulsed the enemy; who left in the hands of the victors several officers; amongst whom was Prince Hohenloë-kirchberg, in the service of the King of Wirtemburg. There were also fifty or sixty soldiers. This advantage allowed the Russian troops to gain the opposite side of the river without farther molestation; and to destroy the bridges.

On the 8th of July the main body passed the Dwina at Dinaburg, leaving the rear guard at the distance of a short march; and on the 9th, most of the divisions entered the entrenched camp at Drissa.

Thus was effected this momentous movement, after a rapid and severe march of eleven days, during which the troops never relaxed their usual firmness and discipline. Indeed their loss was comparatively inconsiderable; for, from the commencement of their falling back from Wilna, until they entered Drissa, it did not exceed in killed, wounded, and prisoners, six hundred men. The enemy suffered equally, if not in a greater proportion; the Russians having made, in casual skirmishes during this retreat, above three hundred prisoners.

The weather had been extremely hot, and was succeeded by a sharp cold, accompanied with very heavy rains. This circumstance was an auxiliary to Russia, for Napoleon complains of it, as having greatly retarded his advance; although it so little affected the experienced sons of the North, that they gained their entrenchments without the loss of a single piece of artillery.

Owing to indisposition, arising from the late extraordinary fatigues, Count Schouvaloff found himself obliged to withdraw from the army; and the command of his division was given to General Count Osterman Tolstoy, an officer of the first military talents, and who, at that time, was in the suite of his Emperor.

The Imperial Alexander, setting the true example of a hero, that of sharing with his soldiers their severest toils, never quitted his troops one hour during the whole of their rigorous march; and his hardihood was rewarded, for he had constant opportunities of being assured of their animated loyalty to his person, and of their impatience to be led against the enemy.

Great as was the satisfaction he felt at these demonstrations, he was obliged to check their ardour, until the moment should arrive when circumstances would permit him to give it way to advantage.

On taking possession of the fortified camp at Drissa, his majesty addressed his army, in the general orders of the day, in these terms:

"RUSSIAN WARRIORS!

"You have at length reached the object towards which we directed our views. When the enemy dared to pass the boundaries of our Empire, you were upon its frontiers in order to protect them; but until a complete reunion of our troops could be effected, it became necessary to curb your intrepid courage; and to fall back to our present position. We came here to assemble and to concentrate our forces. Our calculations have been propitious. The whole of the first army is now on this spot.

" Soldiers! The field is open to that valour so nobly obedient to restraint, so eager to maintain the renown already given to its name. You will now gather laurels worthy of yourselves, and of your ancestors. This day, already signalised by the battle of Pultowa, will recall to you the exploits of your forefathers. The remembrance of their valour, the voice of their fame, summon you to surpass both by the glory of your deeds! Their vigorous arms ever knew the enemies of their country. Go, then! in the spirit of your fathers, annihilate that enemy who dares to attack your faith, your honour, even your hearths, surrounded by your wives and children!

" God! witness of the justice of your cause, will sanctify your arms with his divine benediction!

" Camp at Drissa, 27th June, 1812, O. S.
9th July, 1812, N. S."

The army of Prince Bragation (usually called the *Second Army*) continued its advance towards Wilna; but on reaching the environs of the town of Ivie, he found his intended line of march already occupied by the enemy, and that it would be a desperate sacrifice of his troops to attempt by force a passage to the left of the main army. He knew that army must now be too far distant to afford him any hope, (even could he penetrate the enemy's columns,) to reach it before it must have passed the Dwina.

No doubt being left in his mind of his being, for the present, effectually separated from the main army, he judged it best to direct his march towards Minsk. But again he was intercepted: on his approach to that city, he discovered that it was already in the possession of Davoust. Before the French could take any advantage of his dilemma, the Prince made a retrograde and well ordered movement on the road to Sloutsk; hoping from thence to reach Mohiloff, and then to gain Vitepsk, time enough to elude the several detachments of the enemy, now on the alert to cut him off.

In order to cover Bragation's designs, General Platoff, with his Cossacs and light artillery, left Lida, and passed through Novogrodeck towards Mire and Neswick. On the 7th of July, at Korelistchi, he was met by the advanced guard of Jerome Buonaparté's army, consisting of three columns of cavalry, which the brave Hetman drove back with considerable slaughter. The next day he was again attacked (having previously occupied the suburbs of Mire) by an augmented force, under the command of the Polish General Rosnitsky. The combat continued several hours, and was sustained with obstinacy on both sides, till at last the persevering courage of the Russians prevailed, and three regiments of Polish Hulans were completely destroyed. Their General Tournou, was the only man who escaped. The victory was so decisive that the enemy abandoned the field of battle, leaving upwards of one thousand six hundred killed, and three hundred and fifty prisoners in the hands of their conquerors. The loss on the Russian side did not exceed six hundred, including officers, amongst whom, though all were brave, there was none of distinction.

After this advantage, Platoff directed his troops towards Romanoff: but there a fresh rencontre awaited him, with a body yet more formidable than either of those he had so lately defeated. The French bore down upon him with tremendous force and numbers; but the invincible Cossac was immoveable. He sustained the impetuosity of their fire, and then overwhelmed them with the fury of his own. They fled before him for more than three leagues, leaving the first regiment of chasseurs à cheval, and also the grenadiers à cheval (some of the most prized troops in Napoleon's service) dead on the field. Platoff made prisoners in this brilliant affair, two colonels, sixteen officers, and three hundred men. Returning from pursuit, he retraced his steps to Romanoff, in order to keep up with the movements of Bragation, who was advancing by forced marches upon Mohiloff.

That Prince having displayed consummate skill, and made almost unexampled exertions, to form a junction with the main army, felt the bitterest disappointment at finding himself still so far distant from that great object. And yet when we reflect on the extended frontier of six hundred wersts, menaced at all points of attack by an army nearly double in numbers to that of the Russians, it is not surprising that the body of troops forming the Russian left, having a vast line of country to traverse, should be prevented making a re-union with its main army.

Notwithstanding every art being adopted by Napoleon, to impose upon the Emperor Alexander; and to throw him off his guard, by the flattering negociations of General Narbonne; though he even stooped to the treachery of passing his troops over the Niemen, while he affected to proffer peace, yet he failed to find the dupe he expected in the Russian Emperor: Alexander had been taught a lesson in politics by this wily usurper, which, though he disdained to bring it into his own actions, yet furnished him with a talisman by which he untwisted the truth from the falsehood in the proceedings of his adversary. The knowledge of a poison suggests its antidote: and the Russian monarch lost no time in preparing against the treacherous arrows of the French leader.

The Rubicon of honour had long been passed by Napoleon, before he plunged his hostile troops into the waters of the Niemen. The affair of Kovna afforded him a bloody sacrifice to propitiate the furies to whom his soul was devoted. And Alexander, aware of the hatred, as well as ambition, which impelled his career, made every prompt movement to accelerate the concentration of the Russian forces at a station of advantage.

Even the officers of the invading army could not help bearing testimony to the fine order in which this rapid retreat was made; and Napoleon himself is compelled to give it his share of praise, by not venturing to fabricate a boast, in any of his reports at this time, of having gained even the smallest advantage over the retiring army. Could he have discovered in their steps the minutest traces of any of the natural calamities incident to ill-ordered retrograde movements, there is no doubt that the pen he dictates would have magnified the most trifling disasters into shapes of misery and destruction. The only remark we find concerning the events of this memorable retreat, is as follows:

"Ten days after the opening of the campaign, our advanced posts are upon the banks of the Dwina! Almost all Lithuania, a country containing four millions of inhabitants, is conquered! The movements of the army commenced on the Vistula. The projects of the Emperor were then revealed; and there was not an instant to be lost in putting them into execution. The Russians were engaged in concentrating their force at Drissa. They announced a determination there to await our approach, and give us battle. They now talk of fighting, after having abandoned, without a stroke, their Polish possessions! Perhaps they adopted that peaceable mode of evacuation, as an act of justice; by way of making some restitution to a country which they had acquired neither by treaty, nor by the right of conquest."

If it were possible that Napoleon could really imagine that "to make restitution" was the motive of this retreat of the Russians, we might be led to conceive (on reviewing the ground they passed over), what would be *his marks of restitution*, were he induced, in a fit of remorse, to vacate any of the countries which he now possesses "neither by treaty, nor by the right of conquest!" It was Alexander's wise policy to leave a desart in the path of the French leader. It was no wanton exercise of power, no exultation in human miseries, which made him lay waste the country from the Vistula to the banks of the Dwina; but to compel nature to be his auxiliary against the most subtle and ruthless invader that ever trampled upon her rights. In extraordinary cases, extraordinary means must be resorted to: and where the properties, lives, liberties, and consciences of men are at stake, the purchase is comparatively small which surrenders the first, and puts the second to hazard, to secure, in the remainder, all that is most valuable to the true character of man. Alexander and his brave people have acted upon this principle; and the grand result has claimed the admiration and the gratitude of unfettered Europe.

The first army having successfully gained the entrenchments at Drissa, the Commander-in-chief hoped that Bragation, though not able to reach that point, might gain Vitepsk; and by that means come in upon his left. In this expectation the main army remained in its guarded position; intending not to offer battle till supported by its second army.

The enemy's column under the command of Marshal Oudinot, having reached the neighbourhood of Dunaboorg, on the morning of the 18th, vigorously attacked the head of the bridge, where the Russians had constructed some works. Major-General Oulanoff received the charge with great presence of mind, and drove them back with a rapidity which occasioned them no small surprise. However, they renewed the affair next day; and again were repulsed, and so decisively that their commander found it expedient to move off his right towards Drouya, whilst the cavalry under Murat took possession of Dissna.

Count Vitgenstein (whose present military reputation was then presaged by the hopes of the people), observing that the French posts on the opposite shore were negligently guarded, ordered Major-General Koulneff, with the regiment of Grodno, and a few squadrons of Cossacs, to pass the river. A flying bridge was instantly constructed; and before the enemy were aware, the Russian force had not only gained the left bank of the Dwina, but had fallen upon them; and in a very short time drove them several wersts beyond their posts; leaving six hundred of their killed on the ground, and taking many prisoners. The French General of brigade, Saint Geniés (who was wounded), with numerous officers, and two hundred men, were among the latter.

Sebastiani commanded in chief during this unexpected encounter, which happened *a l'improviste* undoubtedly, as the words of the French bulletin express it. And so far it speaks true; but to palliate the effects of this unmilitary carelessness on the part of the French General, he represents Koulneff's force to amount to eighteen thousand men, a number beyond the power of the most expert calculator to extract from a single regiment of hussars, and a few squadrons of Cossacs. But accuracy is not a quality much prized in the school of Napoleon.

The enemy, finding that no impression could be made on the right of the first army, and that the works it occupied on the opposite bank were too formidable to be attempted, determined to push forward to Vitepsk, to which point the corps of Beauharnois, Davoust, and Mortier, were already approaching.

To keep pace with these movements, the left flank of the Russians made a rapid advance towards Polotzk. And as there now remained no probability of an immediate re-union with Prince Bragation's troops, the Commander-in-chief determined to retire to Smolensk; where, he hoped, no doubt could be entertained, that the first and second armies would reach head-quarters about the same time. This happy junction would enable him to await with sufficient confidence the event of a battle.

It has before been remarked that when hostilities commenced on the banks of the Vistula, the total effective force of the Russians did not amount to more than two hundred and forty thousand men; whilst that of the French allied armies counted full four hundred thousand. Besides which, the activity of Napoleon was making vast preparations for yet further augmentations under the Generals Augereau and Victor.

The Emperor Alexander, finding the great superiority of his adversary's numbers, and being aware that the fate of Europe depended on the success of the Northern War, determined on breasting the occasion with his whole strength. For this purpose, he turned himself to call forth the energies of his people; and make every exertion in his own power, to provide instant reinforcements for the army. He foresaw that even the wished-for junction of his first and second armies, could not, though crowned with victory in the expected great battle, present a force at all equal to follow to advantage the glory of the day. He now stood forth, single-handed, against the united powers of the continent; and those commanded by a man hitherto deemed invincible. This was not a contest, whose reward might be a brilliant action, and its termination a compromising treaty. Its victories must lead to the annihilation of the enemy; its end must be the liberty and peace of Europe. Such was the great commission which the Emperor of Russia felt he was delegated to fulfil; and with the eloquence of a soul inspired with its cause, he thus addresses his people.

He first speaks to his subjects of Moscow, and then to the nation at large.

"TO OUR ANCIENT CITY AND METROPOLIS OF MOSCOW!

"The enemy, with unparalleled perfidy, and a force equal to his boundless ambition, has entered the frontiers of Russia. His design is the ruin of our country. The Russian armies burn with impatience to throw themselves upon his battalions, and chastise, at the expense of their lives, this treacherous invasion. But our paternal tenderness for our faithful subjects, will not allow of so desperate a sacrifice. We will not suffer our brave soldiers to bleed on the altars of this Moloch. We must meet him in the field, man to man, in equal combat; he for his ambition, we for our country!

"Fully informed of the malignant intentions of our enemy, and of the ample means with which he has provided himself to execute those intentions, we do not hesitate to declare to our people the danger in which the Empire is placed; and to call upon them to disappoint, by their patriotic exertions, the advantages which the invader now hopes to gain by our present inferiority of numbers.

"Necessity commands that we should assemble a new force, in the interior, to support that which is now face to face with the enemy, and determined to perish or remain a barrier between him and the liberties of their country. To collect this new army, we address ourself to the ancient capital of our ancestors, to the city of Moscow. She has always been the sovereign city of all the Russias; and the first, in every case of public danger, to send forth from her arms her darling sons, to defend the honour of the Empire. As the blood invariably rushes to the hero's heart, there to summon every energy of the determined soul; so do the children of our country rush towards her from each surrounding province, seeking in her bosom the principle of that defence which must now shield the babe at its mother's breast, and guard from sacrilege the tombs of our fathers.

"The very existence of our name in the map of nations is menaced. The enemy denounces DESTRUCTION TO RUSSIA!

"The security of our Holy Church, the safety of the throne of the Tzars, the independence of the ancient Muscovite Empire, all call aloud, that the object of this appeal may be received by our loyal subjects as a sacred decree!

"We hasten to present ourself amidst our faithful people of Moscow; and from that centre will visit other parts of our Empire, to counsel and to direct the armaments.

"May the hearts of our nobles, and those of all the other orders of the state, breathe forth the spirit of this Holy War, which is blessed by God, and fought under the banners of His Christian Church! May the filial ardour spread itself from Moscow to the extremities of our dominions! And a force will then assemble around their Monarch, that may defy the thousand legions of our treacherous invader. The ills which he has prepared for us, will then fall on his own head; and Europe, delivered from vassalage, may then celebrate the Name of—RUSSIA.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER."
"Camp at Polotzk, July 6th, 1812, O. S.
July 18th, 1812, N. S."

The second address is,

"TO THE NATION AT LARGE!

"The enemy has passed our frontiers, and carries his arms into the interior of Russia. If perfidy cannot destroy an empire, which has existed with increasing dignity for so many ages, he has determined to assail it by force; and to storm the dominion of the Tzars with the collected powers of continental Europe.

"With treason in his heart, and fidelity on his lips, he courts the credulous ear, and binds the hands in chains: and when the virtue of the captive discovers the fetter under the wreath, then the spirit of bondage makes itself manifest, and summons war to rivet the spells of treachery! But Russia penetrates the wiles. The way of truth is open before her: she has invoked the protection of God. She opposes to the machinations of her enemy an army vehement in courage; and eager to drive from her territory a race of locusts that burthen the earth; and whom that earth would reject from finding graves in her outraged bosom.

" We call for armies sufficient to annihilate this enemy. Our soldiers, now in arms, are bold as lions rushing on their prey; but we disguise not from our loyal subjects, that the dauntless courage of our warriors requires to be supported by an interior line of troops. The means ought to be proportioned to the end; and the end before us is to overwhelm the tyrant, who would overwhelm all the world.

" We have called upon our ancient city of Moscow, the first metropolis in our empire, to take the lead, as she is wont to do, in bringing forth her sons to the Imperial aid. We next call upon ALL our subjects, in Europe and Asia, to assemble themselves together in the cause of Mankind! We call upon all our communities, Civil and Ecclesiastical, to co-operate with us in one general levy against the universal tyrant!

" Wherever, in this empire, he may advance his invading foot, we are assured he will meet native subjects to rise upon his treachery; to disdain his flattery and his falsehoods; and, with the indignation of insulted virtue, trample upon his gold; and palsy, by the touch of true honour, his enslaved legions. In each Russian nobleman he will find a Pojarskoi (1*), in each ecclesiastic a Palitzin (2), and in each peasant a Minin (3)!

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* Notes to these marks will be found at the end of the Volume.

"Nobles! you were, in every age, the defenders of your country! Holy Synod! and you, the members of our Church! have at all periods, by your intercessions, called down upon our empire the divine protection! Russian people! intrepid posterity of the Sclavonians! it is not the first time that you have torn the teeth from the heads of the lions who have rushed upon you as prey, and met in the grasp their own destruction!—UNITE! carry the cross in your hearts, and the iron in your hands; and no human force can prevail against you!

"The organization of the new forces we delegate to the nobility of each province: and the care of assembling the brave patriots who present themselves for their country's defence, we leave to the gentlemen; amongst whom their officers may be chosen. The aggregate numbers must be sent to Moscow, where the whole will be duly marshalled.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER."

"Given at our camp at Polotzk, July 6th, 1812, O. S.
July 18th, 1812, N. S."

The effect of these manifestoes was that of electricity. The animating fire seemed to shoot at once through the veins of the whole empire; and with one according spirit every separate government vied with each other, which should be most prompt in sending out its most effective men to serve the general cause. Cities poured forth the choice of their youth, and villages swarmed with sturdy peasants arming for the imperial legions. In these levies it was not necessary to compel or to persuade. The impulse was in every Russian heart: his country's danger sounded the charge, and needed no other trumpet to plant him in the front of its array.

Besides those who entered themselves to serve in the armies; many individuals evinced their zeal by large donations, both in money and diamonds, towards providing for the necessities of the war. Others raised whole regiments at their own private expence, arming, clothing, and mounting them. Several of the regiments contained one thousand two hundred men in each; and some of them were respectively commanded by the noblemen who had given them to their country. As one instance, we find in the St. Petersburgh Gazette of this time,

"Count Soltikoff, a captain of the guards, retired from the Imperial service; Count Demetrius Momonoff, procureur of the Imperial senate; Demidoff, privy counsellor *actuel;* and Prince Gagarin, are desirous, from love to their country, to contribute in a particular manner to the national armaments. They demand of his Imperial Majesty permission to raise, arm, and support, at their own charge, each a regiment. The first gives a regiment of hussars; the second, a regiment of Cossacs; the third, a regiment of chasseurs; and the fourth, a regiment of infantry.

"The Emperor highly appreciates these proofs of affection towards himself, and love for their country!" And the offer was accepted.

Alexander left his army to fulfil his promise to the ancient capital of the Empire, of soon appearing in that venerable seat of his ancestors. The inhabitants received him with the joy due to his virtues. He proceeded, first to the cathedral of the Kremlin, where he returned thanks to heaven for the protection hitherto granted to his people, and invoked the Almighty aid in the present awful hour. He then went to the palace of the Tzars. Had it been necessary to animate his heart by the spirit of departed ages, there the shades of Peter the Great and the august Katherine would have met him, to nerve his imperial arm against the base, though formidable power which now conspired, by every means of perfidy and violence, to destroy the happiness and being of an Empire which they had erected at such expence of anxiety and labour. But Alexander did not require the stimulus of this kind of sensibility. His just mind saw the danger of Europe, it felt the peril of his own empire; and, with an undeviating resolution, to effect the deliverance of the one, and to set an example to the other, of a determined hostility to the usurping ambition of Napoleon, he moved straight onward to his object: obtaining a power sufficient to meet, on something like equal terms, the invader of his country.

The day after his Majesty arrived in Moscow, a deputation of nobles waited upon him with a report of the force which they voluntarily proposed to raise and equip for his imperial armies. They brought contributions of money also, and of every necessary which they thought possible for troops to require. The town and government of Moscow alone, engaged to send forth one hundred thousand men, armed and clothed, and disciplined as far as the short time would allow. The rest of the Russian governments according to their respective populations, hastened to follow the example of the sovereign city; and all sent out columns of armed patriots, quite independent of the regular requisitions to recruit the armies. Both levies went on with equal spirit—for one spirit seemed to animate the whole people. Merchants and tradesmen eagerly pressed forward with their gold. As one proof of which, we need only mention that the citizens of Novogorode gave two hundred thousand rubles towards the expences of the war.

In Russia, religion is a principle which pervades the palace and the cottage; elevating the commonest actions of the peasant, and sanctifying the solemnities of the state, with a constant reference to the Supreme Being. No transaction of any consequence, no great enterprise, is undertaken without an invocation to the Almighty Disposer of Events: and, when success is given, the first impulse of the favoured person is to go to the church, and there utter his pious thanksgivings. The earliest lessons which a Russian learns, both by precept and example, are his duty towards his God and his Emperor. And Alexander has well shown the loyal Russian that the interest of his Emperor and his Country are one.

Anxious to engage every energy of his subjects in a contest which required the whole powers of the man to ensure the issue; and convinced of the justice of his cause, it was with no vain pretensions that he sought the co-operation of the church, to add its holy flame to the patriotic fire now kindled amongst his people. The religious principle being once introduced into the spirit of patriotism, is as the breath of immortal life breathed into its nostrils; and Alexander found he had not only acted according to his own feelings in bringing the influence of religion into the war, but had adopted the most politic measure, in lighting a train in the minds of his people, which would in a moment set the whole mass in a blaze.

The Holy Synod accorded, hand and conscience, with the Emperor, and thus nobly seconded his proclamations:

"From the hour in which the French nation, bewildered by a demoniac phantom of liberty, overthrew the altars of God, and trampled on the throne of his anointed, the hand of the Divine vengeance has overshadowed that people. It is not good to follow the multitude to do evil; and the nations which have pursued the destructive steps of France, share in the judgments which befal her. To the horrors of anarchy succeeded those of oppression, one struggle followed that of another, and even peace had not power to give her repose.

"The Church and the Empire of Russia, preserved by the goodness of God, as witnesses of his glory and mercy, have long been compassionate spectators of the miseries plucked by the nations on their own heads, by having deserted the protection of the Most High. Awful is the spectacle; and with devotion do we receive the warning, to strengthen our confidence in the Living God, and steadfastly to believe and act on the conviction, that where His displeasure falls no powers can avert the judgment, and where His favour rests, no machinations can prevail against it.

"Let us then, in the hour of danger, array ourselves in the panoply of a holy courage! and, Russians! that hour is come!

"An enemy, ambitious and insatiable, violating every sacred oath, and every bond of honour, forced himself into the bosom of your country. Despising the holy altars, while uttering the envenomed language of hypocrisy; breathing words of tender humanity, while his deeds are those of cruelty and murder; approaching countries with the blandishments of friendship, and entering them with fire and sword, famine, pestilence, and death, in his train: such is the tyrant we call upon you to oppose.

"Dear children of our church and of our country, arm! Defend the faith of your fathers; and, in yourselves, preserve from the foot of usurpation the unsullied loyalty which was their boast. Give freely, and with gratitude to your God and his Vicegerent, part of what you hold of the empire and of heaven. Spare not your existence in this life, in the defence of the homes of your children, and of the church, whose charge is your eternal home, and your everlasting peace!

" Recall to memory the times of your dauntless ancestors, who, in the name of God and his Divine Son, exposed themselves to every assault of infidelity in arms; and, with the weapons of faith and of courage, fought and conquered. Recall to mind the days of Judea! For all that was written aforetime, was written for our example. It is as a beacon to our eyes!

" We call upon you, ye of the higher ranks of the state, who have both the power and the right to claim the attention of your fellow subjects. We call upon you to take the lead in the path of honour! The eyes of the people are fixed upon you, and will follow your footsteps. May the God of Justice animate in you a new race of Joshuas, to go forth and overcome this second Amalek! May another race of judges, like unto them who saved Judea; and a succession of Maccabees, who humbled the confederacies against Israel, arise amongst your people to overwhelm the present enemy of mankind!

" Above all, we sound the trumpet unto you, ye Ministers of the Holy Altar. By the example of Moses, who, on the day of battle with Amalek, withdrew not his hands stretched forth unto the Lord; clasp your's in ardent prayer, until the arms of the adversary have lost their strength, and he cry aloud unto the victors for mercy and for peace.

"Inspire our warriors with a firm hope in the God of armies. Fortify, by the words of truth, men of feebler minds, whom ignorance exposes to the artifice of imposture. Instruct every order both by precept and action, to respect, above all things, their faith and their country. And should one of the sons of the priesthood, who may not have yet been consecrated to the sanctuary, burn with zeal to grasp the sword of patriotism, do ye bless him in the name of the church, and let him follow the filial impulse.

"Soldiers! while we thus call you to the field of war, we exhort, we supplicate you never to forget that it is also the field of justice. Abstain from all actions unworthy your great cause. Abhor every disorder or license that would bring down on your heads the wrath of a Being who is not more the God of Retribution, than the God of Mercy. We recommend to you the love of your neighbour, and the love of concord. And by such proof of virtue, you will fulfil the vows and the hopes of the ANOINTED of the Lord, the JUST ALEXANDER!

"Convinced of the anti-christian intentions of the enemy, the Holy Church will unceasingly invoke the Lord of our strength to crown with the blessings of his peace, the heads of our victorious warriors; and that he will graciously accord to the heroes who fall in the defence of their country, an imperishable reward of happiness in the Eternal World!

"FROM GOD FLOWS ALL GLORY AND ALL GOOD!

"May these holy words be to the future, what they have been to the past—The strength and the war-cry of Russia!"

By this sublime appeal to the noblest principle in man, the war, in fact, became a religious war; a crusade in which the redemption of all that is dear to the patriot, and to the christian, (who regards all mankind as brethren), was involved. They fought, not for the Holy Land, but for the Liberties and Consciences of men, a ground much more sanctified than Sinai or Sion; for man alone is the temple made by God for his own image to dwell in! Man in liberty; man acknowledging no superior but the laws of heaven, and the laws of human wisdom delegated by heaven. The yoke of a tyrant, is the yoke of baseness, and of crime; for the slave of a tyrant has no will but that of his lord. And how the will of a tyrant dictates, we have only to read the annals of French usurpations within these fifteen years; of French devastations; of French assassinations. The shades of D'Enghien, of Palm, of the murdered citizens of Moscow, and of many other countries over which Napoleon had no lawful controul, but where he shed innocent blood, rise up to sanctify the steel that is raised against him.

Immediately on the promulgation of the address of the holy synod to the people of Moscow, the sons of the clergy offered themselves to bear arms in the war.

This was an event unprecedented in the history of Russia. They felt that the call was no common one; they felt, as the sons of Levi, that the ark of their faith was in danger; and while their fathers knelt in the sanctuary, they grasped the sword of Gideon and of David.

Such a general and extraordinary spirit of opposition, never came within the calculation of Napoleon. He must be a patriot himself, to comprehend the extent of the sacrifices which a patriot will make for the good of his country. Ambition leads a man to the brink of a precipice; but patriotism stops not there; he, if need be, will leap the gulph: and there guardian angels meet him. Nothing, on this earth, is too mighty for determined virtue to achieve. Napoleon has shown the wide grasp of ambition. Alexander unfolds to mankind, how far beyond it philanthropy may stretch its arms.

Napoleon, when he entered Russia, pictured to himself, (or others did so for him, whose knowledge of the Russian nation ought to have been better), that the peasantry were impatient to shake off the power of their lords; and to abjure the controul of the priesthood over their consciences. Whether the sway of their lords have been tyrannic, or the influence of the priests extended to superstition, the reception which these supposed slaves gave to the flattering seductions of the French, has made manifest. In vain did the dictator of kingdoms look for traitors amongst the descendants of a people whom neither the arms of the

Macedonian Alexander, nor the Cæsars of Rome, could make bend to their eagles! Thousands flew to the respective standards of their governments: and every town, and every village, resounded with imprecations against the invaders; and expressions of unshaken fidelity to their church, their Emperor, and their lords.

Moscow honoured the confidence which the state had placed in her zeal, and set a glorious example to the rest of the Empire, by raising, in the course of a few days, some thousands of men, armed and clothed for the armies. The roads in all directions from the numerous Russian governments, were covered with patriots fully accoutred, according to the manner of their country. These brave people were neither dressed nor armed in the usual European style. The regular levies, being now so immense, it was found impossible to furnish a sufficient number of muskets for these volunteers. Consequently each nobleman was obliged to arm his people with a more simple weapon; and the pike was chosen as the most efficient of the kind. Their uniform was a grey caftan, made in the national fashion, with loose trowsers of the same, and a cap of a similar colour and taste. On the front of the cap was a brazen cross, surmounting an imperial crown over the letter A. They wore a crimson sash round their waists, in which was stuck a hatchet; a weapon which is so constantly seen with every Russian peasant that it seems a part of themselves; and they use it with a dexterity and power that, in description, would appear incredible.

I am thus particular in describing the peculiar habits of these people, because I wish to give an exact picture of a race to whom Russia and Europe owe so much. Like the militia of Great Britain, which is its grand reserve of military strength, these Russian volunteers may be considered to have been the exhaustless resource of the regular Imperial troops. Reinforcements from their body, constantly supplied the casual deficiencies of the main army. It was they who at Polotzk, Smolensk, and Borodino, stood, as if they had been legions of iron, not to be penetrated; and when the veterans fell, they, like the teeth of Jason's dragon, presented themselves a renovated band of heroes not to be subdued.

The whole empire seemed to rise at once; and, with one animating sentiment, turned its gigantic force against the enemy. The brave Sovereign of these brave people, had already pledged himself "never to sheath his sword, while one of the foe remained within the limits of the empire!" and his subjects, from the prince to the peasant, came nobly forward with their arms and their fortunes, to seal, if need be, the glorious resolution with their blood.

While these vast preparations were in progress, the first and second armies continued daily to approach each other. Barclay de Tolly's force broke up from the entrenched camp on the 19th of July; and, after rapid marches through Polotzk and Vitepsk, (there passing the Dwina), he took a position in front of the latter city.

This was effected on the 24th of the month, leaving Count Vigtenstein, with an independent command, (who had previously been reinforced by some battalions from the reserve), to occupy the ground between Sebeche and Drissa, in order to cover the city of Pskoff, which leads directly to St. Petersburgh, and to keep in check the divisions of Oudinot and Macdonald.

Barclay de Tolly was well assured that the enemy would not lose an instant in pushing on to Smolensk, that he might effectually destroy any hopes of Prince Bragation coming up with the main army. Indeed great doubt prevailed of this momentous junction taking place without yet many preventions, as no intelligence had been received from that General for a considerable time. Under such uncertainty it became the duty of the Commander-in-chief to act with peculiar caution and promptitude. His determinations in this state of affairs, were founded on his confidence in the military abilities of Bragation; which, he hoped, would at last conquer the difficulties of a forced march, over so vast a track of country, infested by an active and formidable enemy. To impede the already so rapid advance of that enemy, and give more time for the brave Prince to effect the re-union, the only thing that could now be done, was to make immediate demonstrations for a general battle.

In order to decide advantageously upon the movements towards this point, reconnoitring parties were despatched on all sides; and one of them discovered patroles of the enemy, on the road leading to Beschenkovitch. No time was lost in sending Count Osterman Tolstoy, with the troops under his command, to advance in that direction. General Dochtoroff had previously been left on the right bank of the Dwina, to observe the French on the opposite shore; and with orders, should he perceive their troops preparing to go forward, to retard them by every means in his power, while he must maintain a situation that would ensure his return to the main army at Vitepsk, whenever the re-union might be deemed necessary.

Count Osterman commenced his march by daybreak on the 25th of July. His advance was formed of several squadrons of the imperial hussars of the guards. Having passed Ostrovna, at the distance of three wersts from that town, they fell in with a strong body of the enemy, consisting totally of cavalry. They attacked it with vigour, and were met by a resistance proportionate to the magnitude of its force. However, the resolution and eager valour of the Russians prevailed, and the French, giving ground, retired with precipitation.

The error, which has so often been committed and deplored by victorious armies, of following up without caution the hour of success, was now exhibited in the impetuosity of the Russians, who, pursuing the flying enemy with a headlong ardour, came suddenly upon a formidable mass of the enemy's cavalry; and they attacking in their turn, and at a great advantage, the now detached corps of the triumphant Russians, drove them back, with loss, quite to the head of their own infantry.

This affair impeded the advance of Osterman, who halted to take a position that might check the consequences of this minor defeat.

Beauharnois pressed forward to improve the advantage gained, and before dawn next morning, the Russian piquets were driven in. The French followed up their success, by advancing in three heavy columns, covered by immense bodies of cavalry led on by Murat.

The right of the Russian troops was posted upon the Dwina. Their centre crossed the great road leading to Vitepsk; and their left was covered by a wood in which were stationed a considerable quantity of artillery and infantry.

The right of the enemy, supported by a strong body of dragoons, began the attack on this part of the Russian position, and attempted, with unwearied perseverance, to get possession of the wood. They were frustrated in every effort by the well-directed fire of the guns, and that of the light troops. The other two columns were equally unsuccessful on the centre and on the right; and, after a terrible carnage maintained on both sides, the continued superiority of numbers (constantly renewed) on the part of the French, not even shaking the steady line of the Russians; the former, at last relinquishing a contest which had been sustained so determinately for many hours, left the Russians in possession of the disputed field. The loss on the part of the French was from three to four thousand, killed and wounded; and that of the Russians fell not far short of the same number.

Notwithstanding the enemy having yielded ground in this affair, Count Osterman saw the advantage of re-uniting himself with the main army. But, before he took this step, he detached in front Lieutenant General Konovnitzen with a force sufficient to keep the French, a short time at least, at their present distance, that the Commander-in-chief might not lose, by a hasty rencontre, the advantage of receiving information, and of adequately preparing for a grand conflict with an enemy who, though formidable, had already so sharply experienced the metal of the Russian sword.

The officer intrusted with this post of honour, maintained it so effectually, that, although the whole of the day of the 27th of July was passed in repelling frequent and vigorous attacks from the French, he yet could not be forced to recede one single foot of ground. On the same spot where Osterman Tolstoy had stationed them, there did Konovnitzen and his brave little band remain, a breast-work of the most impregnable fabric, between the main army and its enemies, until the summons of the Commander-in-chief called them off during the night, to fall in with the grand line he was forming to meet, what he now deemed inevitable, a general battle. The corps of General Dochtoroff also, returned according to orders, but not until he had defeated a detachment of the enemy which had crossed the Dwina, killing the aide-de-camp of Beauharnois, and taking several prisoners.

Whilst every preparation was making to stand the event of a great attack from the French, and every heart in the Russian army beat with eagerness for the moment to charge, Barclay de Tolly received a dispatch from Prince Bragation. It informed his Excellency that the Prince, finding Mohiloff powerfully occupied by the enemy, had altered his course, and meant to proceed, by the way of Mastisloff, to Smolensk. General Platoff had arrived within two marches of this city.

The effect of this intelligence was, to change the determination of the commander-in-chief with regard to giving immediate battle; and, instead of remaining in the environs of Vitepsk, he resolved on approaching Smolensk, and there draw out his line against the enemy. He dispatched a courier to Bragation with these dispositions, and another to Platoff, commanding him to place himself before Smolensk, in order to cover the march of the first army from the probable molestation of Davoust's division, which must now have nearly reached that town.

The Commander-in-chief's present plan began by forming his army into three columns: the second and third moving upon Porechia; the first, covering their march, by bearing upon Leznia and Roudnia. The command of the troops, which were to protect this general movement, was given to Count Palhen; who, very judiciously, placed his detachments along the banks of the Loutchessa, a small river in front of the main army, which occupied the plain before Vitepsk.

As was expected, the enemy advanced, and attacked this covering force; but Count Palhen foiled him in all his attempts to pass the river. The Russian light artillery did great execution amongst their adversaries; and the Count, directing every motion of his troops, seemed to be in every part of the field at once. His presence of mind and active bravery, gave time to the several divisions of the main body to move forward in perfect security. This accomplished, he threw himself into the great road, by the way of Agaponovchina, where he erected so efficient a battery at the entrance of the town, that its fire destroyed, in succession, upwards of five *entire* squadrons of French cavalry which attempted to follow him. This shower of balls beat so heavily in the faces of all who dared to pursue the dangerous steps of their comrades, that the chace was abandoned, and the dauntless Palhen completed the remainder of his march without the sound of a bullet.

The Commander-in-chief, on the arrival of the three columns at their destined points, detached General Baron Vinzingorode, with a strong body, to Weliche, and gave orders for General Krosnoff to retire from Porechia, and concentrate his force near Roudnia.

Having thus secured his right flank, the main of the army advanced towards a village called Volokva, resting its right on the lake Kasplen, while its front was protected by the small river Vodra. Its left extended to Novoseltzi. In this position the whole were to remain until the second army should form its junction.

From the reports of Baron Vinzingorode, the Commander-in-chief was informed that the great force of the French had entered Vitepsk, where they were making dispositions for a stay of some time, only sending out strong detachments of cavalry to forage and terrify the inhabitants of the adjacent country from Veliche and Nevel, and on the road to Roudnia.

It now became evident that, even so early as this, Napoleon found the demands of the campaign, both with regard to resources and animal strength, beyond the expectations and the power of his men. Although his bulletins vaunt of the numerous magazines which fell into his possession during this rapid march, the situation of his troops could not but contradict these assertions. Their privations and consequent exhaustion, compelled that truth to appear in fact, which he denied in language; and we find this army, whose unfailing spirits, unabated vigour, and repletion in every necessary, were so largely the theme of his boast, reduced to the alternative of sacrificing, to rest, a part of that time so essential to the final success of the invasion.

The harassed troops halted ten days; and, that the delay might not excite doubts in France of their health and triumphant hopes, their leader represents in his reports, not that his men needed renovation from wants and extraordinary fatigues, but that *the heat of the season made a temporary retirement into quarters necessary!* This excuse to cover the hardships into which his ambition had led the army of infatuated France, and the best troops of so many abused countries, seems almost too flimsy for the blindest partiality not to penetrate. Who could be made to believe seriously that a halt of nearly a fortnight was indispensable to preserve from the *excessive heat* of a northern summer, a soldiery who, not only were in full possession of *unfailing spirits*, *unabated vigour*, and *every necessary*, but who must have previously been inured to *excessive heat*, under the almost unceasing burning suns of southern climates?

During this halt of the enemy, and while Barclay de Tolly was awaiting the arrival of Bragation, the corps of Vigtenstein actively employed themselves in the neighbourhood of Polotzk. That general, having been assured by a courier from the Commander-in-chief of the certain prospect of the first and second army's re-union, in order to keep the attention of the enemy as much as possible from the point of this anticipated junction, continued to harass their troops in every direction. He had never left his position near Drissa, and from that advantageous ground made considerable impression on the enemy, taking many prisoners, and forcing Napoleon to send reinforcements to his troops in that quarter.

Macdonald still kept in the vicinity of Dinaburg, where he was narrowly watched by a detachment from the Russian main army, under Colonel Bediaga. This active officer gave information to the Commander-in-chief that the French General had passed the Dwina at Yacobstadt, and, after leaving a force at Dinaburg, was marching to Loutzen with the hope of joining Oudinot, and by that measure cutting off all communication between the imperial armies and St. Petersburgh.

Vigtenstein was detached to prevent this dangerous junction. On the evening of the eleventh of August, he fell in with a part of Oudinot's cavalry near Kochanova; he drove them back, but found them so strongly supported, as to deem it prudent to make arrangements for the recommencement of the contest next day. By the account of a prisoner he had taken, he learnt that it was not only the intention of Oudinot to cut off the communication with St. Petersburgh, but to march thither and take possession of it in the name of Napoleon, while that usurper would proceed in person to Moscow, and place himself in the ancient throne of the Tzars.

This plan was so entirely the offspring of Napoleon's own mind; so completely did it spring, armed cap-a-pee, from the head of its projector, that he deemed it not less the decree of fate, than if his own brows had been those of Jove, to stamp with their awful nod the seal of destiny. *Napoleon and his Fortunes*, carried a divine power with them as victorious as those of Cæsar! at least so he believed; and planting these fortunes on a system of universal falsehood, he doubted not but his arms, potent as they were, would not have more agency in giving the empire into his hands, than the intrigue and sophistry with which he sought to persuade the people that he came to rescue them from obedience to their Emperor and Lords. He told them they were slaves, and he came to make them free! Such was the freedom with which the Devil in Paradise endowed the human race. The exchange was between the yoke of virtue and that of vice. Whether they obey the laws of a sovereign eminent for every amiable and heroic quality, or a tyrant who knows no law, human or divine, but his own capricious and imperious will. The Russian race were too clear sighted to hesitate in their choice. Their interest, as well as their affection for their Emperor, nerved every arm, and with the cry in their hearts of "God and the laws of our ancestors!" they prepared to show Napoleon that a whole people, unanimous in defence of their birthrights, may be extirpated, but never can be subdued.

The military talents of Vigtenstein, as well as the determination of his troops, stood too firmly in the way of Oudinot, for him to accomplish the St. Petersburgh part of his master's design. His advanced corps being driven in by the Russians on the eleventh, he had the mortification of seeing their General augment his numbers by drawing troops from Osvia, and then proceed in a formidable position from Kochanova, defeating in his path every enemy which dared oppose his progress. Thus enforcing respect to the Russian arms, he moved on to Valensouti, which town he strengthened with a competent detachment of men.

Oudinot, finding he could make no impression on the Osvia road, ordered his army to concentrate itself near Polotzk, and form an union with some new troops of Wirtemburghers and Bavarians, which had just arrived under the command of Gouvion St. Cyr. When thus reinforced he determined to again press on towards his grand object, and do it by the way of Kliastitzy and Sebeche. His resolution strengthened with his augmented forces, and sanguine of the event, he commenced the movements which he hoped would certainly lead him to the gates of St. Petersburgh.

Vigtenstein, whose penetrating mind seemed master of all the enemy's counsels, was aware of Oudinot's designs, aud made dispositions against them almost as soon as they were conceived. He lost no time in moving towards Yacobova, to which place the enemy had advanced, and where he found them so well apprised of his motions as to be drawn up in line of battle. The Russians were in no way dismayed at this formidable front, or at its supporting back-ground, a heavy battery; but impelled by that resistless courage which, like the lightning, pierces the most compact bodies, they rushed upon the enemy, bore down the whole of his left, and then pressing with equal vehemence upon the centre, after a resistance on its part of more than six hours, compelled it to give way under the unremitted storm of their valour; and, sheltered by the darkness which had closed upon the combatants, the discomfited French fell back towards Kliastitzy.

Vigtenstein remembered well the pledge of his Emperor, "not to sheath his sword while one of the enemy remained within the limits of the Russian empire!" and in the same spirit, he followed up the success of his first encounter with Oudinot. Next day he attacked him again. The French General had made good dispositions of his troops during the few hours of night, and received the assault with firmness. He had chosen his ground well; and obstinately, though with great loss, maintained the fight till midnight. It was not until the third day, that Vigtenstein entirely overthrew his resolute enemy, and in that act covered himself and his soldiers with immortal glory. The greater part of the army of Oudinot was now destroyed, and the remnant was flying in blood and confusion towards the French lines under the walls of Polotzk.

In his report, Count Vigtenstein speaks of the affair in these terms:—

"During the three days of attack, the corps I have the honour to command performed prodigies of valour. Their resolution was not to be shaken, and their ardour, like a devouring flame, consumed all before them. The particular acts of their dauntless and persevering heroism I can neither describe nor sufficiently praise. The artillery and the bayonet were equally the instruments of their zeal; for where the one fell short of the mark, the other was pushed forward with a resolution that overthrew whole ranks of the enemy. Even the most solid columns of the infantry, and batteries of cannon, were compelled to give way to the intrepid motions of our troops."

Indeed it appeared as if they knew no other movement, when an enemy was in their path, but to go forward, and make a passage for themselves through the hearts of the hostile ranks.

The whole country, from Yacobova to Biala, was strewn with the bodies of the vanquished, to the number of five thousand; and upwards of three thousand prisoners were taken in the field, besides stragglers brought in from having taken refuge in the woods. Two pieces of artillery, and the whole of the waggons of ammunition, also became the spoil of the Russians.

Their loss did not amount to more than two thousand men, and the only officer of note that fell, was General Koulneff.

Having so far crippled one member of their giant enemy, Vigtenstein was making dispositions to attack another in the person of Macdonald; but, learning that that general had assumed a retrogade motion, he preferred keeping in front of the French lines at Polotzk, (which still held an advancing position) to following the steps of an enemy on his retreat.

While the campaign in this quarter was prosecuted with so much vigour, General Essen remained in his camp in the neighbourhood of Riga. It might be called a post of observation only, for nothing more was done there, as the lassitude of the Prussian auxiliaries gave no higher tone to the contest.

Prince Bragation continued to pursue his perilous march with an indefatigable spirit that supported the courage of his men through every hardship, and taught them, by his example, that the least part of a soldier's bravery is that which is evinced in the field of battle. The proof of a thorough soldier, the true military hero, is found in the toilsome and lengthened march, the ceaseless midnight watch, the endurance of cold and heat, the privation of food and rest;

and all to be borne, not only without a murmur, but with a soul resolved to suffer—to proceed—to conquer—or to die!

With such a resolution, Bragation and his brave troops pressed on, crossing the river Berezina at Broüisk; and, proceeding to Novi-Bikoff, kept on the right bank of the Dneiper, with the hope of reaching Mohiloff without falling in with the enemy. That point once gained, his junction with the first army might be effected without any farther anxiety.

General Reifsky, who commanded a part of the Prince's advanced guard, arrived at Dashkova on the 21st, and on the morning of the 22d he pushed forward on the road to Mohiloff. Here he was surprised by the sudden appearance of an immense body of French chasseurs, who drew themselves up to stop his progress. He halted not a moment, he had but one path, and he took it; he charged through them, and dispersing them to the right and left, and driving them beyond Novoleski, made a great slaughter, and took upwards of one hundred and fifty prisoners. From these men he learnt that their discomfited corps was the advance of the division of the grand army, given to the commands of Marshals Davoust and Mortier, who then occupied Mohiloff and its neighbourhood.

Reifsky dispatched this information to Bragation. That Prince thought the best measure, under these circumstances, would be to open to himself a nearer road to Barclay de Tolly, by attacking the enemy. Great as the effort must prove to bring to immediate battle troops so fatigued as his were, yet the dangers of a beset and procrastinated march appeared to him so much more formidable, that he did not hesitate between the opinions, and decided for the field.

Accordingly he formed his line into two columns; one he placed on the right, to stretch along the great road; and the other on the left, was to skirt a wood, and, by crossing a deep ravine, endeavour to come in on the enemy's right, and force him to leave open the direct communication with Mohiloff. In conformity to these orders, the troops passed Novoliski, and advanced upon a small village situated on a wet ravine. Here the enemy had posted himself in great force.

A corps of his infantry occupied a bridge that crossed this hollow, and was supported by a larger detachment, with several pieces of artillery on its right and left. At the head of this bridge was a large mill, besides other buildings, which the French immediately occupied with a force they deemed sufficient to check, with their musquetry, the approach of the Russians.

The Russians advanced, and began the attack. It was supported by the French with an impetuous fire that made the contest at this juncture very hot. They pressed in redoubled numbers upon the assailants, but the head of the Russian column met them with a persevering resolution that drove them, at the point of the bayonet, back upon the bridge. The mill and the adjoining houses were carried, and those who had garrisoned them put to the sword. Twelve pieces of cannon were placed, by the order of Bragation, upon a commanding spot near the mill, and instantly opening upon the enemy, who attempted to come to the relief of his troops on the bridge, made a great slaughter. This cannonade, and the active valour of the Russians, which pressed the enemy in every quarter, at last prevailed, and drove him, not only from the bridge, but from his post on the opposite bank.

Marshal Davoust finding himself thus forced, and even his cannon seized, feared the effect of this day's battle on his master's cause. He saw how far the unshaken determination of Bragation had brought the second army on its way to join the imperial standard. He felt the power of that Prince's arm, when brought to action, and the victory which had now crowned him, filled Davoust with apprehension that Bragation, (unless stopped by extraordinary exertions), would march to the point of re-union over the dead bodies of every Frenchman in the field. To check an advance, so destructive of Napoleon's designs, and to frustrate the hopes of a Prince whose intrepid steps had ever pressed forward from victory to victory, he dispatched immediate orders for an immense reinforcement to join him from the reserve.

The Russians, aware of their adversary's intentions, formed themselves under the protection of their guns. Their disposition was good, and their resolution strong; but the career of the enemy's cavalry came on with such an overwhelming force, and the infantry advanced in so consolidated a body, that they bore along before them the comparatively small corps of the Russians, as the influx of the sea would contend with and drive back upon its bed the stream of a river.

The Russians, tracking their retrograde steps with their blood, found themselves obliged to relinquish their position, and to abandon the guns they had just taken. But they kept the ground which had been first disputed, and by a heavy and well-directed fire from their artillery, prevented the enemy's regaining the head of the bridge.

Marshal Davoust seeing the impossibility of making the impression he wished, while his adversary was supported by so efficient a battery, directed a column of infantry to pass the ravine higher up to the right, and, by coming in upon Bragation's left, seize the artillery at the point of the bayonet. While this was transacting, the Marshal intended to take the Prince in his confusion, and push across the bridge.

The French division moved upon the ravine, but, unexpectedly to itself, fell in with the forces which Bragation had ordered to skirt the wood and keep the hollow way. Soon after reaching its opposite side, the enemy being thus surprised, was driven back with great loss; but arriving at a very strong line of his troops, he there made a stand. The conflict now became tremendous on both sides; the Russians fought with so fearless an intrepidity, that one might have thought they deemed themselves invulnerable, and the French continued pouring in their numbers as if they were infinite.

The Prince found that his troops on the left were possessed of the opposite bank, but seeing the probability of their being overpowered, if he should fail in driving back the enemy, he made so vigorous a charge, that for one moment the vast body before him seemed shook to its centre, but in the next, its overwhelming ranks rushed forward, and their wide extent fast closing around him, he saw no other resource but to fall back. To this end he called off his left column, which was maintaining its ground with the most brilliant acts of bravery, and, ordering a retrograde movement along all his lines, drew off his artillery, and covered his motions with his light troops and cavalry. The latter, from the nature of the ground, during the contest had never been brought into action.

This hard struggle had lasted ten hours. The Prince marched in good order to Stary Bickoff, there crossing the Dneiper, whilst Platoff advanced with all rapidity, to gain the road leading from Mohiloff to Mastilow. His object was to prevent Davoust from incommoding his left on this route.

The loss of the Russians on this day was not less than three thousand killed and wounded, and that of the enemy might be between three or four thousand, with about five hundred prisoners who were taken early in the contest.

Bragation now proceeded without molestation. On the 6th of August he reached the Dneiper at Katane, where he passed it, and, taking up a position at Nadva, thus formed the left of the great army. In his way, he had left detachments at Krasnoy, under the command of General Neverofsky, to intercept the enemy, in case he should push on to Smolensk by that road.

Platoff had, some time before, crossed to the right bank of the Boristhenes and joined the covering army of Count Palhen on the Lubavitch and Inkovo roads. The former, with his usual activity, never allowing any occasion to pass of annoying the enemy, discovered a French force in the vicinity of his new quarters, which he attacked and defeated, taking upwards of five hundred prisoners, and leaving dead on the field a number not inferior. It proved to be a party of Murat's corps, commanded by General Sebastiani, and stationed at Inkovo. The Russian General speaks of this affair, in his reports, with little emphasis; he merely notes it as an advantage *en train;* but from the discomfited enemy's account, we find that it was a matter of more consequence; he acknowledges that it forced him to retreat a whole day, and that, besides a loss at once, in prisoners, of half a battalion, above twelve hundred fell, killed and wounded, in the field. Platoff's loss did not amount, in all, to three hundred.

It had been the first intention of the Commander-in-chief, Barclay de Tolly, that the first and second armies, after their junction, should occupy the country on the right bank of the river; but the enemy having moved several of his corps towards Teolino, and others being in the act of passing the river at Dubrovna in their way to Laidy, it became necessary for the Russians to make an opposing movement.

Accordingly, the second army was ordered to repass the Dneiper, which it did on the 10th without a moment's delay, at Katane.

Bragation then leaned his right upon that river, stretching across the main road, and occupying Bolkovo, Lukerchino, and Abrazivo. He also sent reinforcements to his advance at Krasnoy and its neighbourhood. In this position he hoped to repose his wearied troops for at least a few hours. His late march had been long, anxious, and harassing. War had followed, surrounded, and met him: through all this he had persisted in his progress, and, necessarily fighting his way in many actions with the enemy, his troops, now come to the point of junction, needed and expected a little time in which to recruit their exhausted strength. His army had suffered materially in many respects. It now amounted to no more than five-and-thirty thousand men; a great reduction from its numbers at the commencement of the campaign.

In the first place, a detachment of eight thousand men, finding their station untenable, and the impossibility of rejoining their main body under Bragation, were forced to attach themselves to the division of General Tormazoff. To subtract still more from the Prince's marching strength, a disaffection prevailed amongst the Poles under his command, and at various times and opportunities, more than ten thousand of these men deserted the Russian standard. Then the loss in killed, wounded, and casualties, was by no means inconsiderable; and, in consequence of all these circumstances, notwithstanding his care, his courage, and his prudence, the Prince could not bring up more than half of his original army to the banks of the Dneiper.

This force, and Barclay de Tolly's together, did not present an army of more than one hundred and thirty thousand men, to oppose the countless legions of the French now in their front, and who were headed by Napoleon himself. The French leader had refreshed his troops by a long rest, and exulting in their vast superiority of numbers, and the promises of his own ambition, he seemed preparing for an immediate victory.

His head quarters were still at Vitepsk, where was also planted a very strong reserve. The other divisions occupied the following places:

On his left was Beauharnois, stationed at Sourache. His advance was at Vetiche, Poryatchi, and Osveath.

Marshal Ney was at Leuzna.

Murat's corps of cavalry, light artillery, &c. were in advance at Nicolino, Rudnia, and Inkovo.

Davoust and Mortier were on the left bank of the Dneiper, at Dubrova.

Prince Poniatofsky had orders to move from his post at Mohiloff, and remain at Romanoff to strengthen Davoust.

Thus stood the two opposing armies on the eleventh of August.

During these respective movements, the Emperor Alexander's attention was engaged in providing reinforcements from his own empire to support its armament, and in strengthening its position by treaties of peace and alliance. Turkey signed its deed of pacification, notwithstanding the Machiavellian exertions of the French to prevent it; and, in spite of every intrigue from the same quarter, the re-union with England was proclaimed.

The happy conclusion of the tedious, but to Russia, glorious war with the Ottoman, was received by Alexander at the close of the month of July, and the respective bonds of amity were exchanged at Bucherest. The country was not more indebted for the acceleration of this event, to the arms than to the wisdom of General Count Koutousoff, the successful commander of the army of the Danube. The emperor shewed the estimation in which such services should be held, by conferring on him the title of Prince of the Russian empire. This venerable hero, full of age and of glory, having so honourable terminated the Turkish war, and feeling that nature required renovation after the fatigues of so many arduous campaigns, quitted the cares of a camp, and retired to St. Petersburgh, there to repose in the bosom of his family, and to enjoy with virtuous satisfaction the gratitude and the congratulations of his countrymen.

On this illustrious veteran's resignation, the army of the Danube devolved on Admiral Tchichagoff. He had been deputed by the Emperor to assist in the negociation for peace with Turkey, and that point being gained, when Koutousoff retired, his Imperial Majesty commissioned the gallant Admiral to fill that General's military station. It may seem extraordinary that a seaman should be placed in so eminent a post in the land service. But the comprehensive talents of Tchichagoff, the wide grasp of his abilities and acquirements in all that relates to the art of war, whether on the ocean or in the field; and his known presence of mind and activity in situations of difficulty, were sufficient to justify to the whole empire the choice of the Emperor in this respect.

Tchichagoff had scarcely been in possession of his new duties, when circumstances called upon him to put to the proof his talents for a command so totally different from any he had hitherto held; and to accomplish which requires the most perfect military skill, viz. a long march, and all the various movements of armies. He received orders to lose no time in bringing his troops up from the banks of the Danube and the Prout, to those of the Boug.

The enemy had a strong corps on the Boug, chiefly composed of Austrians under Prince Swartzenberg, and Saxons under Renier; the whole, probably, amounting to forty thousand men. The Austrians having passed the river in the vicinity of Droggitchin, advanced to Proujany and Pinsk, and moving thence through Sloutz, by slow marches approached Minsk.

Renier and his Saxons, on the retreat of Bragation, moved on to Slonim, and occupied that town, and also Proujany and Kobrine.

It has already been mentioned that a body of troops, amounting to eight thousand men, under the command of General Kamenskoy, had been cut off from the second army, and that the General, seeing no alternative, determined on making an attempt to join the troops of Tormozoff, who, he judged, must then be at Loutzk. Being aware that every moment, in the prosecution of this enterprize, was of inestimable value, and finding that the enemy were in possession of the whole of the country on his left, he saw the probability of their pushing forward to block up the ground between Brest-Litoff and Kobrine. This would completely ruin his project. And not to give them time for such a movement, he advanced with all the rapidity in his power, and to his glad surprise, on approaching Kobrine on the 26th of July, fell in with a small detachment from the army of observation, under Count de Lambert. This fortunate junction not only placed him in security, but enabled him and his new colleague to form a plan of advancing together, and of driving the enemy from Kobrine.

Their reconnoitering parties, as well as the peasantry, brought them information that the town was occupied by the advanced guard of the Saxons, but in no very great force, under the command of General Klingel.

When the Russian forces drew near the enemy's quarters, they observed the negligence of the Saxons in guarding the town, in short they seemed in the most perfect security against the idea of any attack. Kamenskoy instantly issued orders that the whole of the troops should cross the small river Monyavitz, and that the assault should be made in three different points. The command was no sooner given, than obeyed.

The attack began by the Russians charging the detachment on the bridge, and making them prisoners. This post was about a werst from the city. Having gained this advantage without opposition, the little army advanced. One division, of four thousand men, proceeded on the high road, directly to the town, where it met with, and drove back a party of the enemy, who by this time had taken alarm. The rest of the Russian troops moved to the right and left, coming in upon the great roads leading towards Brest-Lotoffsky and Pinzk. The enemy was now assaulted at all points, and being thus hemmed in so unexpectedly, a most desperate and sanguinary conflict ensued, which lasted nine hours. The various acts of extraordinary bravery displayed on both sides, produced a terrible carnage, the horrors of which became more conspicuous from the narrowness of the ground on which the combatants contended.

General Klingel, seeing the greater part of his forces either killed or wounded, and his best officers falling around him, determined to save the rest by an immediate surrender to the victors.

Thus was the day won. And the fruits of it to the Russians were eight pieces of cannon, with four standards; and the commander of the Saxon division, with seventy officers, and two thousand five hundred men, taken prisoners. The enemy had more than a thousand killed and wounded. The Russian troops also suffered, but not so severely, losing only three or four hundred men, including one colonel and ten officers.

Not many days after the achievement of this brilliant affair, Major General Tchaplitz entered Kobrine at the head of a considerable corps; being the advance of the main body under Tormozoff. He had been apprized of the Austrians having moved towards Minzk; and determining to attack the corps of Saxons left to occupy the country they had quitted, he directed his march to Kobrine: and there found his intentions had been most advantageously prevented by the execution of the same plan, by the brave Kamenskoy and de Lambert. To pursue this success, he ordered Tchaplitz to hasten his march, and in conjunction with the two victorious generals, proceed upon Slonim. Tormozoff would then follow with the remainder as quickly as possible.

According to these orders, the united divisions put themselves in motion; and advanced, without molestation, to within a few wersts of the city, where they discovered the enemy in great strength.

Renier, on being acquainted with the discomfiture of General Klingel, dispatched a courier to Prince Swartzenberg, directing him instantly to measure back his steps; that a sufficient force might be collected to oppose the successful Russians. The re-union being made, the army put itself in motion; and falling upon the Russian advance, compelled it to take a backward direction.

Meanwhile, General Tormozoff had proceeded as he intended, and taken up a position on a line of heights between Kobrine and Proujany. In his front, and on his right, he had a deep morass apparently impassable. At the edge of it was situated the village of Goroditzka; from which projected a long dyke that led to the foot of the Russian position. His left stretched towards the little town of Podubrie, being strengthened by nearly thirty pieces of cannon. These artillery at the same time commanded this approach, and another of a similar nature, which, crossing the morass near Podubrie, ran into a defile leading to the road which communicated with that of Kobrine. Thus protected, Tormozoff judged himself so advantageously situated as to be enabled to destroy the greater part of the enemy, should they attempt to attack him by these avenues. In order to give more security to his left, and to act as a reserve in case of necessity, he posted, at some distance in his rear, several battalions of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and most of his light artillery.

Having made these commanding dispositions, he did not see occasion to occupy the town of Podubrie, which was situated at some distance on the opposite defile; neither did he place any forces in a wood, which was a little in its rear, and stretching along the back of the high road leading to Kobrine, occupied a considerable portion of ground. He supposed that both places were sufficiently safe from any attempt of the enemy; as the commanding situation of the heights he filled, and the domineering station of his artillery, seemed to denounce destruction on even the most distant approach of a hostile force.

The allied troops, at this point, were as determined as the Russians were resolute. They steadily took possession of the village of Goroditzka, and the mouths of the defiles leading to the dykes. Their right was commanded by Renier, and their left by Prince Swartzenberg. The former soon learnt from his reconnoitering parties that the Russian General had neglected to occupy Podubrie, as well as the wood covering the high road to Kobrine. Renier lost no time in profiting by this oversight; and taking possession of both, filled the former with cavalry, and the latter with formidable bodies of infantry and artillery. While these orders were obeying, he apprised Swartzenberg of the omission on the part of the opposing General, and begged instant reinforcements, to enable him to attack the Russian left, and drive it from its elevated position. The whole of the day of the eleventh of August was thus employed by the allied troops, in seizing the neglected advantages; and marching with the greatest caution towards the point which they deemed the most vulnerable on their adversary's side.

From the concentrated position of General Tormozoff, and his supposed security in that position, the enemy found little difficulty in making all his movements unobserved. He placed a strong force on the left of the Russians, destined to issue from the wood at different points, and to form on the intervening ground; whence they were to advance in firm battalion to put in execution the whole of their general's plan.

Accordingly, at day-break, on the twelfth of the month, Tormozoff was astonished bythe information that the enemy was approaching from the wood on his left, and endeavouring to form on the low ground. The surprise was only that of a moment; for the Russian General immediately seized on the only means to remedy the consequences of his too great confidence in his position; and ordering a heavy battery to open upon the collecting ranks of the allies, sent to his reserve to advance in rear of his left, and present an intimidating front to the enemy. Even this he did not deem sufficient for the occasion, but he strengthened his line with troops from his right.

These dispositions were prompt. A tremendous fire from the Russian guns, and their infantry, poured upon the heads of the allied forces; yet they stood all with firmness; formed, and advanced confidently to the attack, supported by light artillery and horse.

Their courage met with as brave a reception, and the charges on both sides were sustained and renewed with the most unshaken obstinacy. Incalculable numbers now appeared to issue from the wood in every direction; and notwithstanding the incessant cannonade from the Russian battery mowed down hundreds as they emerged from the trees, the survivors rushed on, dauntless, to the succour of the foremost legions, who were already falling beneath the bayonet and musketry of their opponents. The conflict, on this spot, was that of man to man; every heart as well as arm, seemed engaged in the contest, and to shed its last drop to purchase the victory. But reinforcements thronged in on the side of the French; they seemed endless: and the Russians, calling up a double portion of spirit to oppose so great a superiority in body, exerted themselves to almost preternatural strength, to drive their adversaries back into the wood. They were received with as resolute a courage; and the combatants parted not on this spot, till both were mingled in wounds and death on the same earth.

While General Renier thus determinately pursued his object, nothing doubting that it would finally lead him to the possession of the heights; Prince Swartzenberg, perceiving that the Russians directed their chief attention to the defence of their left, thought it well to distract their movements, by making an attempt to pass the morass. To this duty he detached a considerable body of infantry, but the project failed. The men sunk at every step, and became so entangled in the boggy ground as to be unable either to advance or return; and thus fell an easy prey to the well-directed fire of the Russian musketry.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of this rash measure, the hopes of the enemy were not in the least damped; he continued the most unintermitted endeavours to turn the Russian left; and, by means of fresh troops, extended his own right far enough, he believed, to outflank his adversary. In fact, nearly the whole of the allied forces had been successively brought up to this object.

Finding that the enemy was thus powerfully enabled to continue the attack, the Russian General thought it prudent to change his front. To effect this, he called out several strong divisions to his support, from his right; and also brought up fresh cavalry and artillery, which he ordered to march on the left of the unbroken reserve; and present, by these manœuvres, a very extended flank. This menacing line he made yet more formidable, by strengthening it with every corps he could safely spare from his centre and his right.

Renier, seeing that the Russian General was not backward in preparing means to counterbalance his augmented powers, redoubled his efforts to win the day at any sacrifice; and, if possible, the battle became more desperate and sanguinary. He attempted, at the point of the bayonet, to dislodge the Russians from the new position they had assumed, but in vain. A great part of the French artillery was dismounted by the retaliation of their enemy; and after many fruitless efforts of the allied troops to make an impression, they were forced back with a slaughter that was horrible.

The Russian cavalry, not failing to take advantage of this, charged them to the very skirts of the wood. The day began to close fast. Yet the losses of the enemy only seemed to add to the determination of their general. Renier again advanced with the remains of his discomfited troops; but he did not bring them alone. They were supported by six fresh battalions of infantry, and several regiments of Austrian hulans, hussars, and Saxon horse; and so efficient an accession to his strength, filled him with confidence that before darkness should cover the dreadful events of the day, he should be able to overpower his conquerors, and not merely drive, but precipitate them from the long-contested heights. Again the carnage was renewed. The Russian artillery seemed to rain fire upon the last effort of their still struggling enemy; and nothing but night separated the combatants.

The allies took up their former position at Podubrie: and General Tormozoff, having repulsed the enemy in so many attacks, decided upon retiring to Kobrine. To effect this before dawn, orders were issued to draw off the artillery, and to put the whole army into motion, leaving a strong detachment on the field to cover their movements, in case, when morning broke, the enemy should venture to renew hostilities. Tormozoff's measures were taken so well that his troops reached their place of destination within the time; and the rear guard joined them with the rising sun, without having met more annoyance from the allies than seeing their hovering squadrons at a distance. Renier no sooner perceived that Tormozoff had left the heights, than he made a show of following him; but from the severe proof he had already received of Russian resistance, he did not attempt any thing serious to impede his advance. Tormozoff and his brave legions therefore arrived, without firing another musket, on the banks of the Machawitz. After passing over the bridge on that river, they destroyed it in spite of the exertions of the enemy, who, the moment he was aware of the Russian design, brought up a few pieces of artillery; but without effect, as Tormozoff saw his men proceed and accomplish their work with determined coolness.

The loss of the Russians on this memorable twelfth of August, amounted to four thousand killed and wounded; and that of the enemy under Renier and Prince Swartzenberg to upwards of five thousand men, besides three hundred that were taken prisoners. Several officers of rank were wounded on both sides, but none fell of particular note.

General Essen, who commanded the army of Riga, had long since put that fine city into a state of preparation to stand a siege. Its magnificent suburbs were levelled with the ground; and every obstacle displaced that could impede the fire from its fortifications, or facilitate the approaches of an enemy. The garrison had been greatly augmented; and as strong a force as could be spared, was stationed under the orders of Essen himself, as a covering army, in the environs.

To give additional strength to these dispositions, he sent General Lewis, with several battalions of infantry, a considerable corps of artillery, a regiment of hulans, a body of Cossacs, and a heavy force of dragoons, to occupy Eckau, and to post themselves in the neighbourhood of Bouske.

The Prussians had been stationed between Mittau and Riga, under the immediate command of General Grawart, and formed a part of General Macdonald's division, whose head quarters were then at Yacobstadt. Finding that the Russians had advanced and possessed themselves of Eckau, Grawart feared that their force might so accumulate as to cut off his direct communication with Macdonald. To prevent this, he determined to attack them before their reinforcements could arrive; and, if possible, compel them to fall back upon Riga.

With this intention, he ordered a chosen corps of his troops to proceed to the quarter occupied by the Russians. On the morning of the eighteenth of July, several bodies of Prussian hussars were discovered reconnoitering close to the outposts of General Lewis. They were no sooner perceived than attacked by a few squadrons of hulans, who obliged them to retire, leaving many prisoners in their hands.

This rencontre gave information to the Russians of the formidable advance of the enemy; for it was immediately followed by the knowledge of the great strength in which he was approaching. One division, from the neighbourhood of Kanken, and covered by General Kliest, came on to the left, and seemed determined by its menacing position, to take possession of the ground occupied by the Russians. Another division posted itself on the high road leading to Eckau, whence it was to move at a certain time upon their right and centre.

General Essen was not intimidated by these threatening demonstrations, but redoubling his preparations for resistance, awaited the attack with an eager courage, impatient of delay.

No sooner had the Prussian left column presented itself to the contest, than it was greeted by a sweeping fire from a strong battery on a height that covered the right flank of the Russians. At the same instant their cavalry rushed forward, and charged a party of hulans, who were stationed near the entrance of a narrow defile, to prevent the Russian horse falling on the Prussian infantry.

The cannonade doing much execution on the Prussian left column, General Kliest thought it necessary to begin his closer movements by falling suddenly upon the Russian left. The firmness with which he was received, rather checked the force of his charge; but he persisted again and again to renew the attack, till an assault, continued for several hours, and as resolutely repulsed, proved to him that to shake the firm station his adversary had assumed was impossible. Every foot of ground was disputed in every part of the field, with an admirable resolution. But General Lewis, finding his right very hardly pressed by a division of the enemy just freshened by new reinforcements, thought it prudent to draw off his troops, and take a post nearer Riga. This he effected in such good order, and with so commanding a front, that the Prussian General did not venture to follow him. He took up his station at Dalenkirge.

This was the first affair in which the Prussians were complled to enter the lists against their ancient ally; and the rencontre had been of a kind, (although the Russians left them in quiet possession of the disputed ground), that gave them no wish to hurry again into a similar trial of martial prowess.

The loss on this occasion was not great on either side. The Russians had about six hundred killed and wounded; and the Prussians lost nearly the same number.

After this affair, the troops of both states, remained for nearly a month without any action of consequence taking place between them. Meanwhile the French forces in the vicinity of Schlock, received augmentations; and reports were in circulation that the besieging train of heavy artillery from Dantzic was on its march, in order to commence immediate operations against Riga. Indeed General Essen received positive information that a corps from the French reserve in Germany, had set out towards his station, to attack him, and assist in the proposed siege. He was also told that this detachment was so strong as to render the presence of the Prussians no longer necessary; and that, on its arrival, they were to proceed to Dinaburg to join Macdonald.

Essen, aware that should the French reinforcement come up while the Prussians remained unbroken in their present position, he should be constrained to fight at a terrible disadvantage, determined to, at least, disconcert part of the plan, by immediately attacking the Prussians, and to leave no effort unexerted to drive them back upon Mittau, and to the opposite bank of the Aa.

The enemy had stationed himself well. The situation was particularly commanding on his right, being at a short distance from the town of Eckau, and crossing the high road near Draken, which place was occupied by his troops. The position was rendered still stronger by entrenchments well furnished with artillery. His centre was equally well secured; as its left was flanked by the Mouss, a branch of the river Aa. There was also a considerable corps placed between these stations and the Lake Babite; thus forming a link of communication with those near Schlock.

The Prussians being thus marshalled, General Essen deemed the most successful point of attack would be on their right, and to this he directed his whole manœuvres. He ordered a corps under the command of General Viliamoff, to make a false charge upon the centre; hoping, by this stroke, to induce the enemy to dispatch troops from his flanks, to its support. Meanwhile he had directed that a formidable division of gun-boats, filled with troops, (which had arrived a few days before from Dinamond, under Admiral Von Möller), should disembark part of their men, who were to assist in dislodging the Prussians from Schlock, whilst the flotilla should proceed up the river to take them in flank and in rear.

With such arrangements General Essen promised himself the completion of his most sanguine hopes; and his army, sympathizing with their Commander, on the 23d of August, advanced in the highest spirits to the attack. It began from the left with great fury: and in defiance of all the defences of art and of bravery, the Prussian entrenchments were carried by the Russians at the point of the bayonet. But here again was to be made manifest the error of a headlong pursuit! The intrepid Russians, as eager in victory, as resolute in acquiring it, leaping the works they had so bravely won, and following up with breathless ardour their retreating foe, laid open their own ranks; and a large body of Prussian cavalry perceiving the advantage, rushed in upon them, and taking them in the disorder incident to a pursuit, made a terrible slaughter. Notwithstanding the surprise of this assault, and the great power of a fresh body of troops, over a corps of infantry fatigued from their late achievement, though full of exulting bravery, the Russians receded not from the field of their victory till it was strewed with their bleeding bodies; and then, with a constant contest, though a backward step, they gallantly and slowly retreated beyond their lines of defence.

This turn in favour of the enemy, gave him time to rally through all his ranks, and to return to his guns. His right, which had suffered so severely, was now supported by an addition of eight pieces of flying artillery, which General Grawart brought up with admirable promptitude. Battle was again offered, and with an air of triumph, by the allies, which only roused the valour of the Russians to redoubled exertions. The fight recommenced with fury. The Prussians conducted themselves with bravery and skill, but the Russian energy at last fully prevailed; and, crowned with complete success, they saw the discomfited flank of the enemy assume a retrograde movement, and then fairly abandon the field. It was soon followed by the Prussian centre, which had suffered but little, having been only slightly engaged, and that with the feint of General Viliamoff.

At this juncture news was brought to General Essen, that circumstances had proved so adverse to the Commander of the flotilla, he could not proceed further with his forces than Schlock; but that he had obliged the enemy to retire from that place, and had now taken possession of it himself, as he found it impossible to carry his boats farther up the Aa. By this failure on his part, (though not his fault), the assistance of the flotilla being denied to General Essen, one part of that officer's plan was frustrated. His intended operations on the enemy's right were entirely prevented; but as those on his left had succeeded in driving him back to Mittau, Essen was reconciled to the disappointment of one part, by the glorious success of the other.

The Russians in this affair took six hundred and fifty prisoners, besides a great many officers not included in that number. The total loss, in killed and wounded, of the enemy, amounted to nearly one thousand five hundred; and on the part of Russia, about six hundred killed and wounded.

It is a singular fact that although no official declaration of peace between Great Britain and the Russian Empire had at this time been published, nor even publicly rumoured, yet arrangements were carrying on between the countries as if in the full confidence of such an amity. We find British armed vessels acting in concert with those of Russia, ever since the 20th of July, 1812; and in the report made by Admiral Von Möller, to General Essen, on that expedition, and during his contest with Swartzenberg and Renier, he says, " There were six armed English vessels, under the command of Captain Stuart, detached up the river Aa, while ten of our gun-boats landed a thousand troops to attack the enemy who occupied the town of Schlock and its environs."

Whatever secresy, with regard to the grand object, had been maintained during the time of negociation, this circumstance was a sufficient advertisement to the public that such kindly dispositions were afloat between the two states, as must, ere long proclaim to the world a re-union, which has ever been the wish, as it is the interest, of both people.

Sweden was the scene of this happy adjustment. Mr. Thornton, our Minister at that court, was to act for England in that momentous discussion; and the event has shown how well he merited the trust reposed in his abilities. General Von Suckteline appeared on the part of his Imperial Majesty Alexander. And these two distinguished individuals, (empowered by their respective royal masters to restore, on the foundation of truth and honour, the ancient friendship between their countries, from its late suspension), had the happiness to fulfil their high mission to the satisfaction of their sovereigns, and with the gratulations of all their fellow-subjects.

As soon as this re-union, on which the liberties of Europe seem to have depended, was brought to its accomplishment, the happy tidings were made public by the following ukase, which was dispatched to St. Petersburg, to Moscow, and to all the cities of the Imperial dominions:

"The PEACE WITH ENGLAND, so generally and so long desired, is at length re-established. We hasten to announce it, knowing that it has been as ardently the wish of our faithful subjects, as of England herself. Feeling acutely for the decay into which our commerce fell by the disunion of the two countries, we lose not a moment in seeking to revive it to new energies, by the proclamation of an amity so rich in benefits to both parties. Nay, we even go before forms, in our tenderness for the public good and the public anxiety; and, without waiting for the official ratification of the deed of peace, we thus open before our people all its advantages. Unwilling that more of the summer should pass away, without having yielded those fruits to the two nations, which only commerce can bring; We order, from this day, that all our ports on the Baltic sea, on the White sea, and on the Black sea, shall be thrown open to the English vessels; and that every commercial relationship may instantly recommence between our empire and that of Great Britain.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER."

"Given at St. Petersburgh, Aug. 4th, O. S. 1812.
Aug. 16th, N. S. 1812."

It is not possible to describe the universal joy with which this proclamation was received. The higher orders celebrated the event with every species of social gratulation; and the lower ranks, from the trader to the peasant, evinced their gratitude in honest transports; which made the Emperor feel that, in signing the peace with England, he had bestowed a benefit on his country which penetrated to the hearts of all his people.

By entering into amicable connections with the Porte, he had liberated the army of the Danube, and could now turn its strength upon the common enemy; and by renewing his friendship with Great Britain, he had opened to his subjects and his treasury all the resources of industry and an extended commerce. These were blessings to which Alexander was as sensible as his subjects; and the joy he gave, he participated. Nothing seemed wanting to perfect the happiness of his people, but the driving back, to the utmost limits of the empire, the invader who now so audaciously menaced its independence. And, to effect this the Emperor, the lord, and the vassal, ceased not day nor night to join with one interest in accumulating the armies of patriots which were to complete the deliverance of their country.

Every werst the enemy advanced within the Russian empire, encreased the hatred of the peasantry towards him. And every act of affected conciliation; every offer which his agents proffered of enfranchisement from the command of their lords; every promise of liberty, rewards, and honours from the *Great Napoleon*, only filled the brave sons of ancient Scythia with indignation against the seductions of the tyrant, and with a firmer devotion to their native lords.

The spirit of war which the Corsican has introduced, is one which was never before known in Christendom! A spirit of universal destruction; a spirit of merciless devastation; a spirit which emulates heathen butcheries, and alike slaughters men in arms, and men without them, feeble age, and helpless woman, and infancy in vain stretching its innocent hands for pity. This inhuman mode of warfare roused the unhappy Tyrolese against their murderer; this sanguinary persecution called forth the heavy vengeance of the Spaniard; and this exterminating system, constrained the Russian to repel its attacks with a sword ruthless as its own.

It frequently happened that when the prisoners, taken in these several rencontres, were on their way to be conveyed for security into the interior, their guards could hardly preserve them from the vehement revenge of the peasantry. And one instance where their indignant enthusiasm was allowed to take the reins, I cannot forbear recording.

A detachment of French prisoners, conducted by a very small escort, having arrived in a village in the government of Twer, and bordering upon that of Smolensk, had the address, by superiority of numbers and subtilty of contrivance, to overpower their guard, and seizing their arms, would have extirpated them on the spot, had not the peasantry risen to their rescue. While one company of hardy rustics flew to the succour of the soldiers, another rang the alarm-bell of the village; and the military, finding themselves again armed with the little arsenal of the village, and backed by its intrepid sons, soon compelled their treacherous adversaries to cry for quarter; which was not allowed to be granted till most of them had fallen a sacrifice to their desperate act of folly. But the consequences of this minor battle did not end here. The noise of the tocsin spread the alarm throughout the neighbourhood, and thence to the whole government. Nothing less was believed than that the French had entered the district in great power. The more formidable the report, the more eager was the zeal to oppose them. Multitudes flocked towards the scene of action from all quarters; and before the evening closed, nearly nine thousand well armed men were arranged under the standards of their respective lords. Being under the conviction that the French had really reached their province, it was with the greatest difficulty that this magnanimous people were prevented setting fire to their crops of standing corn: "If they are not to be for us," cried they, "they shall not be left for the enemy!"

Instances of this kind daily presented themselves; proving that there is no policy so good in the end, even to the most selfish man, as a perfectly disinterested conduct in times of public calamity; a sordid attention to individual interest, in these critical periods, never fails, by dividing what ought to form the collected strength of the whole body, to leave the weak parts so exposed to an enemy that he has very little trouble in making them his own. It is indeed strange, that we see so few instances of this only true political wisdom. We find many nations talk of loyalty, of liberty, of patriotism; we hear individuals pronounce orations on these themes; but who has proved these subjects like the Russian? It is not every where that men are called upon to preserve their country by the burning of their harvests, and the conflagration of their cities; but every man has it in his power to sacrifice his luxuries to the public good, to immolate his prejudices before the laws and their ministers; and to forget every short-sighted interest, either of his own or his country's, in that of the great object which now agitates the world—the independence of more than Europe from the yoke of a tyrant!

The army of Count Vigtenstein continued to occupy the ground it had taken up after the affairs of the tenth and eleventh of August. But on his having been reinforced by several battalions from Dunabourg, he determined no longer to allow Davoust quietly to augment his force in the position he at present held close to Polotzk, and which was daily strengthening by the judicious labours of his engineers. This General was hourly receiving fresh corps of Bavarians and Saxons, and no inconsiderable detachments from the army of Macdonald.

When Vigtenstein calculated that his numbers were at all adequate to the attack he meditated, he put his army in motion. It was on the seventeenth of August that he marched them forward in two columns. One took the Bielo road, and the other the Smolianovo, that they might make themselves masters of the advantageous ground on the left of the former. This was executed by pursuing a path not far from the small town of Gamzeleva, where the face of the country becomes elevated, and intersected by deep defiles. Through these the troops were obliged to pass, to form themselves in order of battle. A very few hours brought both columns to the desired station.

On the enemy learning the advance of the Russians, they moved from their lines of defence, and hastened to give him a check before he could reach the vantage point, which they judged was his object. But in this they were disappointed; however Oudinot lost no time in forming his dispositions, as he wished to make head against the Russians already formed, and prevent those still in the defiles from gaining their line.

The penetrating eye of Vigtenstein frustrated these intentions, by dispatching a considerable corps of artillery and light troops to cover the march of his people through the defiles; and to clear the openings of the enemy, while he moved onward with his left supported by some regiments of cavalry.

The rapidity with which the Russian soldiers obeyed the prompt suggestions of their General's mind was so amazing, that Oudinot found himself baffled in every manœuvre. In a favourable moment Vigtenstein ordered a heavy fire to be opened upon the unformed masses of the enemy; and they, being in a very exposed situation, found themselves obliged to recoil on each other; thus, gaining a temporary escape at the expence of throwing their rear into no inconsiderable disorder. Meanwhile, Vigtenstein having brought up a division of flying artillery on his extreme flank, it did its duty so effectually as to render the confusion of the French, in that part of the line, almost desperate. His next movement was to order the cavalry to attack;

and the shock they gave to the only firm body of the enemy, completely laid his flank open to the operations of the Russians. Vigtenstein pursued the advantage, and making the signal to his heroes they charged with their whole force. At this crisis, amidst the multitudes that fell, Marshal Oudinot received a dangerous wound in the shoulder, and was carried off the field. His wound was felt to the farthest ranks of his army, for a complete confusion and carnage ensued along this part of the line, which spread dismay to the centre; and communicating to the left, filled all with a consternation so extreme, that nothing seemed left but to retire upon their lines of defence. It was now a flight rather than a retreat; disorder was in every rank, fear in every breast; and as they precipitately abandoned the field, hundreds fell beneath the sabres and bayonets of their pursuers, whilst the discharge of grape from the artillery swept down all before it with a tremendous havoc.

This victory was achieved by the Russians with very little loss on their side, but that of the enemy was immense.

Count Vigtenstein having driven them far beyond their entrenchments, chose to occupy that strong ground himself; and on this commanding situation, make able dispositions to meet succeeding conflicts.

When Oudinot was wounded, the command devolved upon General Gouvion St. Cyr; who, being ambitious to have the credit of retrieving the honour of the division, lost by the failure of his predecessor, determined to renew the attack the next day. To this end he called up every succour within his reach, and brought forward every soldier at all capable of bearing arms after the sanguinary contest of the preceding day. The Bavarians, under Count Wrede, were placed on the right. Saint Cyr took the command of the centre in person; giving the left to General Maison, who had succeeded General Verdeir; the latter officer having been severely wounded in the late affair.

Though prepared for the enemy, yet, having just chastised him so completely, Count Vigtenstein did not mean to provoke him to resume hostilities immediately; but preferred remaining within his lines. He had detached a sufficient force to prevent Macdonald from advancing on him from Dinabourg. That city, from its comparatively insignificant importance at the present juncture, had been evacuated by the Russians; but not before they had destroyed every article within it that could be of use to the enemy. By withdrawing from that town, a valuable accession of troops was enabled to join the army on the Dwina. And, owing to the situation of the Prussians in the vicinity of Riga, Macdonald dared not with safety break up his means of communication either with that corps or the troops of Oudinot; one of which he must have cut off, had he formed a junction with either.

About twelve o'clock at noon on the 18th, Saint Cyr began to move, under cover of a strong battery of artillery. Thus protected, he formed his line, and proceeded to the attack. Count Vigtenstein allowed him to make these demonstrations without interruption. The French General then ordered the Bavarians to begin the battle on the right with their guns. This was the signal for the cannonade to run down the whole line. Both armies being so near, and in such complete array for the contest, a discharge from the whole of the French infantry followed the thunder of their artillery. It was answered by the Russians with equal energy. The enemy had added to the strength of his left a well appointed battery on the bank of the Dwina, which now began its play upon the adverse troops. However, the brave Russians regarded it not, but charged to the very mouths of the guns, and with the points of their bayonets drove the enemy in that quarter back to their reserve. This bold attack was supported by several squadrons of dragoons, who followed the advantage, trampling down, and destroying the French infantry, who now but faintly defended themselves. The rest fled to their entrenchments.

Vigtenstein, meanwhile, plied the centre; but here the conflict was very severe. It repelled all his efforts with the greatest bravery for a considerable time, but the persevering heroism of the Russians at last made them give ground, and they too fell back towards their lines of defence. The right being yet unbroken, defended itself well, and many acts of individual bravery were here distinguished; but General Wrede seeing all his exertions unavailing, and that none of the dispersed French troops attempted to return to the attack, felt himself obliged, after so long and gallant a resistance, to follow the retreating legions; and, like them, take refuge beyond their lines.

The flight of St. Cyr's army gained its fugitives no safety. The Russians, incensed at the audacity of the French general, in presuming to attack them in the manner he did, so immediately on their signal victory over his predecessor, pursued his disgrace with a frightful carnage. So fierce was their continued charge upon the flying squadrons, that they not only passed the French lines, putting all to death who resisted, but drove the enemy before them into the very suburbs of Polotzk, and put them to the sword in the streets. Bloody, as great was this victory. When night's obscurity rather increased than concealed its horrors, Count Vigtenstein commanded the deathful work to cease. The battle had lasted more than twelve hours, when he ordered his troops to draw off, and retire to his old position. The prisoners amounted to three thousand men, besides thirty officers of various ranks, amongst whom were two colonels. The enemy left two thousand five hundred killed and wounded on the field of battle, independent of those who fell in the lines. Fifteen pieces of cannon were also abandoned to the victors. The loss on the Russian side, during the two days fighting, amounted to one thousand in all, *hors de combat;* besides Generals Berg, Hamen, and Kazatichkovsky, who were wounded.

Thus ended two desperate attempts of two Generals of Napoleon, to accomplish his great object of opening a passage for his troops to St. Petersburgh! one of them, with the loss of half his army, had been wounded almost mortally; whilst the other, in rashly adventuring to repair his discomfiture, only heaped accumulated defeat and disgrace on the arms of his master!

Napoleon having fully refreshed his troops at Vitepsk, and also having received information of the approach of new reinforcements from Tilsit, to Wilna, again put himself in motion. He ordered the corps of Beauharnois, and of Murat, to march upon the Boresthenes on the 13th of August; the first was to cross that river opposite to Rassasna, and the latter to pass the Beresswinya river and to cross the Boresthenes near Hiyomina. Having thus concentrated his force, he meditated an immediate advance upon Smolenzk.

Barclay de Tolly being informed that the enemy was in this manner drawing together his most efficient powers in the vicinity of Doubrovna and Rassasna, ordered Prince Bragation to fall back, and pass through the city to the Moscow road, and there halt at a few wersts distance to await further directions. Meanwhile, the commander-in-chief would himself, on the 14th of August, break up his own position, and retire to the high ground which commanded the town on the right bank of the Dneiper.

Scarcely had he executed this movement ere he heard from the Generals Rajefsky, and Neverofsky, (both of whom had been left at Krasnoy), that they had been obliged to assume a retrograde motion to within seven wersts of Smolenzk; and that the augmented force of the enemy were coming on to offer battle. These generals reported also that, early on the 14th, their advanced post at Laidy, consisting of Cossacs, had been driven in, and pursued even to their head-quarters. To do this, a large detachment from the enemy's army had been sent under the commands of Ney and Murat. They reached Krasnoy without difficulty, and fell upon the Russian division stationed in its neighbourhood. The defence made on the part of the Russians was, as usual, bloody and gallant; but the vast superiority of the enemy's numbers carried every thing before them, and Krasnoy was gained at the point of the bayonet.

General Rajefsky retreated to Essennaya, and from that place dispatched information to the Commander-in-chief, of his disaster. The amount of Rajefsky's force before this affair was about seven thousand men, including two thousand five hundred cavalry. He had also twelve pieces of cannon. His loss was great: being upwards of two thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, besides several guns.

On this intelligence Barclay de Tolly reinforced the garrison of Smolenzk, and ordered the shattered remains of Rajefsky's corps, on the approach of the enemy, to retire within the fortified lines in front of the extensive suburbs. The city, having been long in preparation to repel an attack, various batteries had been constructed, and every means adopted which could add strength to a position so favourably situated to check the advance of the invader.

Prince Bragation, in obedience to the commands of the Commander-in-chief, passed on to the high road leading to Moscow through Dorogabouche, where he halted as directed; but at the same time kept detachments of light troops in the neighbourhood of Elnia and Koslavli, to stop the advance of the enemy, should he attempt to cut off the Prince's communication with the metropolis on that side.

Barclay de Tolly having thus disposed his Generals of divisions, intended to await alone the approach of his adversary; and, with this view, he placed his army on the line of heights which cover Smolenzk on the right bank of the Boresthenes. The city was defended by about thirty thousand men, who held communication with his main army by three bridges which crossed that river.

From the ancient character of the walls which encircled Smolenzk, they were found but indifferently suited to modern warfare, being flanked and bulwarked at different points by high and ill-fashioned towers; however, to turn even these to advantage, the Russians planted them with several pieces of heavy ordnance, sufficient to command most of the ways leading through the fauxbourgs.

The French army continued to approach the town in a very menacing attitude, having been recently augmented by the division under Prince Poniatofsky, which had joined them from Mohiloff, by the way of Romanoff, on the 15th. By this junction, the whole force of the enemy was directed against this city. The possession of it would involve many advantages on the side of the French. Its acquisition must dislodge the Russians from their present commanding station; which was, unquestionably, the most favourable ground on which they could make a stand between the Boresthenes and Moscow; and, when they were driven away, the road would be left free for the advance of Napoleon to the capital of the Tzars.

Dear has ever been the tax of pre-eminence. Smolenzk was always regarded as a post of the highest importance to rival powers. In former ages it had been the object of many hot contentions, and had known all the evils of war. But for a long lapse of time, like a toil-worn hero resting amid his offspring, it lay in tranquillity and comfort, enjoying its distinction and its repose. Thus was the venerable city of Smolenzk, when the blast of invasion reached its walls, and its peaceful inhabitants saw the hills which surmounted them embattled with the protecting ranks of their country. Age is the season of timidity. The old, and the feeble, woman and child, thought they beheld their so lately happy city, overclouded by all the horrors of war; and, fearful of being exposed to its cruel consequences, they fled the place in every direction. Some sought security in Moscow, some at Twer, some at Yarrowslaff; and thousands took refuge with the army on the heights. Intending from those eminences to remain sad spectators of the awful moment that was approaching to make their beloved city the theatre of bloody contest. It might be the field of combat, but the wisdom of its veterans had taken care that it should not be that of spoil; for immediately on hearing of the approach of the French towards their quarters, they ransacked the town for all its valuables, even to the treasures of the churches, and sent them under a strong convoy to a place of safety. By this precaution private property, as well as public, was preserved to the rightful owners; and the enemy was deprived of the resources he always looked for in plunder.

Buonaparté had quitted Vitepsk on the 13th of August. He reached Korwitinia on the 15th; and on the following day was at the head of his army before Smolenzk. He lost no time in reconnoitering both the town and the position which the Russians held on the opposite bank of the river. He also acquainted himself with the strength of the force which had been left to defend the city. This he intended to carry immediately; and, therefore, gave orders for an assault to commence at the entrenched suburbs, whilst he should endeavour to cut off, by the destruction of the three bridges, all succours to the Russians from their comrades on the heights. He had little doubt of the city soon falling into his hands, and of that advantage being followed by the possession of the heights; as he concluded, from the Russian General not having occupied the left bank of the Dneiper, he would, on the loss of the town, abandon the hills, and continue his march, in order to seek a more favourable spot for a general battle.

According to these deductions, directions were given to Marshal Ney that he should form his divisions, taking up the ground on the left, and supporting his flank on the Dneiper. Davoust, planted his division as the centre; and Prince Poniatofsky stationed his on the right. Two reserves of cavalry and of guards were posted in the rear. With the former was Murat and Beauharnois; and with the latter, Napoleon. The army, thus formed, moved forward close upon the Russian front.

On the morning of August the seventeenth there was an awful pause. The armies of two vast empires stood gazing on each other as if studying where to strike the mortal blow: at length the silence of meditated death was broken. From the extreme point of the Russian right, to that of their left, fire from a hundred cannon poured destruction amid the enemy's ranks. Rapid discharges of musketry, which ran along their front, seconded the guns with a horrible carnage.

The attack of the French was not less vigorous or terrific. Their numerous artillery gave bloody answer to that on the Russian position; whilst their multitude, and concentrating movements, bore along upon their adversary with a force that seemed formed to sweep all before them.

The troops of Poniatofsky, assisted by corps of cavalry and light artillery, after a hard struggle, succeeded in dislodging, from an excellent position, a considerable body of Russians. This advantage, so fortunate for the enemy, enabled them to throw up a battery on the spot; which they immediately opened upon the south bridge, with an effect answerable to their wishes.

The battle now raged with the most desperate fury. In spite of a dreadful fire from the Russian artillery, the enemy pushed on to the entrenched suburbs, and in the very mouths of the guns attacked the Russian troops at the point of the bayonet. The havoc on both sides was prodigious. The earth was covered with the wounded and the dead; but nothing seemed possible to shake the firmness of the Russians. They stood like a rock before the repeated attempts of the French to break a way through them. For upwards of two hours this bloody contest was maintained. Every species of assault was levelled by the enemy against their undaunted adversaries; but nothing could prevail over their resolution not to yield but with their lives. At last their movements were impeded by the numbers of the slain; and finding that accessions of hostile troops pressed upon their thinned ranks, the Russians retired towards Smolenzk; disputing every inch of ground, till the enemy was checked by the fire from its ancient towers.

Barclay de Tolly, on seeing that the suburbs on the opposite quarter of the town were completely forced, and that the city itself was seriously threatened, determined to defend it for, at least, several hours; in order to gain time for Bragation's army, then on the Moscow road, to move on to Dorogobouche, where the Commander-in-chief now decided on joining it.

The Russian batteries had been planted to great advantage all along the heights. One battery of fifteen pieces of cannon, did much execution upon the enemy's right, and drove him from the ground he occupied with that part of his artillery which had poured so destructive a fire on the upper bridge. Another battery, of twenty pieces, checked the enemy in his advance through the suburb connected with the St. Petersburgh bridge.

The city now became the immediate object of attack. The fire from its walls, as well as from a few loosely constructed works at their feet, kept the enemy at bay. But he lost not a moment in constructing breaching batteries at different points, and so well placed, that a short time only was necessary to oblige the troops who manned the trifling outworks to leave them to their fate. No resistance was now made to the assailants, but by the good old towers and venerable breastwork of the city.

A tremendous fire opened from the French batteries upon these antique battlements, and gave no pause, even when its flashes alone lit the terrible darkness of the night.

The Russian general, meanwhile, ordered an active defence to be kept up, while he made arrangements for the march of the army to Dorogobouche. It was seven o'clock in the evening, when the first column was put in motion. It was commanded by General Touchkoff, and composed of three corps of infantry, and the first reserve of cavalry. It took the route to Bradichino. At nine, the second column, under the orders of General Dochoroff, composed of two corps of infantry and two of cavalry, besides the remains of General Rajefsky, proceeded, in a nearly parallel direction, by the road leading to Yalkoff-Postiloff. General Korff, with a strong division that occupied the town, and the suburb of St. Petersburgh, was to form the great rear guard, and to defend himself against every attack, until he had advice that the rest of the army had cleared the French lines. He was then to destroy all that might be serviceable to the enemy, and evacuate the town. Platoff, with his Cossacs, was to follow this body; and form a chain of detached corps between Proudichi and Doukoffachina.

The dreadful hours of destruction rolled on; and the ruin and death of thousands became the horrible marks of French aggression. Invasion was without, patriotism within; and hosts continued to fall on both sides. Many attempts were made by the enemy to carry by assault the walls, which were now beginning to give way; but what stone could not withstand, the courage of men breasted, and the assailants were repulsed at every attack.

The interior of this once beautiful and flourishing capital of the government of Smolenzk, began to present a scene heart-rending to the eye of a common spectator, but glorious to that of the patriot. Every magazine was destroyed, every edifice fired, which could offer the means of resource to the enemy. The inhabitants, (at least all that chose to remain behind those who had retired to the heights), were the first to put their torches to this hard duty. The flames spread rapidly through every quarter; and the houses which were built of wood, quickly conducted its direful influences over the whole extent of this once fine city, whose centre now blazed forth in vast volumes of fire and smoke.

Napoleon in his report of this event, gives a perfect idea of its appearance, in these words:—"In the midst of a fine night in August, Smolenzk offered to the eyes of the French, the spectacle that presents itself to the inhabitants of Naples, during an irruption of Vesuvius."

During the ever-memorable defence of the city against so superior a force as was then brought against it, no troops were more distinguished for their unreceding valour and effective service than a large body of the newly-raised Russian militia. Its intrepidity and discipline would have added fresh laurels to the most veteran brows.

Two hours after this tremendous conflagration commenced, General Korff destroyed the communication with the right bank of the Dneiper, and then followed the steps of the leading columns. The enemy perceiving that the Russian army was in full retreat, and that the firing from the walls had gradually subsided, advanced; and, without further resistance, took possession of the city in the morning of the 18th of August.

No pen can describe the rage of Napoleon on beholding the spectacle which presented itself. The spacious streets were blocked up with ruined and falling houses, and magnificent buildings were blazing in every direction, threatening the total consumption of those that remained yet uninjured. To preserve some means of quartering his troops, the French leader immediately ordered every exertion to stop the progress of the flames. The men employed in this service, gave themselves little trouble in their duty; and aware that the extent of the mischief already done would render their disobedience less observed, instead of attempting to extinguish the fires by which they were surrounded, they spread themselves all over the city wherever the burning destruction had not seized; and, entering the houses and the churches, pillaged whatever valuables they found, and murdered with the most unheard of cruelties, all whom accident or attachment to their native city had left in their passage. Time, therefore, was the sole extinguisher of this immense conflagration; and it was not until the evening of the 19th, that the flames of this sacrifice expired, and Smolenzk became enshrouded in a veil of black smoke.

Buonaparté had always considered the possession of this city as one of his first objects in the Russian invasion. Such a station would be full of advantage to his troops. Indeed he was so thoroughly aware of its utility, that he thus expresses himself on the subject:

"Smolenzk may be considered as one of the finest cities in Russia, and of the most commanding situation. Had it not been for the circumstances of war, which involved it in flames, and consumed its magazines filled with merchandize, this city would now be regarded as one of the richest resources of our army. But even in its present ruined state, it puts us in possession of a formidable military post, and its remaining buildings afford excellent hospitals for the sick."

The French leader was not more sensible of the value of the treasures contained in Smolenzk, than were its inhabitants; and to disappoint him of their use, what could not be removed, they sacrificed to the preservation of their country. To these patriots nothing seemed too precious to resign for so dear a stake. Whether it be wealth or even the bread from their lips, or the roof that sheltered them, or the vital blood of their hearts, all were deemed as nought in comparison with the venerated laws of their empire, their fealty to their lords, and their independence from threatened usurpation. What can man lay down more than his life, in evidence of his principle? And this the Russian, from the prince to the peasant, was ready, and did lay down, in the cause of the empire and of the world.

Napoleon, in passing over the ashes of these sacrifices at Smolenzk, was often heard to exclaim, " Never was a war prosecuted with such ferocity! Never did defence put on so hostile a shape against the common feelings of self-preservation! These people treat their own country as if they were its enemies!"

But in some cases there is no defence unless we put all to the hazard, and immolate a part to preserve the whole. Narrow policy is the principle of ruin.

The loss of human lives during this tremendous contest was immense. Not less than one hundred thousand men must have been engaged in the battle, and attack and defence of the town; and, from the obstinacy with which the combat was maintained, the deaths became very numerous. Four thousand fell on the Russian side, amongst whom were many brave officers, though none of distinguished name. Their wounded amounted to about two thousand. The Russian Commander-in-chief, in his report of this affair, observes—" Although our loss is so serious, yet we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it bears no proportion to the incalculable loss of the enemy, whose rashness during his repeated attacks, threw away the lives of his men with an indifference not to be credited."

The French account of their loss is absurdly trifling; and we can only wonder, when the circumstances of the affair are considered, how the writer of it could have the folly to suppose it would be believed. He states that Napoleon lost no more than seven hundred in killed! He allows of three thousand two hundred wounded; but closes the bulletin with the exaggeration that, while the French slain were so few, the Russians lost to the number of fourteen thousand, seven hundred men!

This statement is made in the usual French style; and while we read it, and others, relating the small damage they incur in even the most sanguinary conflicts, we can only be surprised at finding, in perhaps the next report, that this invulnerable band of heroes feel the necessity of being recruited.

Possession of even the burning site of Smolenzk was not to be gained on such easy terms. The manner of the attack, and the determination of its defence, are sufficient evidences that the assailing power must have suffered the greater loss in lives. The Russians, when the suburbs were attacked, were in a great degree covered by their entrenchments, while the enemy's troops were advancing for a considerable length of time completely exposed to the galling and heavy fire of the artillery and small arms. It was here that the French fell in hundreds. But when the conflict took place in the lines, then the entrenchments became heaped with their dead and dying. The French report cannot but give some shadow of the truth in this respect. It says, "the field of battle presented to the eyes of two hundred thousand persons, who can attest it, heaps of slain, where the body of one Frenchman lay upon the bleeding relics of seven or eight of his fallen enemies."

This representation has only to be reversed, and it will be found a true statement of the proportion of the slain, giving the greater numbers of the dead, as was the fact, to the French side. The information given by Spanish deserters, and prisoners taken at the time, leave it beyond a doubt that Napoleon lost far more men on that bloody day, than he deemed prudent to acknowledge in his bulletins. The true report would have been nearer thirteen thousand in killed and wounded, than three thousand; and in this number we do not include several Generals, three of whom Buonaparté owns to have fallen.

Smolenzk was now in the hands of the invader. But all the trophies it yielded to his glory were its cannon, and the smouldering ashes of its once populous streets. He and his Generals took up their residence in the episcopal palace, which had escaped the flames; and the troops were ordered to seek repose in any buildings they might find standing. The churches that remained unhurt, were appropriated to the use of the cavalry.

Had Napoleon entered Russia with the wishes of its inhabitants, this last measure would have been sufficient to turn their good-will to detestation. The sight of a licentious soldiery bursting into the holy edifices, tearing down the decorations, breaking open the wardrobes, and violating the consecrated vestments and vessels of the altar, struck to their hearts with amaze and horror. But when they beheld the horses pass the sacred threshold, their vehement indignation is not to be described. Their expressions were answerable to their feelings; and the few, who yet survived the fate of their city, were made to shed their blood with their tears before the doors of their defiled churches.

Such a zeal may appear extravagant to professors of a less enthusiastic religion; and many may turn from its emotions and its sacrifices with contempt. But it would be well to judge men, not by the light we ourselves have received, but by that which has been dispensed to them. Objects may be wrong, but yet the impulse right. The same spirit which confirmed the protestant martyr at the stake, who died in evidence of the pure doctrines of Christianity, brought the pious son of the Greek church to resent, at the peril of his life, the pollution of the place consecrated to the worship of his Creator. God said, "My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Such a sacrilege was not tolerated by the founder of our religion; and it becomes not the disciple to pretend to more liberality on this subject than his divine Master.

The honest Russian regards the temple of his God with a reverence so great that nothing is suffered to approach its walls, that can defile them even in idea; and therefore it is not surprising that when the violation of the churches of Smolenzk was known throughout the empire, the hatred of the people should be augmented a hundred fold against the invader and his sanguinary followers.

The Russian army, covered by the corps of Generals Korff and Platoff, continued for many hours to move towards its destined point without molestation. The precaution of destroying the bridges across the Dneiper, for some time prevented the advance of the French in the same direction. But Napoleon, with his usual promptitude had, on observing the gradual withdrawing of the Russians from the heights, ordered a bridge to be thrown over the river much higher than the site of the old ones, and considerably to the right of the town. The work was carried on with so much alacrity, that it was nearly completed at the same moment in which the last of Barclay de Tolly's rear guard were quitting the suburbs.

When a communication was thus opened with the opposite bank, (and which Buonaparté rendered still more free by setting his men to repair, with all expedition, the demolished bridges;) the French passed over in a strong body under the command of Marshal Ney. His orders were to overtake, and attack the retiring division of the Russians; while the corps of Junot and Davoust, supported by the whole of the cavalry under Murat and Beauharnois, were to move upon Douchoffachina, and proceed to the right bank by the newly constructed bridge, and then continue their march to the high road, between Valitina Gora and Lavachina, leading to Moscow. At this point they hoped to cut off the rear-guard of the Russians from the main army; and, in consequence of such a loss, reduce that army to such extremities as to throw it completely into their power.

General Baron Korff, in making his retiring movements, marched along the heights in two columns, in a direction to the point where the two roads branched off. On these roads the Russian troops which preceded him, had taken their route; and on the spot where the ways separated, he was to station himself, that he might cover both.

Not aware of the so rapid advance of the French upon this very track, the Baron was surprised to find his forward parties fall back. They explained their check by giving information that the enemy had gained the right shore of the Boresthenes in great force, and were spreading themselves between him and his proposed line of march.

In this critical situation, nothing was left but to endeavour to maintain his present position; not doubting but that the Commander-in-chief, on finding the rear-guard had been attacked, would lose no time in sending troops to its support. According to this resolution, Korff ordered the right column to form on the ground where it then stood; and the left to station itself on a commanding point close to the town of Valitina. Prompt as the troops were in obeying these directions, they were not completely executed before another body of the enemy appeared on the Smolenzk side. These new corps waited not an instant, but attacked the Russians with a sudden and tremendous shock. This was the signal for a general assault in the other quarter.

Ney's troops began the business, by charging the rear of the right column of the Russians before it had time to finish its formation. He made the onset with the bayonet; it being his design, by the surprise and impetuosity of his movement, to drive them from their ground.

General Korff perceiving the difficulties of his situation increase, judged it prudent to release himself, if possible, from these unequal and desperate encounters, by making a junction with his left column, which was forming very rapidly, and had already opened a heavy fire upon the advancing bodies of the enemies. To this effect, he ordered two battalions, supported by several guns, to remain on his present ground, to cover his movement while retiring upon the other column.

The brave men selected for this duty, performed it with unshaken firmness, notwithstanding the most violent efforts to dislodge them: nor did they recede one step, until their general had gained his object; although to ensure it, nearly one half of their undaunted comrades sacrificed their lives.

At this crisis the rear of the Russian main army was not farther distant from the scene of action than six wersts. When the Commander-in-chief heard the cannonade, he justly apprehended that his covering troops had been assailed, and, without loss of time he gave orders for Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, with a strong division of infantry and detachments of artillery, to return to the separation of the two roads where General Korff's corps had been left. Directions were also sent to Major-General Touchkoff, to march with a body of troops to the support of General Karpoff, who was at the village of Gedeonovo with a small corps, occupying the ground near the river, and close to the high road to Moscow.

Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg executed his orders with great ability, defeating the enemy in every attempt to oppose his passage to the attainment of his object.

General Korff, on seeing himself so powerfully reinforced, and still maintaining his advantageous position, believed himself sufficiently strong to defy the utmost efforts of the enemy to dislodge him. The French, however, dared the enterprize; and a heavy column moved forwards towards the centre of the Russian front. It was supported by two others which, on the opposing line being broken, was to close in and complete the destruction.

Owing to the commanding situation of the Russian ground, its artillery had a terrible effect on the advancing enemy, who, seeing his men fall in hundreds, and that General Gudin, by whom they had been led on, lay dead on the field, commanded a pause in the attack. He perceived, from what had just happened, how vain would be the attempt to force Korff, who was now so well supported, from his formidable position; and trying another way, the French leader ordered a movement to his right; with the intention, by falling upon the little detachment of Karpoff, of getting possession of the road he protected; and of, probably, inducing Korff either to come down from his present ground, or at least to weaken himself by dispatching troops to the aid of Karpoff's division.

The enemy advanced to this attack with a fury answerable to the magnitude of his ultimate object. Karpoff finding himself severely pressed, and nearly overwhelmed, began rapidly to fall back; but, happily, at this critical moment General Touchkoff appeared. A part of his fresh troops rushed on to the support of their retiring countrymen, and, checking the impetuosity of the French, enabled Karpoff to detach a considerable body of his cavalry to the succour of his left, and also to bring up the remainder of his artillery.

The enemy, though checked, was not repulsed; and, returning to the attack with renewed spirit, they charged the Russians with their whole weight of cavalry. The combat was close and obstinate; many gallant acts were performed on both sides, but neither seemed to prevail. The French object was to open to themselves the great road, and to this end Marshals Davoust, Ney, and Murat, directed all their operations against the Russian left.

Whilst this brave column stood its ground without yielding an inch, Baron Korff, observing the direction in which the enemy was thickening his ranks, dispatched a reinforcement to the division of Karpoff; and himself, at the same time made a movement on his left, parallel with that of the enemy. This he did, not only to support more effectually the gallant little corps of Karpoff, but to prevent the designs of the French to block up his line of march.

After a conflict of many hours, the day was far advanced, when part of Korff's troops, in following up their manœuvres, came in upon the right of Touchkoff's troops. This happy junction, aided by a smart fire from a thick wood well lined with light infantry, (which had been posted there to protect the right,) had a decisive effect upon the opposite division of the enemy. Marshal Ney commanded in this quarter. Finding his troops so hotly received, he determined to make a strong effort to turn his adversary in his flank, by bringing up a column which had not yet been engaged. The advance was accordingly made, and supported by several squadrons of horse and artillery, but all in vain. The strengthened corps of the

Russians so completely baffled his endeavours, that, after two successive attempts, he was obliged to abandon the enterprize, and retire under the galling fire of his adversary. The contest, after this retrograde movement of the three Marshals, gradually subsided on the part of the French; and, by twelve o'clock at night (August 19th), the Russians were left in quiet possession of the disputed way.

The Generals Korff, Touchkoff, and the Prince of Wirtemberg, finding themselves so entirely masters of the field as to be able to move to any point without opposition, decided on marching towards the Dneiper, meaning to pass that river near Slob-Pneva.

This hard-fought day cost both armies many lives. The Russians calculate their own loss in killed to amount to one thousand. Their wounded might be numbered at three thousand. The French slain, (from the disadvantageous situations in which they made their attacks,) must have been double that of their adversary's. They lost during the day, upwards of thirteen hundred men, as prisoners to the Russians. Napoleon's reports, with their usual delusions, will not allow of this, but estimate the loss in their lines to be six hundred killed, two thousand six hundred wounded, but *without losing a man as a prisoner!*

This gallant stand, made by a corps of not more than forty thousand Russians, against a force of ninety thousand men, astonished the discomfited enemy, and filled the adjacent country with confidence. If so much could be done by so small a body of resolute soldiers, what might not be expected from the accumulated and concentrated force of the empire!

As it is the custom of the French ruler always to claim the laurels of the field, it is not out of course that he should place upon his head the bloody wreath of this; but in the midst of his assumption he cannot forbear owning it as a *hard-earned* victory, as one of the most brilliant *faits d'armes* ever recorded in military history. The plan of the Russians, in this campaign, of falling back into their country, until the time and the circumstances should unite by which they might pour certain destruction on their invaders, afforded Napoleon a ground for his assumption of every victory, and assisted in the impositions his reports were framed to put on the world. At least, such was the effect on superficial observers. But a grand and comprehensive and conclusive plan was that of Russia at this crisis; and to maintain it, they as readily left the field of triumph as of discomfiture. It is too much the practice to judge of men and schemes more in the detail, than by the great result; and hence come rash and unjust decisions.

In the midst of all Napoleon's boasts of uninterrupted victory, one circumstance was ever present to contradict him; the barrenness of his conquests! He found no pillage, no trophies with which to stimulate his soldiers, or to flatter the vanities of his people. He had told his troops that they should gather the riches of every province they passed over. But, instead of satiating themselves with rapine, they found wasted lands, and deserted villages. He cheered the disappointed multitude with the assurance that they should indemnify themselves by the wealth of Smolenzk. They advanced to its walls, and met only a heap of burning ruins. Impatience and discontent now began to murmur throughout the French soldiery. Many of them remembered the spoils of Italy and of Germany. All of them repeated the expectations with which they were filled on marching into Russia. Their fatigues and dangers were to be rewarded with the harvests of the fields, the wealth of the cities, the treasures of the churches, and the abundance of the whole empire spread at their feet! Day after day passed away, and still no part of these grand promises was performed. Every step the French army advanced into the country covered the earth with their bleeding bodies; and showed to the survivors, nothing but the traces of destruction.

The effects of the Russian mode of defence were seriously felt, even at Vitepsk, by the enemy. Many hundreds of his disappointed soldiers deserted to the army of Count Vigtenstein; and, it was not without the most extraordinary efforts that the French leader could check this disposition in his men, so ruinous, not only to his present scheme of aggrandisement, but to the stability of his power in general. Threats of the most tremendous punishments, were denounced on the delinquents; and the largest promises reiterated to them who would remain faithful. Moscow was named as the ultimate reward of the patience and persevering courage of his men. From the ancient palaces of that imperial city, he pledged himself that they should see him stand the dictator of peace or war, not only to the whole empire, but to all Europe. The glory of his achievement should be his reward; while they should find theirs in the accumulated riches of ages, the hoarded possessions of princes and nobles, the treasuries of the priesthood, and the spoil of the people at large. Thus did the genius of desolation hail on his myrmidons to follow his steps to the pillage of nations, the violation of women, the murder of infants, and the carnage of men.

On the morning of the 20th of August, at about one o'clock, the Russians moved from their victorious field, and reached Slob-Pneva, a distance of thirty wersts, without being molested by even the sight of an enemy. In their march they took care to render the roads they passed over, impracticable to any who might wish to follow them. They destroyed no less than five bridges; and took every other precaution to impede the progress of the invader.

On the 19th of August, the rear of the columns of the main army had crossed the Boristhenes at the same place, leaving a considerable party of light cavalry and irregular troops, on the right bank of the river, to keep up a communication with Baron Vinzingorode. That General had been detached, with eight thousand men, to the neighbourhood of Douchoffchina, there to watch the motions of the enemy; and be a check on him, in case he should be inclined to send a corps from that town, in the direction of Bealoy and Zubtzoff, to threaten the city of Twer.

When the first army reached the vicinity of Dorogobouche, the Commander-in-chief took up his ground about ten wersts from that city, on the right bank of the river Ouja, near the village of Ousviat. Here he made dispositions to oppose the progress of the enemy, should he not have been completely checked by the Russian rear guard.

Prince Bragation had already arrived at Dorogobouche, but was ordered to resume his march, and to form upon Barclay de Tolly's left, close to the village of Savino. He was, however, directed to leave a very strong detachment, both of cavalry and infantry, on the right bank of the Dneiper, before Dorogobouche. Major-General Neveroffsky commanded this detachment.

On the evening of the 23d of August, the rear guards gained the position occupied by the first and second armies now united. About three hours after this complete junction, very strong parties of the enemy were discovered; and their first appearance was soon followed by the threatening approach of a formidable body towards the Russian left flank. The enemy's intention seemed to be to turn this part of the imperial line, and so cut off its communication with the road on which it might mean to retire.

The Commander-in-chief having gained the object of his waiting, (the arrival of his rear guard,) gave orders for the army to move, and fall back upon Dorogobouche. They obeyed, and were at the destined place about midnight. Here the ground was found as unfavourable, as that the army had just quitted, to turn any attack to advantage. Barclay de Tolly, therefore, after strengthening his covering divisions, put all into motion again; and marshalling his army into three columns, ordered the centre to keep the great road towards Semlevo; the right under Bragation, to advance to Loujki by the way of Boyan; and the left to proceed through Konoushkino to Fanassievo. At these points they respectively arrived on the 26th of August, and then halted to observe the movements of the enemy.

The corps under Baron Vinzingorode, finding the French advancing on them from Douchoffchina, immediately proceeded to Bealoy, and by occupying that place the more effectually secured their communication with Twer. They also maintained a free interchange with Wiazma, by the means of a detachment of Cossacs, and some regular troops under the command of Major-General Krasnoff, who kept a vigilant watch over the road.

After the retreat of the Russian rear-guard the enemy lost no time in following its steps. His advanced parties found themselves close upon its heels, a few wersts from the Ouja; and, the rest of their army being in rapid march, they did not doubt but on this spot they would make Russia tremble.

The French came on in three columns. The left was composed of the troops of Beauharnois; the centre, of those commanded by Marshals Davoust, Ney, and Murat. The right was formed by the corps under Prince Poniatofsky.

Scarcely a shot had been fired for many wersts. And, it was not until the covering corps of the Russians arrived on the margin of the Osma, (which river crosses the main road behind Rouibki), that any fighting recommenced. But here a party of Murat's cavalry furiously charged two battalions of Russian infantry which occupied Rouibki, and obliged them to pass the river. At the same moment another detachment of the rear-guard was attacked at Snamenskoy by a superior force; but in spite of their disadvantage they maintained the post for several hours, and then, after a trifling loss, fell back in good order.

On the 27th of August the first and second army again united near Wiazma, but still the Commander-in-chief did not judge the ground suitable to military operations. He gave orders that every magazine, and every article in the town that might be useful to the enemy, should be destroyed. Nearly the whole of its inhabitants, on hearing of the fate of Smolenzk, had collected their valuables, and like the natives of the fallen city, fled for refuge to places more remote from the foot of invasion. Flames now appeared in the depopulated streets, as another proof to the unsheltered French soldiery that they should find no roof of rest within the country they had filled with so many calamities.

When the Russian rear-guard passed through the devoted town, they put the final stroke to the eager hopes of their enemy, by destroying the bridges which cross the Wiazma river, as it traverses the city in three different directions.

The whole Russian force continued its march upon Zarevo-Zalomichi, where Barclay de Tolly commanded his troops to halt, and posted both armies. On his left, he occupied Lomouy, and his right was stationed before the village of Trakova. He had also a strong avant-guard at Mittina, a village about eighteen wersts in his front.

Thus was situated the Russian force, when Barclay de Tolly received a courier, announcing to his Excellency, that the Prince Golenistsheff Koutousoff was appointed in his stead, Commander-in-chief of the whole Imperial army.

Prince Golenistsheff Koutousoff, whose military life has been crowned with the most merited success, was now called upon to head his country's heroes, and to lead them on to victory and immortal fame. The voice of the nation cried aloud for this great Captain again to command in that field where he had already gained so many laurels. The renewal of his services was claimed by the nobility and the people. And, although so short a time had elapsed since he sought repose after closing with honour the toilsome war on the Danube, he was again appointed, by his Imperial Majesty Alexander, to assert the rights of the empire, and was sent, on the 20th of August, to sustain the chief command of the army opposed to Napoleon.

The demonstration of universal joy, on the knowledge of his appointment being made public, was unbounded; and the soldiery were not backward in expressing their feelings on the event. Under him many thousands of the veterans of the army had often been shown the road to victory, and now their hearts beat high with the hope of again proving themselves worthy the command of such a chief.

This General was now of an age when, in the usual constitution of man, the energies of nature begin to feel the effects of a long and care-worn life; but he seemed privileged; as if heaven had destined him, to his latest hour, to enjoy, for the benefit of his country, all the ardours and activity of youth. More than seventy years had passed over his head, years of severe service, in which he had been exposed to the most trying climates, and to every vicissitude of war, being several times dangerously wounded. But with all this, the powers of his mind were not lessened, nor the strength of his body impaired.

He arrived from St. Petersburgh at head-quarters, on the 29th of August, when the command of the army was given up to him. That moment was hailed with acclamations by all ranks; and in the confidence of his countrymen he received the dearest meed of his high military talents, and the perils to which he had exposed himself in their use. His predecessor, Barclay de Tolly, took the command of a division.

In Prince Koutousoff's journey from St. Petersburgh he passed through Moscow, where he stopped a few hours, and had an interview with the military Governor Count Rastapchin. In this conference much momentous matter, relative to future measures, was settled; and the Governor was requested to hasten the reinforcements of new raised militia in the governments of Moscow and Kalouga. At this time a valuable corps of reserve, under General Miloradovitch, were on their march. The Prince directed that the whole should proceed upon Mojaisk.

On the new Commander-in-chief's arrival at the Zarevo-Zalomitchi, he found that the Russian position there was very unfavourable for awaiting, to advantage, the approach of the enemy. He saw that the troops were fatigued, and much weakened in physical strength, by their long and harassing marches, and by their continued fighting; and aware of the necessity of affording them some repose before he should bring them to the action he meditated, he put the whole army in motion, to seek some place of security where they might revive in rest, and await the junction of the expected reinforcements.

On the morning of the 30th of August, Prince Koutousoff set his troops in motion. He advanced through the city of Gchatz, and halted on the 1st of September, in the vicinity of the village of Borodino, about twelve wersts from the city of Mojaisk. He was now on the great road which leads direct to Moscow. On this ground his Excellency determined to form, and await the arrival of the enemy. He foresaw that longer to defer a battle would be impossible; and that he could not find a more advantageous field between him and the ancient capital of the empire. He was fully aware of what would be the ultimate effect on the great cause, of the issue of this first general contest between the Emperor's and the Invader's armies. The whole experience of his veteran life, all the determination of his brave heart, and every exertion of exhortation and example were called forth to prepare his impatient troops to meet, not only with ardour, but with unreceding resolution the awful events of the expected day. The reinforcements had arrived, consisting of the militia, commanded by Count Markoff, and the division of regular troops under General Miloradovitch, which were intended to recruit the regiments of the line that had suffered loss in the late affairs.

From the time the enemy learnt that the Commander-in-chief of the Russian army was Prince Koutousoff, he became more circumspect in his movements; and, in consequence, the parties of his advance kept at a cautious distance from those of the Russian left.

Nearly five days elapsed before the French leader was seen in any force. Prince Koutousoff omitted not to take advantage of the awe with which he had inspired his adversaries; and he employed this time of their hesitation in refreshing his troops, equalizing the newly arrived, and strengthening with redoubts the vulnerable parts of his position. He assembled his Generals, and stating to them the dispositions he was about to make, found that their confidence was equal to his own in the intrepidity of the Russian soldier; and that their own examples would not be wanting to lead their men to the extremest point of heroic daring. The universal feeling declared that the day in which they should encounter the concentrated legions of France, should be one of immortal glory to Russia.

The face of the country which surrounded the Russian position, was in general flat, but Koutousoff had chosen a ground which possessed considerable inequalities, and was covered at certain points with wood. The Commander-in-chief did not neglect these advantages. The village of Borodino is situated near the high road; and, at a short distance from it, runs a rather deep ravine, through which flows the small river Koloya that empties itself into the Moskva at three wersts distance. Koutousoff fixed on this ravine as a protection to his right and centre, which were under the commands of Barclay de Tolly and Benningsen. The Prince's left, given to the resolute valour of Bragation, was stationed so as to stretch to the village of Semenofka. This post was eminently that of danger, its natural position being much less secure than that of the right. It was liable to be easily turned, by the old road running from Smolenzk to Mojaisk. To remedy, as far as circumstances would admit, this disadvantage, several redoubts and batteries were began to be constructed without loss of time. Some were to guard the left of the village, others were planted along the elevated ground in the rear of the line, and one was placed on a detached height about the distance of a cannon shot in the front. This last work was independent of the others, and merely intended to divert and keep the enemy from closing suddenly upon the Russian left. Should it be taken, the loss would not materially weaken the general strength of the protecting works, nor at all injure the great arrangements for the day; on the contrary, the seizure of the fort would cost the enemy both time, and the lives of many of his troops.

The army was thus disposed on the 5th of September. About two o'clock on that day, the enemy was seen advancing in great force. The defensive works of the Russians were scarcely completed, when the French reconnoitering parties were first observed, and these were succeeded by such heavy bodies of cavalry and infantry moving forward on the enemy's right, and opposed to the Russian left, that Koutousoff soon discovered hostilities would commence upon his most vulnerable quarter.

Napoleon had reached Wiazma on the 30th of August. His army, continuing its march in three columns, passed through Gchatz on the 1st of September. They found the place in the same desolated state with the other cities, which their invading feet had profaned. But ruined as it was, they remained there, and in its vicinity, until the 4th of the month. The French leader gives as a reason for this halt, that his troops had need of repose. But the real cause was his respect for the warlike abilities of the Russian Commander-in-chief, which obliged him now to consider every step that he took.

On the morning of the 4th, he again moved forward, and posted himself near the village of Gredniva. At dawn, the succeeding day, he pursued the same course, and about noon on the 5th, came in sight of the Russian lines. Reconnoitering parties were sent out in all directions, and their information decided Napoleon to do, just what the Russian General wished, to commence hostilities by attacking the work in advance of Prince Bragation's division.

The rear-guard of Koutousoff had been confided to Lieutenant-General Konovnitzen, and the greater part of it was still at some short distance in front of the Russian left when the French commenced their operations. About two o'clock these troops found themselves warmly attacked by the avant-guard of the enemy, but they gave it a reception which hotly answered its charge, till they could fall back, under the cover of the redoubt, to the line of Bragation. The Commander-in-chief, observing these manœuvres, dispatched a considerable body to strengthen the menaced work on the height, and likewise to well man the thicket by which it was surrounded. A corps of infantry and artillery was posted on the ground behind, to support their comrades in the redoubt, which had not been quite completed, from the hardness of the ground impeding the workmen.

The enemy, with formidable bodies of infantry and cavalry, pushed across the little stream of the Kaloya, and made their advances towards Bragation's line. The redoubt stood in their way; and the attack began at this point with fury on their side. It was sustained with firmness by the Russians, who looked with intrepid coolness on the consolidated masses of their enemies advancing towards them with fixed bayonets. When the French came within gun-shot, a heavy fire from the Russian cannon and musketry in the redoubt, a little checked their impetuosity. The wood was also attempted to be carried at the same time. Prince Poniatofsky, meanwhile, by a movement considerably to his right, gained the left of the point in dispute, and detached a force in advance, to make an assault in that quarter. But they were greeted, as their comrades had been, with heavy discharges of artillery and small arms. The first party which had been engaged and repulsed, took heart at the advance of Poniatofsky, and renewed their charge. This double attack produced the most desperate resistance, and individual acts of valour worthy the brave Prince who posted them there.

The enemy at last gained the unfinished and unpalisadoed fosse, and the fight became a contest between man and man. Guns were overthrown: the cavalry became intermixed indiscriminately with the infantry: every soldier met his enemy breast to breast, and grappled together till one or both of them sunk oppressed with wounds. Fresh troops arrived to the support of each, and the position was lost and retaken by Bragation's soldiers four times. In the midst of this carnage, night separated the combatants, and left the bloody field in the possession of the enemy.

The column in reserve had not remained an unmoved spectator of this noble defence; but dispatching some of its troops, they made several brilliant charges, whilst the infantry attacking part of Poniatofsky's corps, completely succeeded in forcing them back, and to leave eight pieces of cannon in the hands of the Russians, besides many prisoners.

On the enemy having succeeded against the redoubt, Koutousoff ordered the left wing to fall back nearer to the heights, in order that their covering batteries might have more power in assisting this division should it be attacked next day.

The whole of the 6th of September was spent by both parties in making preparations for the inevitable conflict; preparations which appeared rather meant for an extirpation than a battle.

Napoleon, amidst his other dispositions, did not fail to turn to advantage his recently acquired possession of the redoubt in front of his enemy's left. He covered the height on which it stood with artillery, and erected, during the night, two other batteries opposite the Russian centre. These works contained a hundred cannon in each. He also formed batteries on his left, which presented a range of four hundred guns ready to open at a word. Besides these, detachments of artillery were distributed amongst the troops, which completed a complement of guns, amounting to more than a thousand. This prodigious mass of destructive implements, was more than equalled by the magnitude of the army with which it was supported. It appeared to blacken the land, and to stretch even to the horizon.

Having thus strengthened his own left, Napoleon directed his chief attention towards the left of his adversary, which he rightly deemed the least protected of his line. In order to make the attack more effectual, he brought the great body of his troops, under his best Generals, up to his right, for he was well informed of the brave spirit he had to oppose in Prince Bragation, the commander of the division he so formidably menaced.

Prince Koutousoff was equally prompt. He opposed the preparations which threatened his left, by drawing to its support his principal force. This array was quickly formed into two lines of infantry, strengthened with artillery, and backed by nearly the whole of his cavalry. The squadrons of guards remained in reserve between the centre and the left, sustained by another division of infantry. At the extremity of the position on the left, was a low and thickset wood. In this a strong body of light troops, and part of the militia of Moscow, were stationed, with orders to act on the old Smolenzk road, by attacking the enemy on the right and rear, should he endeavour to turn the Russian left. While making these dispositions in one quarter, this consummate General attended equally to every part of the field; and, by his directions, the centre received an essential protection by the erection of a suite of heavy guns on a straight ridge in its vicinity, which was also connected with the fortified ground and batteries that covered Bragation's army. That Prince also received additional security from the completion of another redoubt in his neighbourhood, of thirty pieces of cannon.

The day was fast closing, when the veteran hero, surrounded by his Generals, passed along the line. He had previously ordered the holy picture, so enthusiastically revered, and which had been saved from the sacrilegious hands of the enemy at Smolenzk, to precede him, borne by the priests of the army. On its approach, every head was uncovered, the sacred form of the cross waved on the breasts of thousands along the extended line, and the most awful silence prevailed. Tears fell from the eyes of the soldiery. They were not tears of grief, but the tribute of that pure religious feeling, which, at times, elevates with heavenly emotions even the humblest Russian individual. By these consecrated mementos, the whole army inwardly vowed to maintain their country's rights to the last drop of their blood; and with one impulse they called upon the Divine Being, whose image they contemplated, to assist them in overthrowing their enemies. The feelings of the venerable Koutousoff can scarcely be expressed. His brave heart beat in true unison with those of his soldiers, and he thus addressed them:

"BROTHERS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS!

" Behold before you, in those sacred representations of the holy objects of our worship, an appeal which calls aloud upon heaven to unite with man against the tyrannic troubler of the world. Not content with defacing the image of God, in the persons of millions of his creatures; this universal tyrant, this arch-rebel to all laws human and divine, breaks into the sanctuary, pollutes it with blood, overthrows its altars, tramples on its rites, and exposes the very ark of the Lord, (consecrated in these holy insignia of our church), to all the profanations of accident, of the elements, and of unsanctified hands. Fear not then, but that the God whose altars have been so insulted by the very worm his Almighty fiat had raised from the dust, fear not that He will not be with you! That He will not stretch forth His shield over your ranks; and with the sword of Michael fight against His enemies!

" This is the faith in which I will fight and conquer! This is the faith in which I would fight and fall, and still behold the final victory with my dying eyes. Soldiers! Do your part. Think on the burning sacrifice of your cities—think of your wives, your children, looking to you for protection—think on your Emperor, your lords, regarding you as the sinews of their strength;—and, before to-morrow's sun sets, write your faith and your fealty on the field of your country with the life's blood of the invader and his legions!"

The shout which followed this address, assured the veteran that his brave troops only wanted the signal to be given, to realize on that spot his most devoted wishes for Russian safety and Russian glory.

The night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 7th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time. The moment was arrived when the dreadful discharge of two thousand guns was to break the silence of expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war.

The French give this picture of the opening of the day.

"On the 7th, at two o'clock in the morning, the Emperor Napoleon, surrounded by his Marshals, appeared on the position taken up the evening before. It had then rained, but now the sun rose without clouds. *It is the sun of Austerlitz!* cried the Emperor; *although but September, it is cold as December in Moravia!*

"The army received the omen. The drums beat; and the order of the day was issued in these words:

"SOLDIERS!

"Before you is the field you have so ardently desired! The victory depends upon you. It is necessary to you. It will give you abundance, good winter quarters, and a quick return to your country. Conduct yourselves as when at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitepsk, at Smolenzk, and the latest posterity will cite with pride your conduct on this day. They will say, *He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow!*"

The cloudless sun, just described by Buonaparté, soon became enveloped in thick vapours; a circumstance greatly to his advantage, since the work of death was to be begun by him, and the shadows of an indistinct light were favourable to his plan. He did not lose an instant, under cover of this veil, of putting it in execution. The Generals of his vast army (which amounted to one hundred and forty thousand men) were all in possession of his commands; and ready, at the signal, to obey them.

At four o'clock in the morning, the divisions under Marshals Davoust and Prince Poniatofsky advanced, skirting the wood on which rested the left of the Russian army. At six o'clock they commenced the attack, supported by seventy pieces of cannon. A discharge of musketry, on both sides, succeeded. They were rapidly repeated; and their vollies were soon accompanied with the loud roaring of a heavy fire from the redoubt which the French had gained the evening before. While the battle was thus opened on the Russian left, the division of Marshal Ney bore down in a solid column upon the centre, covering his movements with the active service of a battery of sixty guns. Beauharnois, at the same time, made the battle general, by closing upon the troops on the right, which occupied Borodino.

Koutousoff's line was firm, and well protected by its strengthened heights. The plans of attack and defence were simple; and it was soon seen that the day was to be won, more by undaunted courage than skilful manœuvre. Where the powers of the head are equal in a contest, the victory must depend on the superiority of heart.

General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bragation had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army; and the determination shown by its cavalry was so desperate that they charged even up to the very mouths of the Russian guns. Whole regiments of them, both horses and men, were swept down by the cannon shot; and all along the front of Bragation's line rose a breast-work of dead and dying.

Napoleon, finding that although he had continued the attack for upwards of three hours, he was not yet able to make an impression, ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons, under Count Calincourt and Murat. This new force rushed on over the bodies of their fallen countrymen, and did not allow themselves to be checked until they had reached the very parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset overturned, with fierce slaughter, every thing that opposed them, and obliged Bragation to fall back nearer to the second line of the army.

Buonaparté, seeing the Russians compelled to this movement, determined to make it decisive of the fortune of the day, by immediately bringing forward his right, and turning the few guns he had found on this part of the entrenchments upon their former masters. He also added to their strength by replacing those which Bragation, on finding his line so overpoweringly pushed by numbers, had taken off with his retiring troops.

Koutousoff, seeing his left so dangerously pressed, sent forward a formidable reinforcement from his second line, to support the dauntless front which Bragation still presented to the enemy. With this aid, which chiefly consisted of grenadiers from the reserve, and a body of cavalry composed of hulans and cuirassiers, the brave Prince advanced rapidly towards the ground so lately wrested from him, and which he was determined to regain. The French observed his movement, and poured the thunder of their artillery upon the intrepid breasts of the Russian onset. But the spirit of their leader seemed to animate every heart, and urge them onward in spite of the roar of death which met their advancing steps. Again they were on the disputed ground; and the fortified line, and a large redoubt became the theatre of battle. The contest was close, desperate, and sanguinary. There seemed but one resolution between the combatants, never to cease the strife till one or both should sink in the embrace of death. At this crisis, the militia and light troops under Touchkoff, were ordered to show themselves. These faithful patriots rushed from their ambush to second their brothers in arms, and and fell like lions on their prey. The pikes and hatchets of this newly-raised soldiery, were exerted with such fury and effect, that the carnage they made amongst the enemies of their country appeared more a sudden desolation from an invisible hand, than the deeds of human agency.

This tremendous scene did not last long. The French gave way; and Napoleon had the mortification of beholding the choicest of his troops driven from their late acquired conquest, with immense loss, and in great confusion and dismay.

Whilst this field of blood was exhibited from the Russian left to the centre, the right had its share also of the horrors of war. Beauharnois, supported by the division of Morand, had attempted to turn it, by taking possession of Borodino. He also made an essay to carry the two redoubts which protected it; but both efforts were vain. He was driven back at all points; and finding no possibility of success, after sustaining a great loss, abandoned the idea of renewing the attack.

This despair of the enemy with regard to the Russian right, enabled Koutousoff to withdraw part of its forces, to assist the Imperial guards, with hussars and other cavalry, to reinforce his centre.

The rage of battle at this crisis was not to be described. The thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue their work of death, than the flashes of the musketry which blazed in every direction. The sabres of forty thousand dragoons met each other, and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapour, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.

Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts! and the dreadful contest continued without cessation, until the darkness of night, deepening the clouds of war, the enemy, discomfited in every quarter, took advantage of the double obscurity, and drew off from the ground. When no object remained visible, the groans of the dying marked to the victorious Russians the extent of the disputed field. As they planted their night watches, they found at every step full proof that hereafter the renowned days of Preussich, Eylau, and Wagram, sanguinary as they were, must ever cede in blood and horror to the Battle of Borodino.

Thus closed that memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of eighty thousand human beings. Hitherto the annals of modern military achievements have never detailed so terrible a slaughter. Well might Buonaparté exclaim as as he abandoned the field, "Jamais on n'a vu pareil champ de bataille."

The loss on both sides was immense. And the scene of triumph, even to the conquerors, presented a tremendous spectacle. The ground, covered with the dead bodies of men and horses, scattered arms, dismounted guns, and pieces of artillery left to the victors, offered every where to the eye the wreck of what might alone have composed a great army.

While the veteran Koutousoff rejoiced in this accession to the glory of his country, he had to regret the expence at which it had been purchased. Many excellent officers had fallen, and, in the foremost rank, the inestimable Prince Bragation. His left leg had been completely shattered by a ball, in one of the most critical junctures of the battle; and, though mortally wounded, like our own immortal Wolfe, he refused to be removed from the field until victory was declared for the great cause in which he shed his blood. With this gallant Prince fell other brave spirits worthy to accompany his to paradise; and, amongst the most conspicuous in that day's contest, were the Lieutenant-Generals Touchkoff, Garchikoff, and Konovitzen.

In the number of dangerously, though not mortally, wounded, were found Major-Generals Backmetioff, Kretoff, and Rajefsky, whose respective actions claimed the gratitude of their country. Major-General Count Vorronzoff also, received a severe bayonet wound whilst intrepidly leading forward a battalion of grenadiers to the charge. A great number of officers of inferior ranks, bled on this fearful day; and, on the whole, no fewer than thirty thousand men could have fallen, killed and wounded, on the side of Russia. The French loss must have amounted to something beyond fifty thousand. The horses which lay on the ground from right to left, numbered full five-and-twenty thousand. This wide destruction cost both armies nearly the whole of their ammunition. The enemy states himself, that he discharged sixty thousand cartridges from his guns; and if Koutousoff answered them in the same proportion, one hundred and twenty thousand balls must have been hurled that day in the work of death, on the field of Borodino.

Buonaparté lost amongst his killed, the Generals Calincourt and Montbrun. Twelve other Generals were dangerously wounded; and one left a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, with five thousand soldiers, and thirty pieces of cannon in his train!

The details given by the enemy, of this battle, are, as usual, fraught with incorrectness and falsehood. After being obliged to leave the field, and to pursue a rapid retreat without once halting, till he had reached the distance of twelve wersts from the victorious Koutousoff, Napoleon has the effrontery thus to claim the laurels of the day:

"At two o'clock (says he) all hopes of success were abandoned by the Russians. The battle was ended. It is true the cannonade continued; but their object was changed. They now fought for safety and retreat—no longer for victory."

With the earliest dawn Platoff was dispatched with his Cossacs in pursuit of the fugitives; but his commission was rather to harass and observe them, than to make any serious attack. The Russian troops were too much fatigued by the toil of their victory, to allow of a fiercer following up of their success at this moment; and while the French fled, and the Cossacs pursued, Koutousoff employed himself in repairing the losses of his army, and rewarding with his praise the valour of its heroes.

The general glory of the day, and the merits of each regiment, and individual soldier, by which it was achieved, were faithfully detailed by the Commander-in-chief in his dispatch to the Emperor Alexander. By a happy coincidence, the officer bearing the news arrived at St. Petersburgh on the anniversary of the Emperor's birth-day. He was told that the Imperial family were at their devotions in the Great Cathedral. He hurried thither; and presented his glad tidings to his Sovereign at the very moment when the *Te Deum* for the birth of that Sovereign was resounding through the church. Alexander read the report with acclamations of gratitude to heaven; and the victory being publicly declared, the *Te Deum* was again chanted, but every voice now united in the strain which gave glory to the God who had fought for

Russia, and covered her people with immortal honours.

The gracious disposition of the Emperor was not satisfied with barely expressing to the commander-in-chief his admiration of the prowess of the Russian patriots on the day of Borodino: but he commanded that his thanks should be given to the whole army; that badges of merit, to bear evidence to future generations, of the dauntless bravery of each individual present, should be distributed along the lines. Medals to the soldiery; and to the officers of higher ranks, swords of honour, crosses, and stars, and orders of knighthood. To the Commander-in-chief, the Emperor addressed the most affectionate acknowledgments, of his glorious perseverance and consummate skill, in defeating an enemy who had hitherto deemed himself above all human power. The Imperial Alexander added to these marks of honour, the rank of Field-marshal to Prince Koutousoff, with the addition of a hundred thousand roubles; and to each private soldier who had shared in the glories of that day, he gave a largess of five roubles.

Thus were they rewarded who survived the hard-fought field. But for them who, with the brave Bragation, had laid down their laurelled heads in the dust of conquest and of death; for them, the tears of the Emperor flowed: and with him the nation wept, chastening their joy in victory, with the regrets due to the heroes who had given their lives for its purchase.

Great as was the advantage gained by the Russian arms in the field of Borodino, their Commander-in-chief only regarded it as the opening of a long day of military labours; and though he allowed his troops to refresh themselves during the intervals of toil, he saw the hour of rest was far distant, and they thought not of repose. With spirits alert, and the unsheathed blade still in their hands, they followed their magnanimous leader through every exertion in the cause of their country; and awaited with vigilant impatience the moment when their ranks would be restored to sufficient strength to overthrow the new bodies of the enemy which now threatened to approach their lines.

Report informed Koutousoff that Napoleon had been reinforced with ten battalions of infantry, many regiments of cavalry, several hundred carts of ammunition, and much artillery. The most formidable part of this army was directing its march towards the position of the Russian Commander-in-chief, while other detachments were filing off to its left to Zwenigorod, leading to Moscow. The Russian parties in advance brought this intelligence; and Koutousoff, not having yet received the reinforcements he expected from Toula and Kalouga, forebore to press forward with an open front to check the French; who he heard were moving towards the road that crosses the country to

Veria and Borosk. To prevent these movements hemming in his flanks, he thought it well to retire on the Moscow road; and giving the necessary commands to his victorious Russians, they marched on in excellent order towards their ancient capital. Disdainful of a moment's repose while aught was yet to be done, they passed direct through the city; and turning to the right, by a rapid and masterly march, took up an advantageous position on the Kalouga road, not far from Podol.

By this movement, so little understood by the world at that time, the road to the old capital became entirely open to the enemy. The snare was laid, and the prey was not long in rushing into the toil.

Napoleon pursued the path of Koutousoff as far as the gates of Moscow, and halted before them about noon on the 14th of September.

Various opinions were formed, even in Russia, of this situation of affairs; but none withdrew their confidence in the integrity of the Commander-in-chief. Steady in one principle of action, he gave this explanation to his emperor of a movement, which divided the empire between astonishment and admiration.

"SIRE!

" After the hard-fought day, and glorious victory of the 26th of August, O. S. (7th of September, N. S.) I judged it necessary to quit my position near Borodino. Some of my reasons for making this movement I have already had the honour of communicating to your Imperial Majesty; and I shall now add another, in the comparatively enfeebled state of the army after a battle in which every individual contended with the brave resolution of conquering or of dying. Many fell in the conflict; and the wounds and fatigues of the survivors, though embalmed with the laurels of victory, rendered the hazard of another battle in their weakened situation, and with a reinforced enemy, an enterprize not of courage but of folly. To avoid such a rencontre I changed my position, and turned towards Moscow. During my march daily skirmishes took place between the troops and the enemy's advanced guard; but no vantage ground presenting itself in the short distance that separates the capital from Borodino, and my expected reinforcements not having come up, I still avoided a general attack, and proceeded on my way.

" At this time I learnt that the enemy had sent on two strong columns of fresh troops, the one by the road of Borosk, and the other by that of Zwenigorod, to act on our rear on the side of Moscow. To seek a battle under these disadvantages, would have been an useless prodigality of blood, and exposure of my brave troops to the disgrace of an overthrow. The risque, on my part, would have been unpardonable; for, though the reinforced army of Napoleon would now have counted more than double our numbers, yet in defeat there is ever a sense of dishonour as well as of inferiority: and, how far would I not lead the Russian soldier from any chance of incurring this appalling feeling! Besides, to be beaten before the walls of Moscow, would expose the city to the lawless entrance of the triumphant enemy; and its riches and its towers would become the strength of Buonaparté!

"Foreseeing this, I held a consultation with my ablest Generals. I imparted to them what I anticipated must accrue from the relative state of the two armies; I informed them of *the alternative*, between loyalty to their country and vassalage to the invader, which had been decided on in case of extremity by the noble inhabitants of the ancient city of the Tzars. I offered my opinion on these facts. Some of my Generals dissented from me; but most agreed with my advice; and we determined to allow the enemy to enter Moscow!

"Aware of the expediency of this measure, all expedition had been previously made to remove to a place of safety the contents of the arsenal, and the treasures of the city, both public and private. With their property, most of the people departed; and Moscow was left a mere desert of walls and houses, without an inhabitant. Call to mind what the human body is when deserted by the soul! So is Moscow when abandoned by its citizens. The soul of an empire is its people; and wherever they are, there is Moscow, there is the empire of Russia. Hence, I boldly assure your most Gracious Majesty, that the entrance of the French into Moscow is not the conquest of Russia, is not the subjugation of the capital of the Tzars.

"I do not deny that the desperate alternative of sacrificing the venerable city of our ancestors, is a wound to all our hearts, is a stroke that must pierce every Russian breast with unutterable regrets; but then it is a city for an empire; the immolation of a part to save the whole.

" Already it affords me the means of preserving my army entire. I possess the Toula road; and cover, with the extended line of my troops, the store-house of our resources, the abundant provinces of the empire, which furnish our armies with their flocks and their harvests. Had I taken any other position, or persisted in maintaining Moscow, I must have abandoned these provinces to the enemy, and the consequence would have been the destruction of my army and the loss of the empire.

" Now, I hold an unmolested communication with the armies of Tormozoff and Tchitchagoff; and am enabled to form a chain of union with my whole force, that empowers me, beginning from the Toula and Kalouga roads, to completely intersect the enemy's line of operations, which stretches from Smolenzk to Moscow. By this advantage I cut off every succour he may have in his rear; and, hope to compel him in the end to quit the capital, and to humble the proud direction of his plans.

" Meanwhile, General Vinzingorode has received my orders to occupy Twer; and, at the same time to place a regiment of Cossacs on the road leading to Yarraslaff, to protect the inhabitants of that city from the incursions of the enemy's flying parties. For myself, stationed, as I before described, between the enemy and the fertile provinces, and at a short distance from Moscow, I watch his movements, and guard the resources of the empire: for, I must repeat, that as long as the army of your Imperial Majesty exists, (and it will exist as long as there is a Russian alive to defend his country!) the loss of Moscow is not the loss of the empire! The invader will be compelled to evacuate the capital of the Tzars. Its ruins will be repaired, and the glory of the empire brightened by the very attempts that have been made to extinguish its existence.

"Dated from the village of Gilino, Sept. 4th, O. S. 1812.
Sept. 16th, N. S. 1812."

This communication made the plans of the Commander-in-chief clear to the Emperor. The people at large regarded the present measures with various sentiments. Those who entered into the veteran's councils admired his consummate skill as a General; and those who knew them not, confiding in his character, awaited with wondering suspense the result of movements so far beyond their comprehension.

The information that Moscow was in the possession of the enemy, at its first report certainly struck horror into every breast. There is a principle of respect, a kind of filial attachment, which the Russian feels for all that is connected with his ancestors. To see, therefore, the most venerable of their cities, the capital of the Tzars, and the residence of the descendants of their oldest princes; to see this place in the hands of a foreign power, was more than the people could bear with patience. They felt indignation, not despair, at the usurpation; and as a sense of the insult pressed upon their minds, their courage rose in strength and greatness, and they who in tranquil times seemed but common men, in the season of conflict showed themselves heroes.

The Emperor, in unison with these feelings, and to encourage the patriotism of his subjects, by communicating to them the answering sentiments of his own soul, ordered the following declaration to be distributed throughout the empire:

"Moscow was entered by the enemy on the 3d of September, O. S (the 15th, N. S.) At this intelligence it might be expected that consternation would appear in every countenance; but far from us be such pusillanimous despondency! Rather, let us swear to redouble our perseverance and our resolution; let us hope that fighting in a just cause, we shall hurl back upon the enemy all the evil with which he seeks to overwhelm us. Moscow indeed is occupied by French troops; but it has not become theirs in consequence of their having destroyed our armies. The Commander-in-chief, in concert with the most distinguished of our Generals, has deemed it wisest to bend for a moment to necessity. He recoils, only to give additional force to the weight with which he will fall on our enemy. Thus will the short triumph of the French leader lead to his inevitable destruction.

"We know that it is painful to every true heart in Russia, to see the desolators of their country in the ancient capital of the empire. But its walls alone, have been suffered to fall into his hands. Deserted by its inhabitants, and dispossessed of its treasures, it offers a tomb, rather than a dwelling place, to the ruthless invader, who would there plant a new throne on the ruins of the empire.

"This proud devastator of kingdoms, on his entrance into Moscow, hoped to become the arbiter of our fates, and to prescribe peace to us upon his own terms. But the expectation is fallacious. He finds in Moscow, not only no means for domination, but no means of existence. Our forces, already surrounding Moscow, and to which every day is bringing accession, will occupy all the roads, and destroy every detachment the enemy may send forth in search of provisions. Thus will he be fatally convinced of his error in calculating that the possession of Moscow would be the conquest of the empire; and necessity will at last oblige him to fly from famine, through the closing ranks of our intrepid army.

"Behold the state of the enemy. He has entered Russia at the head of an army of three hundred thousand men. But whence do they come? Have they any natural union with his aggrandisement? No; the greater number of them are of different nations who serve him, not from personal attachment, not for the honour of their native land, but from a base and shameful fear. The disorganizing principle, in such a mixture of people, has been already proved. One half of the invader's army, thus made up of troops that have no natural bond of union, has been destroyed; some part, by the valour of our soldiers; another, by desertion, sickness, and famine; and, the miserable remainder is at Moscow.

"Without doubt, the bold, or rather, it should be called, rash enterprise of penetrating into the bosom of Russia; nay, of occupying its ancient capital; feeds the pride of the supposed conqueror: but IT IS THE END WHICH CROWNS ALL!

"He has not yet penetrated into a country where one of his actions has diffused terror, or brought a single Russian to his feet. Russia clings to the paternal throne of a sovereign, who stretches over her the guardian arms of affection: she is not accustomed to the yoke of oppression: she will not endure subjection to a foreign power. She will never surrender the treasure of her laws, her religion, and her independence; and we will shed all our blood in their defence! This principle is ardent and universal; and is manifested in the prompt and voluntary organization of the people under the sacred banner of patriotism. Protected by such an ægis, who is it that yields to degrading apprehension? Is there an individual in the empire so abject as to despond, when vengeance is breathed by every order of the state? When the enemy, deprived of all his resources, and exhausting his strength from day to day, sees himself in the midst of a powerful nation, encircled by her armies; one of which menaces him in front, and the other three watch to intercept the arrival of succours, and to prevent his escape? Is this an object of alarm to any true-born Russian? When Spain has broken her bonds, and advances to threaten the integrity of the French empire? When the greatest part of Europe, degraded and despoiled by the French Ruler, serves him with a revolting heart, and fixing her eyes upon us, awaits with impatience the signal for universal freedom! When even France herself wishes in vain, and dares not anticipate an end to the bloody war whose only motive is boundless ambition! When the oppressed world looks to us for an example and a stimulus, shall we shrink from the high commission? No; we bow before the hand that anoints us to be the leaders of the nations in the cause of freedom and of virtue.

"Surely the afflictions of the human race have at length reached their utmost point! We have only to look round us on this spot, to behold the calamities of war, and the cruelties of ambition in their extremest horrors. But we brave them for our liberties; we brave them for mankind. We feel the blessed consciousness of acting right, and that immortal honour must be the meed of a nation who, by enduring the evils of a ruthless war and determinately resisting their perpetrator, compels a durable peace, not only for itself, but for the unhappy countries the tyrant had forced to fight in his cause! It is noble, it is worthy a great people, thus to return good for evil.

"All-powerful God! The cause for which we fight, is it not just? Look down then with an eye of mercy upon thy sacred church! Preserve the strength and the constancy of thy people! May they triumph over their adversary and thine! May they be instruments in thy hand for his destruction! and, in rescuing themselves, may they rescue the liberty and the independence of nations and of kings!

(Signed) "ALEXANDER."

Moscow, whose magnificence and hospitality had for ages been the admiration of Europe; she who had given laws to conquerors and seen nations suing to her for protection; she was fated to be trodden under foot, by a man of obscure birth; by a self-crowned despot, raised by his own daring spirit to the throne of Charlemagne. Not content with the power annexed to one diadem, his insatiable ambition hurried him from West to East, from South to North, to trample on the rights of sovereigns, and to make the liberties of every people his prey. The extended territories of Russia, the capital of her vast empire, excited his avidity; and spreading desolation in his path, he entered the city of the Tzars. The palaces and the people at once disappeared; and the scene became one spectacle of murder, devastation, and famine.

From the day on which his Imperial Majesty had visited the ancient seat of his empire, to summon, from the throne of his ancestors, his subjects to give their utmost support against the unparalleled aggressions of this war, Count Rastapchin, the military governor of the city, was unremitting in his labours to prepare for the worst. He armed, and organised every class of individuals, and issued timely orders for the removal of every thing in the capital that might be an acceptable spoil to the enemy. The archives of the empire and the nobility, the treasures of the Kremlin, and of the public institutions, were taken to places of safety. He likewise recommended to the princes, and other nobles resident in Moscow, that they should transport their valuables to a distance; and so, in case of disaster putting the city into the hands of the enemy, he might derive no advantage from his conquest.

The destruction of Smolenzk had filled many of the inhabitants of Moscow with apprehensions for the fate of the objects dearest to them; and they lost no time in dispatching their wives and families to distant provinces, while they themselves remained, determined to stand by the tombs of their fathers to the last gasp of their lives. Count Rastapchin, whose intrepidity and personal sacrifices reflect so much honour on his patriotism, left nothing unsaid, or example untried, that might impart confidence to these disinterested men. While he frankly acknowledged the situation in which the city stood, he declared there was no cause for immediate apprehension; but he pledged himself that should it be imminently endangered, he would lose not a moment in giving full intimation to the inhabitants. The feeble, from age and sex, might then retire to refuge; while he hoped the citizen, yet strong in manhood, would not require a second call to range himself under the banners of his sovereign, and to join the heroes who were resolved to repel the invader, or to die in the contest.

During these preparations in the Imperial city, the French continued to advance. They arrived at Dorogobouche, Wiazma, and Gchatz, and was even heard of on their way to Mojaisk. The effect of this intelligence, in spite of the precautionary encouragements of Rastapchin, infused an alarming panic into the women, and weaker characters amongst the people of Moscow. A thousand exaggerated reports were spread abroad, a thousand idle stories were invented to increase the dismay of the fearful; which at last became so dangerous as to demand a scrutiny; and then it was discovered that, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, a band of secret emissaries from the invader had insinuated themselves into the circles of the capital, and were the primary sources of these appalling fictions. The traitors were seized, and sent to repent of their treachery in Siberia; while the people, who had been terrified by their representations, either withdrew to distant cities, or reposed themselves on the word of the Governor, to acquaint them whenever danger should really approach.

The happy appointment of Prince Koutousoff to be Commander-in-chief, supported the encouraging promises of Rastapchin, and awakened double confidence in the people.

The battle of Borodino was fought, and the victory won; but it was a victory drenched in blood; it was a victory that pointed from steep to steep: terrible were the perils yet to overcome. The preservation of the empire depended on one great decision. The onward path, in the judgment of most opinions, lay in maintaining the possession of Moscow. Koutousoff found few to coincide with his alternative; but he had the magnanimity to throw his whole reputation, the renown of seventy years, into the scale of his country; and he resolved on sacrificing the capital of the Tzars, to the preservation of their empire.

Dispatches to this effect were sent to Count Rastapchin.

The fatal news spread through the whole town. Nothing can paint the confusion and distressing scenes which ensued. The houses echoed with shrieks and groans. Mothers and wives were separating themselves from their sons and husbands, who were determined to follow the steps of their Governor, or to abide in their native city while one stone remained on another. Children were weeping their last adieus to their fathers; and the sick and the aged refused to be carried away, to die far distant from their paternal altars and their parents' tombs. The streets and the avenues were crowded with carts and carriages of all descriptions, filled with old and young; some lying prostrate, in insensibility after the struggles of separation; and others making the air re-echo with their cries against the tyrant whose invasion divorced them from their homes. Many thousand wretched beings who had not such means of seeking safety, were compelled to fly on foot from the expected advance of the pitiless foe. The so lately happy city of Moscow, now poured forth from her agonised bosom weeping multitudes of her desolate children. Some fled to friends at a distance; others knew not where to go, but sought a refuge from the enemy, in the compasssionate charity of the neighbouring provinces. Many turned on their steps; some women, clinging to the objects of their tenderest vows, found it impossible to desert the spot which they staid to defend; and many old men, tottered back to their paternal sheds, exclaiming, "where we were born and nourished, there will we lay us down and die!"

The final orders of the Military Governor were given. In vain he besought the remnant of the inhabitants he still saw, to accompany his march; they wept their refusal, but were firm; and, the cause of his country forbidding his longer delay, he made the signal, and, at the head of forty thousand brave citizens, completely armed, he quitted the city to join the army of the Commander-in-chief.

The few who now remained, and had strength to assemble in one spot; the feeble from age, and the tender from affection, the devoted patriot, and the desperate avenger; they met in a little band, determined to expire in the flames of the city, rather than behold its sacred towers become the bulwarks of the assassins who had desolated their homes and murdered their peace.

On the 14th of September, at mid-day, the enemy appeared before the walls of Moscow. His advanced guard, under the command of Murat and Beauharnois, entered the gates with all the pride and pomp of conquest. The troops moved towards the Kremlin. A part of the self-devoted citizens had taken refuge there; and, closing the gates, desperately attempted its defence by a discharge of their muskets. Feeble were barriers of stone and iron against a host: the gates were instantly forced, and the brave victims of patriotism massacred upon the floors of their ancient fortress.

Scarcely had the murderous act been perpetrated, when the pyres of loyalty were lighted, and Moscow appeared at different quarters in flames. The French troops, as they poured into the devoted city, had spread themselves in every direction in search of plunder; and in their progress they committed outrages so horrid on the persons of all whom they discovered, that fathers, desperate to save their children from pollution, would set fire to their place of refuge, and find a surer asylum in its flames.

The streets, the houses, the cellars, flowed with blood, and were filled with violation and carnage. Manhood seemed to be lost in the French soldier; for nothing was to be discerned in him but the wild beast ravening for prey; or rather the fiend of hell, gluttening himself in the commission of every horrible crime. The fires lit by the wantonness of these marauders, mingled with the burning sacrifices of the expiring people; and the ruffians passed like demons through the flames, sacking private dwellings, and public repositories, and when these yielded no more, they turned their sacrilegious steps to the pillage of the churches. The horrors of Smolenzk were re-acted in the sanctuaries of Moscow. Altars were again soiled with blood; sacred vessels broken and carried away; the relics of saints profaned; and even the dead disturbed, in search of hidden treasures.

Whilst these enormities were committing, Buonaparté remained at the barrier leading to the Smolenzk road, impatiently awaiting the circumstance which he had determined should precede his triumphant entry into Moscow. He deferred that pompous ceremony until the *authorities of the city* should arrive in deputation to invite his entrance! He looked again and again towards its walls; all seemed busy there, but nothing presented itself in the form he expected. The afternoon came, and yet no person appeared. He then took the resolution of sending a Polish General into the town, to suggest to the citizens the desired deputation. The General proceeded on his errand; and enquiring his way of a resident foreigner whom chance brought in his path, he was conducted by this stranger to the palace which had been the seat of government; then to the police-office, and afterwards to the house of the Governor-general. In short he made his guide lead him to every place where he might have any expectation of meeting a public functionary; but the search was in vain. He returned to Napoleon with the information, that no *legal authorities* remained in Moscow; that the city was already a desert, and would soon be a heap of ruins. This was the first time that the tyrant's expectations had been disappointed in the homage he anticipated from a captive city. No farce of a deputation, no keys presented, no plaudits of the moderation of the conqueror, were offered to the advancing Cæsar! Not one shadow of respect presented itself, worthy a Bulletin or a Moniteur! However, the invader of Russia would not quite relinquish his preposterous hopes. He flattered himself that on the next day the resident foreigners at least, would collect some of the terrified natives, and uniting themselves with them in the form of a representation of the city, would furnish him with some materials for publishing a triumph. In this expectation he took up his quarters for that night in the Petrofsky palace, about a mile from the St. Petersburgh barrier. The wished-for morning broke, the noon succeeded it, and still no trace of a coming deputation could be discerned. Incensed at this double disappointment, he at last gave up the expectation; and, giving orders for his guard to proceed, he entered the town in sullen silence. Without the beating of drums, the discharge of cannon, or any of the parade with which he usually gratified the pride of his army, he took possession of the capital of the

Tzars! The feelings attending the accomplishment of this long-anticipated enterprise, were like those of Satan on the destruction of Paradise. The fiend was received with hisses by his damned crew; and the desolator of Russia found no other acclaim, even from his own followers, than the shrieks of the unhappy victims they were immolating to their fury.

He repaired to the Kremlin; and taking possession of the great fortress of the empire, with every vengeful passion threatening from his countenance, he called around him his most confidential officers, and expressed to them his indignation at the manner he had been received. These base satellites, taking their tone from his rage, enlarged on the opposition his soldiers had to quell in the town; and pronounced the noble contempt with which the few remaining inhabitants had treated their master, as an affront that demanded the most exemplary punishment.

Scarcely had Napoleon arrived in the palace of the Tzars, when, in the midst of this bloody consultation, a fire was announced to have broken out close to its walls, in the very Kremlin. His fury now knew no bounds. He denounced the direst vengeance against the perpetrators; and ordered every person that could be suspected, or Russian found near the spot, to be seized and brought before him. One hundred brave Muscovites were soon in the power of his guards, and hurried to the presence of the tyrant, on the ground near the cathedral which fronts the palace.

They were interrogated respecting the deed, and who had prompted them to it. They were promised life, and an absolute pardon from all punishment, if they would confess to these questions, and swear allegiance to Napoleon. A stern silence was observed by all. Again and again they were interrogated; and still, from them, not a word was spoken.

The tyrant's patience was exhausted; and finding that neither threats nor promises could shake the fidelity of these men to their sovereign, he gave the order, and they were immediately butchered. In the moment of death each stepped before the other, first to receive the shaft that was to separate him from his companion. With calmness in their countenances, and fortitude in their demeanor, they simply made the sign of the cross upon their breast, and fell under the stroke of their assassins. The author of their fate dared not look upon them; but he listened with exultation to the firing of the hundred balls which, successively, deprived the dauntless band of existence.

This cruel massacre soon became known to the wretched remains of the inhabitants; and, while detestation of the act doubly envenomed their hatred of Napoleon, they repeated their oaths sooner to die than to acknowledge his authority. Both sexes joined in the vow; and then, with tears of despair they divided, to seek a temporary refuge in the cellars, and amongst the smoking ruins of their once happy dwellings. During the night they sometimes met to repledge their faith to each other; but in the day, scarcely a native of the city was to be seen.

Notwithstanding the terrific example which the French leader had made of the hundred Muscovites whom he supposed had set fire to the Kremlin, he yet feared a repetition of the attempt from others of the people; and, to take every precaution for his security, he ordered all the gates to be kept close shut, with the single exception of that which opens to the Nicolisky street, and by which no one should enter but the officers highest in his confidence. Thus did the dread of a few loyal spirits, (too few to emerge from their secret hiding places!) hold the invader of their country a prisoner, even in the centre of his vaunted conquests! Do we not in this, see that there are times in which even the most successful guilt will stand in awe of virtue? It is to be deplored that her power is not more often tried.

The fire which had been lit in the Kremlin, found answering beacons throughout the whole range of the circles which comprised the city of Moscow. The conflagration continued to spread in every direction, and, with its devouring flames, augmented the horrors of the night. The soldiers, regardless of order or discipline, and instigated by the example of too many of their officers, seized every occasion which these scenes presented, to pillage and destroy.

Buonaparté beheld the increasing destruction with uneasiness, least the ungovernable progress of the flames should wrest from him the glory of possessing

Moscow, by the utter consumption of the city. To avert this blow to his pride, he commanded his Generals to leave no means untried to extinguish the thousand fires by which he was enveloped. His orders were seduously obeyed; but it was not until the 20th of the month that the fierceness of the flames ceased to rage.

The picture, drawn of the commencement of these calamities, by a sharer in them, and one who was an eye-witness of their horrors, is a faithful representation, and I will subjoin it.

"From the night of yesterday (September 14th) until that of the 19th, the fire blazed in all quarters. It first broke out near the Foundling Hospital, and then, almost immediately, on the side of the city close to the stone bridge, and in the neighbourhood of the place which the king of Naples selected for his residence. A third, and more extensive fire, burst out and spread itself along the face of the centre of the town. The inhabitants beheld their burning houses with a resignation which could only proceed from the belief that they should not long survive their destruction. The conviction that their losses would be deprivation to the enemy also; that in the flames perished his most important resources; was the tranquillizer of every regret. New fires broke forth where ever the French soldiers directed their ruthless steps. Women cast themselves into the flames to escape violation;

and the blood of the brave Muscovite was vainly shed to extinguish fires kindled by his patriot hands.

" On the morning of the third day after the entrance of these robbers, a violent wind arose, and then indeed the conflagration became general. In less than an hour the whole extent of the capital, for many wersts, seemed a sheet of flame. All the immense tract of land above the river, which used to be covered with houses, was one sea of fire; and the sky was hidden from our eyes by the tremendous volumes of smoke which rolled over the city.

" Direful as was this calamity, though it even menaced the lives of our destroyers, yet they felt no pity; not a touch of remorse came near their obdurate hearts. Still they pursued the search of plunder; still they heaped crime upon crime; and deepened, with every act of cruelty, the tremendous horrors of the scene.

" Surely the Almighty Judge, in His utmost wrath, never before presented so awful a spectacle to mankind!

" Through billows of fire, upon every elevated spot, hundreds of the blood-thirsty robbers were seen chacing their unhappy victims to nameless outrages, and to more welcome death. Where was there an asylum for suffering human-nature? Where for feeble age, shrinking from the impending torture? Where for the bleeding limbs of the young patriot? Where for the frantic maid flying from the grasp of the lawless ruffian? There was no refuge on earth: and guilt, for a time, had its triumph. Napoleon, from the windows of the Kremlin, must have contemplated the progress of this deluge of destruction. While he shuddered, for his own sake, at the stormy ocean of fire swelling and sinking, and urging its waves towards him, he must assuredly have been visited by some thoughts to remind him that he was a vulnerable man; that an hour would come when he must account for the scene before him, to the Being by whom himself, and all the creatures now perishing by his means, were alike created! If ever his conscience has spoken to him, if ever it has made itself heard, it was in one of these dreadful nights. The flames of Moscow, must have been to him, the torch of the furies."

Whatever might have been the private feelings of this chief of banditti, he was aware of the necessity of preserving some place of shelter for his followers during the approaching inclement season; and to secure what had escaped the united devastation of sacrifice and of rapine, he attempted to institute a civil authority and a police. He who had unyoked the demons of licentiousness and robbery, now felt alarm lest the effects of their blind fury should recoil upon himself; and to ensure his own safety, he was at last obliged to fix limits to aggression on others.

After making several ineffectual efforts, sometimes menacing, and at other times alluring by promises, he at length persuaded certain individuals to take on them so desperate a duty, and to form themselves into a municipal body. Monsieur Lesseps, who had once been the French Consul-general at Saint Petersburgh, (and whose exertions deserved the credit of having gained this point), was appointed Intendant of the Province of Moscow. Active as were the officers of this necessary authority, it was so novel a thing that the objects of it hardly acknowledged its power; and robbery and murder continued to stalk abroad with as daring fronts as ever. Even these new magistrates, as they went about in discharge of their offices, were affronted, assailed, and beaten to their quarters with insult. Every corps of the army, marching in from the camp without the barriers, could prove the same right to plunder, as that which had been exercised by those whose good fortune had sent them first into the field of pillage. NAPOLEON HAD PROMISED THEM THE TREASURES OF MOSCOW!

After the capture of Smolenzk, and the disappointment sustained there by the removal of its riches, Napoleon had decided on making an attempt upon Moscow; and, should he carry the place, to devote the wealth of its princes and its people to the avidity of his soldiers. With this view, and to appease the murmurs that reached his ear respecting the unsatisfied wants of the army, he announced to them that Moscow was his next object; that his troops should winter there; and that, from the bosom of its abundance, while his soldiers were imbibing new strength from its full stores, he would dictate terms of peace to the Emperor Alexander, and fix the glory of France on a pinnacle that would irradiate the whole world.

While on his march, and perceiving the spires and minarets of Moscow at a distance, he pointed to them and exclaimed to his followers:—"Behold the end of your campaign! Its gold, and its plenty, are yours."

It was to these promises he owed his present embarrassment. How could he chastise the ravages to which he had given his license? and how could he hope to conciliate any part of a people whose fellow-citizens he abandoned to the most wanton destruction? To extirpate is not to conquer. And the services of the conquered would be too useful to him in his proposed advances to the subjugation of the empire, to allow him to witness the calamities of Moscow without seeming to check their tide. To do it in reality was beyond even the power of Buonaparté; and, what he could not remedy, he sought to excuse by publishing an apology for military robbery! This manœuvre produced no other effect than to develop to all parties the convenient political morality of its author.

The fire was at last extinguished; but the work of desolation still continued in the sacking of the place, committing violences in the streets, and defying the civil authorities. To oppose this insubordination, Napoleon had resort to placards and proclamations; and finding them despised, he went so far as to have two or three of the most atrocious offenders shot. When even this small show of justice appeared amongst their enemies, some few of the poor inhabitants, perishing with hunger, took heart, and crept from the obscure recesses in which they had lain concealed. But what a change had taken place during their short retreat! Moscow was no longer to be recognised. Nothing remained of this once magnificent city, but a vast plain, covered with ruins and smoking ashes! Every where the dilapidated streets were choked up with human bodies, and the carcases of dead horses. And yet there was a more direful spectacle to behold: wretched fathers and husbands, running to and fro, seeking from the murdered heaps the mangled remains of their wives and daughters! Others rushed wildly from their coverts, demanding something to appease the cravings of famishing nature! And some, exhausted by want and misery, without a murmur, or turning even an eye of supplication to their oppressors, fell extended on the earth, expiring on the native soil to which they had devoted their existence.

Thus, day after day, increased the distresses of this venerable city. But while tyranny trampled it in the dust, he did not escape feeling some part of the injury he inflicted. In the rencontres of licentiousness, and the assassination of the helpless people, the French soldiers forgot how to use their arms in the open field. Though full of threats and bombast, all their exploits, during their stay at Moscow, may be summed up in a few reconnoitering skirmishes, and two or three abortive attempts to procure provisions.

To have a clear apprehension of the succeeding transactions of the campaign, it will be necessary to recapitulate, *en train*, a few circumstances already noticed.

After the battle of Borodino, Prince Koutousoff continued his march from the scene of his victory without any molestation; and on the 13th of September halted about three wersts from Moscow, where he held a council of war; the decisions of which have been already stated in the paper he addressed from Gilino to his Imperial Majesty.

Having balanced every sacrifice with its corresponding advantage, and settled all preliminaries to meet the necessity of abandoning the metropolis, early in the morning of the 14th he parted from its gallant Governor, the magnanimous Rastapchin, and marched through the city to the barrier of Kalumna. He passed that boundary, and by affecting certain dispositions amused the enemy, whilst in reality he took up the ground he had predetermined to occupy to the southward of the town.

According to the arrangement between the Commander-in-chief and the Governor of Moscow, before the French approached the city the whole of the sick and wounded, who were able to bear motion, were taken away and carried to places of safety. Amongst these involuntary fugitives, was the brave and ever-to-be-lamented Prince Bragation. He died as he had lived, amidst the glory of his actions, and was buried in the way to Yarraslaff with every mark of honour due to his virtues. Gallant and amiable Bragation! What has been said of the heroic Bayard may as truly be affirmed of thee. "Thou wert without fear or reproach!"

After the Russian army had made two movements by the way of Gilino, it crossed the river Moscva near Koulakova. At a distance of eight or nine wersts it began its flank dispositions by forced marches, and on the 18th of the month reached the city of Podol. The rear-guard, which had been left along the bank of the Pocra, had orders to follow the direction of the main army; but previously to detach a strong body of Cossacs to make such false demonstrations as would induce the enemy to imagine that the whole mass of troops were moving on Kalumna. This manœuvre had the desired effect; for the French, believing these Cossacs were the covering parties of the rear-guard, dispatched a formidable force towards them; and they conducted themselves with such ability and resolution, that the movements of the main army were completely concealed, and the enemy so deceived by their demonstrations, that he directed his attention to no other point. So ably was this feint executed, that it lasted for several days, and allowed the Commander-in-chief to pass, without the smallest disturbance, to his selected position upon the ancient road leading to Kalouga.

He arrived on this commanding line on the 23d, and stationed his head-quarters at the village of Krasnoy-Procra. By this position, his right stretched across the Toula road; his left, beyond the Kalouga new road; and his centre occupied the old road. This arrangement planted a bulwark of invincible patriots between the richest Russian provinces and the enemy; shutting him completely out from their abundant fields and opulent cities. The Orel also, by this admirable position, was barred from him; and every long-cherished hope of drawing supplies from that quarter, he was obliged now to abandon.

Besides these judicious stations for his main army, Koutousoff detached a large body of troops under Major-general Dochtoroff, towards Mojaisk, to act on the rear of the French. He also sent several corps of Cossacs and hussars to intercept the reinforcements and convoys that might be on their way to join the enemy in Moscow. Thus were the different divisions of the Russian army appointed at this awful crisis of the empire; and in the trying hour, happy were those whose courage was put to meet death alone. Agonies more severe than the most torturing deaths, did they endure, who bore the iron which entered their very souls, as they stood at their posts within sight of Moscow, and beheld the horrors of that devoted city.

The account which the French bulletin gives of this movement of Koutousoff, is particularly curious; not for its military view of the matter, but from the turn which the writer wishes to give to the demeanor of the Russian army on witnessing the conflagration of their ancient metropolis.

"The Russian army," observes this journalist, "on evacuating the Kalomna road, made a tour of half the city, at a distance of six wersts. The wind setting in this direction, drove volumes of fire and smoke upon them. *Our march*, a Russian officer is reported to have said, *was a march of gloom; of smoke and of religion. Dismay filled every breast; and we became so penetrated with horror*, *both officers and men*, *that the most profound silence reigned throughout the army*, *a silence as if all were at prayer*."

If this remark were ever made, out of the pages in which we find it, the speaker must have been a Frenchman; for, no man in the Russian army could have mistaken the awful silence of that march. It was the silence of men, called upon to immolate the objects dearest to them, for the preservation of their country. It was the silence of men witnessing the sacrifice of these objects in the raging fires of Moscow. There perished the homes of their fathers, the endearments of domestic love; all that is precious to the parent, to the husband, and to the friend! Can men have hearts, and mistake the cause of the profound silence of the Russian soldiers, as they moved on, and beheld this scene? Where is the superstition, (for this report would so insinuate of religion!) of breathing a prayer at such a moment? In beholding this demoniac proof of man's ambitious enmity against man, where can the outraged spirit turn with more reason, than to invoke the God of mercy, for objects so dear? Awe, and not dismay; true religion, and not superstitious gloom, then occupied the minds of the Russian army: and, while their prayers called on Heaven to pity the devoted city, they could hardly fail from adding a cry for retribution "on the heads of the *first authors* of all these miseries."

The fall of Moscow, as the veteran Commander-in-chief expressed himself, was not that of the country. The enemy's aim had been to strike at the heart of the empire, and he had made the blow, but the wound was not mortal. "Moscow is not Russia!" exclaimed every voice, "The empire exists in ourselves!" The Imperial Alexander, worthy of commanding such a people, sympathized with their enthusiasm; and seeing the salvation of the state in their heroic faith, reiterated the sentiment, "It is the end which crowns the toil!"

The army of Koutousoff augmented its numbers every day; and in a few weeks the army of the invader was in a state of blockade. Every hand was raised against him, every device put in execution to reduce him to extremity. Thousands of brave men left their ploughs to range themselves under the banners of their country; and those who came not to the regular lines, armed themselves in the best manner they could; and, dispersing themselves over the roads and by-ways, the woods and the ravines, hunted out the foraging parties of the enemy with the most deadly diligence and revenge. Hordes of troops were continually arriving from the foot of the Caucasus, and from the shores of the Caspian. The farthest dominions of the empire pressed forward their sons to avenge the ruin of the Imperial City, and to convince its desolators that Alexander reigned in the hearts of all his people. Bashkirs, Calmucs, and Tartars, crowded from the east and the south to swell the glorious host destined to rid the empire of its proud invaders.

The Cossacs of the Don, not satisfied with the proofs of loyalty they were already giving in the field under their brave Hetman, had prepared an armament of reserve from amongst the veterans who had served their limited time, and their youth of an age to bear arms. Twenty of these regiments, (the old, eager to renew the transports of victory; and the young, to begin the contest) were ready to march at a few hours' notice. Six pieces of flying artillery were to accompany them to the field. Independent of this force, not only raised, but equipped, on the banks of their native river, another was to be formed in the same quarter under the direction of the nobility of Novogorode. They presented them with fifteen hundred horses; and the Cossac merchants, residing in that city, made a subscription amongst themselves, amounting to ninety-three thousand six hundred roubles, to furnish arms for their brave countrymen. In fact, but one feeling seemed to animate the souls of every

Russian subject. To give all that he possessed on earth, in exchange for the liberty of the empire: his property, his affections, his life. Never did Europe, or the world, behold so determined, so universal, so concentrated a spirit of patriotism.

The French army, after having lost sight of the Russian force, (a body of one hundred and fifty thousand men!) for many days, at length, to their astonishment, found it close to their rear; and made the discovery at the very time when their advanced parties were rambling about, at a considerable distance, in search of it. The General-aide-de-camp, Baron Vinzingorode, being on the opposite side of Moscow, at Twer, had pushed his troops forward upon the roads in so many directions, that his right detachments reached the quarter of Mojaisk, and acted in concert with those which had been dispatched from the main army on the Kalouga road. By these able, prompt, and, to the enemy, unexpected manœuvres, almost an entire circle was formed round the French at Moscow.

While we feel the praise that ought to be given to the Russian General for these movements, we cannot easily comprehend how one of so renowned military abilities as Buonaparté, (and aided too, by such experienced officers), could have allowed himself to remain in ignorance of motions so decisive of his fate. In this crisis, he appears to have lost the penetration of a General, which leads him to calculate with tolerable certainty on the probable movements of his opponent. And, either he must have been strangely negligent of seeking the necessary information, or, those he employed were very erroneous in their observations and reports. The infatuation which sometimes falls upon even the greatest men in the most critical juncture of their affairs, is often as wonderful to the observer as it is fatal to the subject of its influence.

On the discovery of the near neighbourhood of the Russian position, a considerable part of the French army formed itself close under the walls of Moscow, and placed strong divisions on the respective roads, from that of Kalumna to that of Saint Petersburgh.

The advanced guard of Koutousoff's army was stationed in a parallel direction to these positions of the enemy, about ten wersts in their front, and as far as the new Kalouga road.

Thus were the French involved by the lines of Russia, as the tyger is entangled in the meshes of the snare by which he is caught. Moscow which was to be the palace from which the conqueror of the world had decreed he would issue his irreversible mandates, was now his prison; and, in the midst of his field-marshals and his legions, the Great Napoleon found himself out-generalled and a captive. Disappointment and consternation spread throughout the invading army. Little else had they derived from the merciless sacking of the Russian capital, than blood and an accession of guilt. Pressed with wants of every description, in vain did they look with longing eyes towards that France so few of them were to see again; and on the way to which, they now saw nothing but Russian troops intercepting their couriers, their reinforcements, and their provisions. Thus, their military fame eclipsed, and their very existence menaced, by the foe they had so lately threatened to annihilate, they cried aloud for that peace, which their proud leader had promised them should be entreated by the conquered Russians at the gates of Moscow.

Buonaparté, as he had waited at the barrier of the city for an invitation from its functionaries to bless them with his presence, now waited for the heads of the Russian government to beg at his hands the olive branch of peace. In both cases—he waited in vain. No flags of truce arrived. No symptoms whatever were evinced of a disposition in the nation to compromise its glory and its independence. Nor could he find one friend, amongst the number he boasted to possess in the empire, to lead the way in bowing to the yoke of deception and slavery. No art was left untried, no temptation unpractised, to allure some individual to set the base example; but disappointment waited upon every attempt; and the tyrant was forced to see that he had to do with a Sovereign and a people determined to die rather than to submit.

Buonaparté, having allowed these vain expectations to usurp the time he might have actively used for the service of his ambition, saw with increased mortification that the delay had only augmented his embarrassments by doubling the distresses of the army. The vigilance of the Russian light troops continued to cut off all the convoys and succours which attempted to reach Moscow by the way of Smolenzk; and the small means of subsistence which had been found in the capital, being nearly exhausted, famine and disease began to stalk in visible shapes before his eyes.

The French soldiers bore their privations at first with gloomy desperation. But when the sufferings of extreme hunger, and its attendant ills, assailed them, then their patience was exhausted; and their idolatrous adoration of the man who had brought them into these miseries, was changed to disrespect, to indignation, to loud demands for the promised reward of their military toils, *for Plenty, or for Peace!* No remonstrances, no flatteries, no threatenings, from the creatures of Napoleon, could longer hold the despairing army within the bounds of discipline. Mutiny and pillage broke every restriction. Every day thousands of famishing soldiers left their camp, and entered the city, to break into houses and magazines, and seek by force for means to satisfy the cravings of hunger unto madness. Others, in troops, without orders, and despising the commands that would withhold them, dispersed themselves over the country, marauding every where in search of bread. Blood tracked their steps; for scattered in a hundred directions in quest of food or death, almost every where these unhappy wretches were lost. Those in remote places were sacrificed to the rage of the ambushed peasantry; and those who appeared in public ways, were cut down by the numerous Cossacs which scoured the roads.

Necessity, at last, forced even the dominant pride of Napoleon; and finding that Russia would not take the part of the suppliant, he felt himself reduced to offer, what he wished should be asked as a boon; and making a show of particular concern for the peace of mankind, he condescended to dispatch General Lauriston (the ci-devant ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburgh,) with a flag of truce to the Russian head-quarters. His errand was to attempt, at least, to open a negociation with Prince Koutousoff. He was received by the Russian Commander with every mark of politeness, but not with a cordiality to invite the unfolding of his mission. However, on being officially interrogated as to the purport of his visit, he told the Prince that he came in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, who was actuated by considerations of humanity alone and a desire to stop the effusion of Russian blood, to communicate to their Commander-in-chief, that his Imperial Majesty of France was still willing to treat for a renewal of friendship between the two empires.

The Prince replied, by telling Lauriston to say to his master, that with respect to sparing the effusion of Russian blood, every man born in Russian land, was ready to shed his blood in support of the independence of the empire; and to maintain it, both his Imperial Majesty Alexander, and the nation at large, were determined never to listen to one pacific word, whilst a foreign soldier remained within the frontiers of their country.

Having received this answer, the French General was not permitted to press the subject farther; but, the safe conduct was given to him, and he returned full of chagrin to his master.

Buonaparté would hardly listen to the end of the conference. He expressed violent indignation at what he termed the insolence of the Russian Commander; who, he expected, would have felt himself too much honoured by the overture, not at least to open a negociation. However, great as was the French leader's resentment against Koutousoff, the necessity for not driving his troops quite to despair, was yet greater; and therefore he tried to flatter his Generals that the desired pacification would take place whenever his wish to that purpose should reach the Emperor Alexander. To soften to the soldiers the failure of this embassy, every means were resorted to that might inspire them with an idea that Koutousoff was acting beyond his credentials; and that Alexander, when informed of his arrogance to his old ally, (who, though now his enemy, was yet the Great Napoleon!) would punish his presumption by immediately sending peremptory orders that the French proposals should be discussed, and, probably, accepted. Nothing was omitted to be said, which could cherish this illusion in the minds of the miserable inmates of the camp and of the town. The madness of desperation was to be averted at any rate; and, where truth would have unveiled to the eyes of the army, the gulph on which they stood, falsehood was called upon to spread over the wide destruction her betraying mists. Buonaparté invented, and caused to be circulated, the most agreeable reports, from day to day, throughout the city and the lines. Sometimes it was rumoured that Riga had been taken by assault; then that Macdonald had made his triumphant entry into St. Petersburgh. Another informant spoke of a considerable convoy that was known to be on its way from the French resources, and was bringing winter cloathing and other necessaries for the army; and that it was so large, and so well protected, as to cover the road from Wilna to Smolenzk. Besides these "flattering unctions" with which he sought to medicine the venom which had seized on his impatient and perishing troops, he gave out that Marshal Victor was advancing with strong reinforcements; and, to prove that the good star of Napoleon was still in the ascendant, the Russian army was enduring still greater privations than the French! It was dismembered by universal discontents! and the commanding officers, divided by intrigue and faction, were calling aloud for *Peace on any terms.*

With these wild subterfuges did the invader of Russia seek to appease the murmurs of his disappointed followers. Many died of want, before the falsehood of his several informations could be proved, by the non-appearance of the succours he promised. They, whose hardier constitutions yet contended with all the horrors of famine, and sometimes of disease, gave their credence a little longer to the tales which kept them from despair. Encouraged by the success of these artifices, he turned his attention towards conciliating the poor remnant of the inhabitants which remained alive in Moscow; and from them, he extended his subtilties to the people of the villages that surrounded the capital. He issued proclamations, in which he set forward the brightness of his own virtues as a hero and a sovereign, and invited the dispersed natives to return to their homes, and enjoy, in fraternity with the *Great Nation*, the freedom and happiness of his protection. Could a feeling of the ridiculous be united with a sense of outrage, the Russian people must have laughed at the absurdity of such an address from the ravager of their country. The houseless fugitives from Smolenzk, and the smoking ashes which tracked their destroyer's march, bore too strong evidences of the sort of protection and fraternal love intended by the *Great Nation* and its *Ruler*, for the people to listen otherwise than with contempt as well as indignation to such an attempt upon their understandings. In cases of extremity, they might become the victims of his cruelties; but they were not to be seduced by his promises. Napoleon at last was forced to see that the Russian nation was neither to be subdued nor deceived. The most dreadful calamities could not bow their spirit, nor the most magnificent temptations warp it. The people whom at a distance he had stigmatized with the names of slaves and barbarians, he was compelled to know as a race too noble to betray themselves, or those who confided in their virtue.

While Buonaparté was thus occupying himself, to compass by the art of policy, what he could not accomplish by that of war, the Russian Generals, at the head of their respective columns, relaxed not in their exertions to accumulate the distresses of the enemy.

Dochtoroff, who was posted in observation on the Mojaisk road, sent in hourly information to the Commander-in-chief, of the various and successful operations of annoyance made by the Emperor's troops against the French. On the night of the 22d he assembled his own detachment at the village of Scharapovo, and thence dispersed his parties, with orders to take or destroy every succour they might find approaching Moscow. The Dragoons and Cossacs under his command were so constantly on the alert, night and day, as, from the 22d of September, to the 4th of October, to seize upwards of fifty-six carts and carriages, charged with supplies from the French in Smolenzk to their brethren in the capital. Besides this spoil, these vigilant troops took, at different times, two thousand prisoners, (including twenty-six officers, and an aide-de-camp of Marshal Ney's,) which had formed the escorts of the supplies.

Baron Korff's detachment did not halt behind that of Dochtoroff, in active service. It took many prisoners, intercepted the couriers and correspondence of the enemy, and rescued two large packages of church plate which Napoleon was sending from the sacred treasures of Moscow.

Miloradovitch, with his brave corps, watched the movements of Murat's advanced guard in the vicinity of Panskoy, on the banks of the Netra. This small river flows into the Moscva at the village of Kosroguina, near the road leading to Voscreshinskoy.

Baron Vinzingorode was equally well placed; and his troops having been reinforced by three thousand militia from Yarraslaff, he was enabled to strengthen his advance; the right of which occupied Tchernigrease on the St. Petersburgh road; and the left held a good position near the town of Volokolamsk. He had also a formidable party on the Voscreshinskoy road, to connect his wings. He had previously stationed Cossacs on the Dimitroff and Yarraslaff roads to observe the enemy, who had not been slow in dispatching strong detachments to oppose these movements. Every day produced skirmishes, in which the Russians not only took prisoners, but received hundreds of deserters from the French lines. The distresses of the French camp became so unbearable, that Germans, and whole regiments of Spaniards and Portuguese, whom the despot had forced into his service, fled at once from vassalage and famine, to the Russian protection.

Every hour more and more impaired the vain hope of Napoleon of receiving a conciliatory application from the court of St. Petersburgh. Full time had elapsed for such an order to have arrived, and yet no messenger was seen from the Russian camp. The soldiery became violent, despairing. Disease was now augmenting the pangs of hunger; and they called aloud that they were deceived, that they were betrayed to the most cruel of deaths. To quiet the increasing tumult, their ruler found it necessary, so far to humble his pride, as to send Count Lauriston again to the Russian head-quarters. His offers for a renewal of friendship between the two empires were the same as before, and the same answer was returned that he had received on his former visit. Aware of what would be the rage of his master when he should again carry back such a reply, the Count requested Prince Koutousoff, "since he refused himself to open an amicable correspondence with the Emperor Napoleon, to forward a letter from that Monarch to his Imperial Majesty Alexander." "I will do that," replied the Prince, "provided the word peace on the terms now offered is not expressed in that letter. I would not be a party in such an insult to my sovereign, as to have a hand in forwarding to him, what he would instantly order to be destroyed in his presence. *You already* *know* on what terms, and on them alone, will offers of peace be listened to. His Imperial Majesty, *we know*, will keep as firm to his resolves, as we shall stand stedfast in ours, to support the independence of the empire."

Having said this, his Highness bade a polite farewell to Lauriston, and begged him not to repeat visits which must be unavailing.

The return of his messenger with this reply, incensed Buonapartè to the most vehement expressions of indignation. He found himself treated with contempt as well as opposition, and had it not been that the critical situation of his army made the strictest caution necessary, it is probable the resentment with which he was filled, might have precipitated him to make some strong effort of revenge. But he too plainly saw in the persevering enmity of his adversaries, the situation to which he was reduced. He perceived that if, by some political finesse, or military manœuvre, he did not extricate his army from the dreadful dilemma into which he had unwarily led it, he must forever abandon his designs on Russia, destroy the basis of his empire in France, and blast his reputation throughout Europe. No longer dazzled by the continued blaze of his victories, the kingdoms he had deluded to his sceptre would not only see the baseness of their vassalage, but how to recover their liberty; and he would have the mortifying conviction that the talisman of his good fortune had been broken by the firm virtue of the very people whom he had taught these subject nations to contemn as ignorant savages and hereditary slaves.

After weighing both ways of escape, negociation still seemed the most feasible; for the wants of his troops, the spirit of desertion which prevailed amongst those who were foreigners, and the insubordination which disorganized even the French; made a military attempt at this moment a rashness not to be dared. Repugnant, therefore, as he was to again appear, in the person of his ambassador, at the levee of the Russian Commander-in-chief, he wished to persuade himself that Koutousoff might be induced to treat, were the evacuation of Moscow proposed as a preliminary measure. Grasping at this new expectation, he again called Lauriston into his presence, and ordered him to repair once more to the Russian camp with this proffer, "which should contain his final offer of peace."

In this offer, he desired it to be proposed that an armistice must first be agreed on, and then Moscow should be immediately restored to the Russian Emperor. This done, the French army, with its artillery and baggage, would retire upon Wiazma; and there station themselves in a place, which they hoped would become the theatre of a future friendly pacific conference.

No explanation need be offered of the ultimate views of Buonaparté, in this proposal. Nor is it requisite to make comments on what would have been the result to the Russians, had they been weak enough to be caught by the bait of the re-possession of the capital. It must in common probability, have proved the destruction of their empire. Alexander would have been an Emperor *in fee* of the *Great Napoleon;* and the Russian people, a nation of slaves, plunged into a gulph of intellectual darkness, more barren of light than that of the remotest hyperborean hordes.

Delusive as might be the hopes of their Destroyer, the Russian people remained firm to the independence of their empire; and to that sun of mental light and personal liberty, which rose with Alexander's natal star upon their country. Their answer spoke from the lips of Koutousoff, and it was what might be naturally anticipated from an upright and sincere people. Koutousoff was not slow in comprehending the views of Buonápartè in adding to these repeated applications for a negociation of peace, a proposal for an armistice.

"No," replied the Russian Commander, "it is not the time for us to grant either the one or the other, when the campaign is just opening on our part."

Napoleon received this final blow to his diplomatic machinations with answerable emotions. He was compelled to see that no art could prevail on his present enemies to become the sport of his destiny; and fearing that, on the contrary, he might at last, be the victim of their's; his apprehensions became troubled with ten thousand foreboding images. He saw the gigantic spectre of his ambition falling before the genius of Russia, and lying buried for ever under the pale shroud of a northern winter; he beheld the sun of his glory darkened by storms; and its rays totally extinguished by the overwhelming ruin of his army, perishing amid the deserts they were invited to conquer!

From the apparitions of such direful "coming events," it is not surprising that the French Dictator should be anxious to fly. By removing himself from the most prominent scene of his people's miseries, he hoped to escape some of the tormenting retrospections to which they pointed; and leaving Moscow, under some trifling excuse, he took up his residence at the palace of Petrofsky: the place where, a few weeks before, he had in vain awaited the visit of the municipality of the city. In this seat of his double mortification, truth so far shone into his mind, as to convince him that all his proud expectations of the Russian empire, must be laid down on this spot. But before he relinquished the idea of planting his universal throne upon that of the Tzars, he determined that their ancient metropolis should for ever remember that the foot of Napoleon was once upon its threshold. The destruction which the loyalty and despair of the Muscovites had begun, he was resolved should be so finished by the French soldiers, that nothing should remain of the golden palaces and shining minarets of Moscow, but the desolated plain on which they had stood.

His principle has ever been, "Where I cannot reign, I will destroy," and issuing his orders in conformity to this principle, he found the habits of his followers' minds only too ready to execute his commands. While they aroused themselves with mutual and horrid emulations to pursue the work of destruction, their officers found some difficulty in keeping the devastation within such limits as to allow of any vestige whatever being preserved, to carry to Paris as a trophy of Moscow! Whilst rapine, murder, and flames, re-awakened their uproar throughout this devoted city, all that could be rescued for the purpose of a *Parisian triumph*, were the *gilded cross and crescent* which Napoleon had ordered to be stripped from the high tower of the Great church of St. John; and the *old standards* from the Kremlin, which had been taken from the Turks by the Russians during their several wars with that state.

These spoils were carefully packed up to be sent to Paris; and to enrich the warlike deposit, they were accompanied by whatever treasure had fallen to *the Conqueror's* share!

Owing to the confusion of the inhabitants, when quitting their habitations so abruptly on the approach of the French, some had left their plate behind them. Indeed a few of the churches had been left in possession of their sacred vessels. And, as may be supposed, it was not long after the entrance of these general robbers that the whole of these riches, private and public, became the property of the commanders of the different divisions. They seized all that could be found, and melting the gold and silver into bars, (to make them the easier for carriage), they loaded their baggage, and remained ready for a moment's mandate. These commanders were too well read in the progress of conquest, and in the consequence of disaster, not to have long foreseen their abandonment of Moscow; and, therefore, without surprise they attended Napoleon's summons to the Petrofsky palace, and heard his final decision respecting the ancient capital of the Tzars. He commanded them to make it known to his army that, in spite of all his exertions, he found the barbarous system of warfare used by the Russians, had so destroyed Moscow, that his greatest efforts to restore it, either as a military position, or a place of political influence, had proved abortive. It was therefore become a station of equal unimportance to the enemy as to himself; and was totally unworthy the risque of passing a winter within its ruins. The weather, to be sure, was then (the beginning of October) warmer than, at that season of the year, they had it in France. But, as the climates were altogether different, with the succeeding month they must expect cold. On these considerations, it was his intention immediately to resign the boasted capital of the Tzars to the solitude that must be the consequence of its desolation; and to lead his brave troops without loss of time into a part of the country more friendly to his views, and where an overflowing plenty would be the reward of all their labours. In these abundant provinces he would establish his winter quarters, and if, during that period, the Russian empire should persist in refusing his offered peace, the spring should see him spread his legions over the whole country; and, creating a Duke of Smolenzk and of St. Petersburgh, he would efface the name of Russia from the list of European nations!

The cry of havoc! spread from the palace of Petrofsky to the whole of the French army. It was now indeed that the demon of destruction was let loose to satiate itself with human misery. The soldiers of the camp and of the town rushed from all quarters to pursue their devastating task. Nothing was to be spared; neither church, nor palace, nor private dwelling, was to be left unsacked, undestroyed. The Foundling-hospital alone, (having been made the assylum of the French sick, and which now contained several thousand of the wounded soldiers), was to be exempt from the torch of annihilation.

No objects presented themselves but multitudes of robbers scouring the streets, bursting open the doors and cellars of the houses which yet held an inhabitant; whether native or foreigner it was all the same to their rapacity; they penetrated to the remotest apartments, and dragging forth the wretched owners from their hiding-places, stripped them naked, that their clothes might add to the heaps of their plunder. Hundreds of fainting women, who had escaped the last horrors of the first outrages on Moscow, were violated, and murdered; and their bodies thrown out of their houses into the open street, to lay amidst the piles of putrefying carcases of horses and men which starvation had deprived of existence.

The blood-hounds of death but too well obeyed in every quarter, the voice of their inhuman leader. The air was filled with shrieks, and groans, and imprecations. It was a very Pandemonium; a congregation of devils let loose to riot in human miseries, in human flesh; for scenes of blood and cruelties were transacted there which puts to nought the ravening of wild beasts, the horrid destruction of cannibals in the midst of their most savage orgies.

How then must we start with horror when we understand that all these refinements on barbarism were the effects of regular orders issued from Napoleon to his Generals, and from them to the individuals of the army! Thus sanctioned, the soldiery no longer considered their rapine an unlawful act, but pursued their enormities with the confidence of men fulfilling a duty.

One day it was the senior guards who pillaged; on the next it was the junior. The day following that, the division of Marshal Davoust took its turn. And so on, in regular course, till all the different corps encamped around the city had their share in finishing the work of ruin.

For eight days, without intermission, did this law of force continue. It is not possible for any imagination that has not seen the acts then committed, to form any conception of their variety of wickedness; of their demoniac wantonness of cruelty. It would be doing a violence to the human heart, even to recount them, or to read their register. Suffice it to say, that in the round of these eight days, the fierceness of the rage of the French legions at their defeats and miseries since they entered Russia, all fell upon the head of this devoted city. The soldiers who had crossed the Niemen gaily caparisoned, and high in hope of new glories; who had anticipated the sight of kneeling provinces at the feet of their leader, and the abundance of their produce to enrich themselves; when, instead of the realization of these expectations, they met with opposition, overthrow, and want; what could exceed the depth of their disappointment, the fury with which they gave it utterance? First, in threatened mutiny against their leader; and now, in sanguinary atrocities against a poor remnant of the brave people they could not subdue!

Thousands of these French ruffians, almost in a state of complete nakedness, without shoes, or any clothing on their limbs, and scarce a covering but a few filthy rags flying from their bodies, were met in every direction; more like the banditti their deeds imitated, than the soldier, whose noble profession their enormities stigmatized with disgrace. In this wretched plight were all the followers of Buonaparté. His own personal guards were not better clad; having nothing in their appearance that spoke their military order but the arms they carried.

Impelled by a sense of the hatred they deserved, and the contempt that had lately been shown to their demands for peace, they sought food at the point of the bayonet, and clothed themselves with the raiment of the murdered. The officers themselves, being not much better furnished with apparel, found no shame in displaying an equal baseness of mind; and casting humanity off at once, followed their rapacious comrades through all their rounds of violence and robbery.

Some few indeed, whose rank in the army required some show of the gentleman at least, satisfied themselves with sacking the houses in which they had at first taken up their quarters. Here, quietly, and at home, they stripped the rooms of all that they contained, leaving only bare walls, for the fire to consume, whenever Buonaparté should give the word for the final conflagration.

The Generals, who represented their chief in their actions, as accurately as those of the Macedonian invader did their August Lord; they knew how to colour their avidity with the gloze of legal devices. Under the pretext of a requisition for the public service, they seized every article which suited their purpose; and when they had thus emptied one house, they moved on to another, with the same demands, and the same principle of unblushing robbery.

While Napoleon stood as Nero did, watching the devastation of one of the finest cities in the world, the spirit of man that is in his bosom could not but whisper to him what would be the opinion of the world, when the unexampled barbarity of the sacking of Moscow should become generally known. Even with the effects of his own orders blazing before his eyes, he tried to sink his destruction of the city, in the patriotic devotion which the Russians had made of its magazines, when they found it necessary to abandon it.

It was that devotion which had deprived Napoleon of his needful resources. No ammunition, no bread for his men, no forage for his horses, presented themselves. He found silver and gold, it is true, but no where the aliments of life. Not only the magazines of the city had been demolished, but when the magnanimous Rastapchin left it, in his way to join the concentrated army of the empire, he stopped before the walls of his summer-palace, (which stood in the adjacent country), and set fire to its stores and its harvests with his own hand. This disinterested example was followed by hundreds; and the fields of Moscovy every where showed the smoking ashes of the yellow treasures of the year. Buonaparté had formed no idea of such a spirit of loyalty; he could not, therefore, prepare against it; and, though he saw himself seated in the ancient throne of the empire's wealth and power, he found his people were perishing in famine, and his cavalry hourly wasting away.

Where then was the plentiful winter quarters the French leader had promised to his followers? He found only a few dying invalids, or a band of desperate patriots, with women devoted to their fates, determined to abide by their native city to the last! It was impoverished; it was become a circle of barren houses and walls!

Napoleon for a time dissembled the excess of his disappointment, and the extreme of his danger, on the discovery of this desert, where a Mahometan paradise was expected. At last, rendered desperate by the miseries and rebellious state of his army, he formed the resolution to avenge them and himself upon the falling towers of Moscow. He had found it like Palmyra in the wilderness, noble in ruins:—he was determined to leave it a shapeless heap of stones.

Such was the state of Moscow when Napoleon and his army entered it; such was the miserable situation of his soldiers; and yet, that the world may never want a criterion by which to judge of the truth of his representations, we have these bulletins of the *flourishing condition* of the French legions, of the *overflowing abundance* which met them at the city's gates.

We have it thus, in the twentieth bulletin, which Buonaparté dates from Moscow, September 17th.

"The resources the army have found here are much diminished, by the attempts of the enemy to destroy them entirely; but our fortune has been superior to their contrivance; and we have gathered, and still continue to collect, a vast quantity of necessaries.

"The cellars have not been touched by the fire; and, during the last twenty-four hours, the inhabitants have saved many valuable articles. Indeed, on the first discovery of the nobility's design to burn the city, these honest people endeavoured to arrest the progress of the flames; but in vain, for the governor had taken the horrible precaution to carry off or destroy all the fire engines.

"The army is recovering from its fatigues. We have bread in abundance, and potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables; also meat, salted provisions, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee; in a word, provisions of every sort.

"The temperature is yet that of autumn. The soldiers continually find numbers of pelisses and furs for winter. Moscow was the depot for these commodities."

The next bulletin supplies any deficiency his troops might have in arms, cannon, or gunpowder; and shot and shells of every description, they found by hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands.

The twenty-second bulletin adds floods of wine and brandy, and whole magazines of furs, sugars, clothes, &c. &c. &c.

These valuable articles continued to grow in plentiful crops out of the earth, so late as the 27th of September; and, during the extraordinary harvest, the French troops did not fail to revive in due vigour from all their wants and toils. But, surprising to relate, on the 14th of October (only seventeen days after this great repletion!) we find all these abundant resources consumed and devoured! the ammunition expended! the provisions eaten up! the clothes and furs worn out! and the lately well-provided army reduced at once, as if by a magician's wand, to famine and nakedness!

The whole fabric had been a creature of Buonaparté's own imagination; and the wonder ceases, that the vision should dissolve, and leave not a wreck behind! It did dissolve, but the wreck was vast and many; the wreck, not of the riches he found, but of the ruin he rendered yet more desolate.

After having wasted nearly five weeks in vain boasts, and as vain hopes, the French leader deemed it prudent to leave a place which only presented to his view the possible grave of his ambition, and a perpetual memento of the patriotic firmness of the Russian people.

The sacking and burning of the city of Moscow, by this man of the earth, (to whom so many infatuated spirits, even at this hour, are ready to build altars,) was immediately followed by an attempt from the same *godlike* hand, to destroy the Kremlin. While he flattered himself with the probability of maintaining his possession of the Capital, he had employed some of his men in materially strengthening the military part of this great fortress. He now ordered it to be undermined, and filled with combustibles, and gunpowder, ready for the fusée. We cannot better express the comprehensive plan of this destruction, nor describe the effects of the desolation he had already wrought, than by transcribing a few paragraphs from his own report on the subject.

"When Moscow ceased to exist!" saith the Imperial amanuensis, "the Emperor had determined to abandon the mass of ruins, and to occupy the Kremlin with three thousand men. But, after a hard labour of fifteen days, to improve its military works, it was thought not to have sufficient strength to maintain itself with such a garrison, and without outward aid, for even the short term of twenty or thirty days, against any attacking force. Besides, the detachment would have weakened and embarrassed the army, without promising any adequate advantage. If we attempt to protect Moscow against the beggars and plunderers, who are watching to re-enter what were once its walls, it must be by a garrison of twenty thousand men. The idea is vain, for Moscow is now no more. What was the city, is become a depopulated region of noxious matter, where pestilence and death brood continually over the reeking mass.

"A desperate multitude; two hundred thousand houseless wretches, who all day wander in the neighbouring woods perishing with hunger, appear in troops at night amid the rubbish of the suburbs, seeking in their heaps, for some means to sustain famishing nature, some solitary vegetable, in the exhausted gardens.

"When we view the desert, and its miserable inhabitants, it appears useless to compromise any of our own advantages for such an object. The site of Moscow, is no longer a place of military importance, or a point of political interest.

"All the adjoining buildings having been emptied with great care; and the Kremlin being judiciously mined, at two o'clock in the morning of the 23d of October, it was blown into the air by the Duke of Trévise (Mortier). The arsenal, the barracks, the magazines, all have been destroyed. This ancient citadel, from whence is dated the foundation of the Empire! This first palace of the Tzars, exists no more!

"Of four thousand superb houses of stone, which Moscow contained, there now only remains two hundred. It was reported that one-fourth of the whole number had escaped; but in this false calculation, eight hundred churches were taken into the account, and even they were almost all heavily damaged. With palaces, churches, and public structures, fell also whole streets of less considerable buildings; and, out of eight thousand houses of wood, only five hundred remained undestroyed.

"When this great retribution was made, *it was suggested to the Emperor*, still further to chastise the Russians, by burning the two thousand villages which surround Moscow, and all the castles and country houses in its vicinity. Four columns, of two thousand men each, were proposed to be sent out in every direction, to a distance of twenty leagues, to set fire to, and devastate every object in their path. *Such a general desolation*, observed the advisers of this scheme, *will teach the Russians to make war according to its received rules; and not like Tartars. If they burn one village or house, we will punish the act, by burning a hundred.*

"The Emperor *refused to adopt this system*, which he said, would only aggravate the misfortunes of the people; and out of the nine hundred proprietors of the castles proposed to be destroyed, there were, perhaps, but one hundred who were sincerely the partisans of Rastapchin, the Marat of Russia! The other eight hundred, continued the great Napoleon, are brave men, already too much the victims of despotic power. We will not then, for the sake of vengeance against a hundred guilty wretches, involve eight thousand and nine hundred innocent persons in utter ruin. And should we consent to the destruction of the villages, would there not be two thousand helpless peasants, left without resource or shelter?

"In conformity with these gracious sentiments, the Emperor was contented with the annihilation of the citadel, and other military buildings; and while the work of destruction proceeded, he forbade that the individuals should be harmed who had already suffered so severely from the consequences of war."

How gladly would humanity trace any affinity with its own nature, in the character of even the most cruel tyrant. It is grateful to the heart that wishes the good of every fellow creature, to see the germs of virtue in some transaction of the being whose ordinary actions are ever demonstrative of his delight in crime. So would we hail any appearance of mercy in the warfare of a man who, for so many years, has held Europe steeped in blood. But the licensed scene of ravage so lately exhibited in the capital of the Tzars, unequivocally proves that Napoleon spared the distant villages and castles around Moscow, because they were out of the reach of his hands. Those which were in its immediate vicinity experienced all the horrors of fire and sword.

Every preparation having been rapidly made to put the army in motion, Buonaparté in person, with a tone of hilarity, informed his troops, that he was conducting them to winter quarters. "Je veux vous conduire dans vos quartiers-d'hiver, (said he) si je rencontre les Russes dans mon chemin, je les battrai. Si non, tant mieux pour eux."

Could defeat and wretchedness have laughed in derision at the boasting which had ruined them, the men who heard this gasconade must have been so moved. But their leader knew them well. They forgot their own misery while inflicting distress on others; and in the rage of plunder, believed themselves enjoying the triumph of victory.

While these things were transacting in Moscow and its adjoining camp, the detachments of General Baron Vinzingorode continued to keep on the alert; and daily brought to his head-quarters at Klim, a considerable number of prisoners. Colonel Benkendorf, one of his Imperial Majesty's aide-de-camps, at the head of his little division, (which was stationed between the city of Volokolamsk and Mojaisk) ably fulfilled his duty of observation; and sent in, amongst other prisoners, one French courier with dispatches.*

The object of the French, whenever they were seen abroad, seemed solely to procure provisions and forage. But in almost every attempt they were disappointed, and so pressed by the Russian light troops and the peasantry, that their commanders found it necessary to cover every marauding party with a strong escort.

On the 5th of October, the enemy dispatched from Moscow a detachment of more than usual strength: it was composed of six thousand infantry, with several regiments of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, under the command of General Delson. It took the road to Dimitroff. The Cossacs, who were in observation in that direction, encountered the detachment, but were soon obliged to fall back; leaving the road to Yarraslaff quite open to the depredators. By this partial advantage on their side, the communication between that city and Baron Vinzingorode was cut off. In the case of this successful body being followed up by one of increased force, which might be intended to get round his left, and approach the government of Twer, Vinzingorode took the precaution to inform the governor of that province of his apprehensions; and to suggest similar vigilance on its part with that of his own little army. He strengthened his reconnoitring parties with his best troops, and so disposed them, that he did not allow the enemy's flank a moment's repose.

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* At the end of the volume, Letters from Buonaparte, in these dispatches, may be found.

Menacing as were now the columns which issued from the French camp at Moscow, no idea was entertained of their object, but that of plundering in greater security; and the Cossac picquets corroborated this impression, by reporting the continued sacking and burning of the villages in the neighbourhood of these excursions.

On the 10th of October, the enemy pushed on, and possessed himself of the city of Dimitroff; laying waste the country on all sides; and then turned his face towards Klim. On the same day, another detachment left Moscow, taking the St. Petersburgh road, and passing through Tscherni-grease, halted about six wersts from that place.

These movements seemed for something more than forage, and to threaten the force of General Vinzingorode. He was too weak, in the present dismembered state of his division, to oppose an attack; and, therefore, to prepare for it, should one be intended, he recalled the troops under Colonel Benkendorf, and any which his detachments on the various roads could spare. With this firm little band, he remained in front of the town of Klim to arrest the advance of the enemy in that direction.

Notwithstanding these hostile movements, no affair of any consequence immediately took place. Prisoners continued to be taken in slight skirmishes, and numbers of Westphalian Saxons, and other German soldiers, fled daily from their oppressor towards the Russian lines. The report of these men, apprised the Baron of the real intentions of Napoleon. They informed him that the greater part of the French army had broken up its camp at Moscow, and under its ambitious leader had taken its course towards the rich provinces of the empire, where the Russian grand army then stood.

This intelligence explained the nature of the demonstrations Vinzingorode had collected his troops to oppose. The advanced movements in his direction, were only to conceal that of their main body to the contrary point.

The Cossacs in the neighbourhood of Dimitroff, gave information at head-quarters that the French General Dalzel, after ravaging the city, and maltreating the inhabitants with every species of cruelty, had abandoned the place, and, followed by two hundred carts laden with plunder, was retiring towards Moscow.

Vinzingorode no sooner received this intelligence than he put himself at the head of three regiments of cavalry, which were composed of Hussars, Kalmucs, and Cossacs, and reached the despoiled city on the evening of the 13th, just as the last ranks of the enemy's rear-guard were quitting it. Without losing a moment he caused them to be pursued and attacked. His commands were obeyed with vigour; and the success that attended the Russian arms drove the foe before them for several wersts, until darkness, and the shelter of the woods, stopped the operations of cavalry. Many prisoners were made; and one hundred carts retaken, filled with the effects of the plundered citizens. They were sent back to Dimitroff, and restored next day to the inhabitants. Meanwhile, the Russian troops followed the retrograde career of the French division, which did not halt till it re-entered Moscow.

The booty which these brigands had taken, with the exception of a very few carts, all fell into the hands of the Cossacs.

A strong party, which had been detached from General Dalzel's division, held a good station at Vinagraduoya, about seventeen wersts from Moscow; and the body of French which had been dispatched to Tscherni-grease, also maintained its position in that place.

Baron Vinzingorode, while he planted his little army before these posts of the enemy, informed himself so thoroughly of the force left in Moscow, that he soon understood how weakly it was appointed, and that the forces in advance before him, and who reached to the Mojaisk road, were a part of the fourth division under the command of General Mortier.

On the 19th of October, the enemy were observed to have fallen back nearer to Moscow. Upon this report, Vinzingorode gave orders to Major-General Iloviaskoy, to move forward on the great road, and, with his light cavalry reconnoitre, and discover at what distances they had taken up their new stations. Whilst Iloviaskoy advanced, the Baron meant to follow with the remainder of his division, to be in readiness to support the Major-General should circumstances make it necessary.

A few troops of the light cavalry pushed on werst after werst, without meeting any obstacle, to the very barrier of Moscow, which terminates the St. Petersburgh road. They passed it, and saw only a few straggling soldiers in the suburbs. Encouraged by this appearance of an almost complete evacuation of the place, they proceeded a little farther, but only a little, for a formidable column of French infantry presented itself. The fierceness of its charge soon made the Russian squadrons seek a hasty retreat. They had hardly regained the outside of the town, when a body of about fifteen hundred of the enemy's cavalry issued from the gate. The Russian detachment must now have been lost, had not General Iloviaskoy happily arrived at the moment, with his whole force. Though powerful in resolution, it was inferior in numerical strength to the French; however, its brave General did not stand on nice calculations; and, determined that his adversaries should not long drive his gallant little advanced party before them, he attacked their foremost ranks with a vigour that made them stand. Many noble charges were made, and though sustained with considerable valour by the French, their glorious effect was to clear the ground of the enemy, who fled in disorder, taking refuge in the city, and leaving fifty men dead on the field, with sixty-two, besides three officers, prisoners in the hands of the victors.

This fortunate affair enabled Baron Vinzingorode to draw the circle of his positions closer to the town, and to establish his out-posts within two wersts of it.

On the other side of Moscow, an equal success attended the Cossacs, who, on the road leading to Dimitroff, had encountered several bodies of the enemy, killed many, made others prisoners, and drove the remainder to seek their shelter also in the desolated city. Having done this service, they established their out-posts at a short distance from the quarter, within whose gates their enemies had fled.

The vicinity of Zwinigorod was freed from its marauders, by the incessant watchfulness and resolution of the detachment planted as its protection. Lieutenant-Colonel Tchernisouloff, who was its commander, carried his gallantry so far as to push on to the high road between Ghatz and Wiazma. The opposition he met in this enterprise was obstinate and sanguinary, but his determined spirit overcame every obstacle, and after a hard contest, he took a whole detachment (including its officers) prisoners. When he sent the account of his success to head quarters, he reported that the road, on which he was pursuing his advantage was covered with countless waggons; some, he said, he was informed, were filled with ammunition, bt the most were vehicles for the sick and the wounded. The latter, he added, must soon be relieved of their load, for the number who hourly die, and are thrown out in heaps on the road, line the way with horrible vestiges of perishing mortality.

Between the 2d of October, and the 16th of the same month, the Russian division that protected the direction of St. Petersburgh, forwarded to the government depot at Twer, nearly a thousand prisoners, officers and men; and, in taking these proofs of their successes, they did not lose more than twenty Cossacs, forty soldiers of the line, and two officers.

Baron Vinzingorode, having thus nearly encircled the capital with the forces under his command, and finding that the enemy, as well as the victorious Russians, was daily drawing from its garrison, resolved to make one essay, at least, to restore the city of the Tzars to its ancient empire. To be an instrument in such an act was indeed an animating thought to every soldier that composed his little army; and all were eager to follow their intrepid General to an achievement, so worthy of immortal fame.

On the 22d of October, the determined Vinzingorode gave orders for the troops under Major-General Iloviaskoy to advance; and those under Benkendorf, were to follow with the rest of the division. The Baron, whose heroic soul was all in arms, at this moment so critical to his sovereign and to his own reputation, placed himself, with his aide-de-camp the brave Captain Narishkin, at the head of five hundred Cossacs. They rushed to the attack; they passed the barriers of the city; and, seconded by the troops of Iloviaskoy, they speedily overthrew the infantry and scattered squadrons of the enemy, and constrained them, after suffering a considerable loss, to seek protection under the guns of the citadel.

In order to make it known to the chief of the French garrison that any longer resistance on his part would only be the sacrifice of every soul under his command, the white signal of amity was taken in the hand of the victorious Vinzingorode, who, with his aide-de-camp Narishkin (a hero, like himself, as full of clemency as of courage,) galloped forward, waving the pledge of honour and of mercy.

But they had not men to deal with who had been educated in the school of heroes, in which the Montmorency and the Condé had been professors. The foe to whom the generous sons of Russia now offered the affiance of reciprocal honour, had learnt their creed of military policy from warriors of a different stamp; from a leader, and his myrmidons, who set at nought the vows of man to man, the laws of religion, the bonds of national esteem, and even the common respect of honesty to honesty in the simplest transactions of life. From a banditti of this sort, the gallant Vinzingorode could meet with no reception answerable to the magnanimous spirit, which brought him from the acclaim of victory, to offer, in the midst of their bleeding ranks, the palm of mercy to his perishing enemies. The emblem of peace which he held in his hand, was not regarded. They saw their conqueror in their power, and the ungrateful wretches whom his clemency alone had preserved, rushed in between him and his advancing dragoons, and carried both him and his brave aide-de-camp prisoners into the Kremlin.

This event happened before Buonaparté thought fit to dispatch orders for the final demolition of that fortress: and the baseness of this breach of truce was so conspicuous, that every one believed the measure of French iniquity in Moscow quite filled up; until the moment arrived when the horrid mandate was given for destroying a structure which had stood the storms of ages; and then every brave heart in the empire was wrung, as if it had listened to the death-warrant of a revered parent.

The mines were completed: the walls, the towers, the arsenal, the palace, and the great church, now stood upon a heap of combustibles; a few sparks were only necessary to level to the ground this place, which the fathers of the empire had raised; and, even the most barbarous adversaries had spared, in reverence to the patriarchal ages of Russian heroism!

The morning of the 23d of October, at an early hour, was destined to witness the destruction of the

Kremlin, and of all the buildings attached to its bulwarks. Almost the whole of its French garrison retired during the night preceding the moment intended for springing the train, only leaving a small detachment of desperate spirits, who, instigated by a great reward, had pledged themselves not to rejoin the army until they had reduced the Kremlin to a heap of ashes.

At two o'clock in the morning, the first explosion took place. The Russian General, who had meditated an attack, seized on this signal of destruction, as that for rushing on its perpetrators; and, before another mine could be sprung, the dauntless Iloviaskoy with his brave followers forced the gates, and assaulting the wretches with the very fire-brands in their hands, took them all prisoners.

Thus were the intentions of Napoleon frustrated; the glory of Moscow, which he thought to have extinguished in the ruin of the Kremlin, was preserved; and the ancient capital of the Empire, restored to its lawful Sovereign! Proud was the moment to Iloviaskoy, when he planted the eagles of his country again in the citadel of Moscow. On examining the damage done to the Kremlin, from the effects of the mine, he found it comparatively trifling, with the mischief intended. Only a small part of the wall, and one of the towers had been thrown down. The citadel, the palace, the arsenal, and other public buildings were entire; and will henceforth stand, a monument to future ages, not only of the magnificence of Russian Sovereigns, but of the impotent rage, and arrogant falsehood of the ambitious tyrant of the French. He boasted that all had been completely destroyed; his words are, "the Kremlin exists no more!" Had his plan for its destruction been executed in its full extent, hundreds of his own sick and wounded followers must have perished in the various explosions; for the churches, and other large buildings of this immense fortress, were filled with them. With these miserable wrecks of human nature, the Russian soldiers found in the Kremlin, forty-two pieces of cannon, two hundred and thirty-seven ammunition waggon-loads of cartridges, fifty-four waggons with pontoons, nine with implements of war of all kinds, eleven with flying forges, and thirty-five *intended for provisions*. That these last had been long empty, and had no means of being replenished was evident in the famished aspects of the wretched invalids. Their state of suffering from their wounds, their diseases, and their want, was beyond imagination, horrible. Dreadful as was the alternative, had Buonaparté persisted in exposing his followers, to the miseries of craving nature, at Moscow, the explosion of the Kremlin would have been a blessing to all who perished in its fires.

As soon as it was known in the surrounding country that Moscow was again in the power of the Russians, thousands of its fugitives crowded in from all quarters. But how distressing was the scene! In vain did they look for their homes: scarcely a house was left standing—The streets were heaps of rubbish; and, only, after great labour to clear a passage to their entrances, could the poor creatures find a shelter in the cellars. Into these dismal vaults did the fainting and eager multitude throw themselves in crowds, to find protection from the inclemency of the approaching season. Six or seven wretched families would press together into one narrow chamber, without light and without heat, too happy to conceal their nakedness from the day, and to still the pangs of hunger with some of the food the charity of their brave countrymen had prepared for them. Buonaparté, the cause of all their miseries, had but too truly represented their wretched state. They had been wandering many dreadful weeks, in the adjacent woods; famine and suffering of every kind their constant companions.

How many frantic mothers, there cast their children, gasping for life and nourishment, beneath the trees, and turned away their heads that they might not see them die! And now, when they returned to the ashes of their former dwellings, sad indeed was the lamentation which was raised. Some wept for their perished infants; some for the husbands of their hearts; some for the several dear connexions of father, son, and brother; and others mourned their hearths, which no longer existed to bear even the remembrance of happiness departed for ever.

General Iloviaskoy, as humane as brave, having rescued the remains of Moscow, turned his whole attention towards ameliorating the condition of the inhabitants. Until the proper steps could be taken for the re-establishment in the city of the ancient military and civil institutions, he made every personal exertion to erase apprehension from the minds of the people, and to restore them to composure and to comfort.

He relieved the natural horror which they all felt at the presence of a Frenchman, even if he were a captive, by sending the prisoners, who were able to move, (which amounted to no more than six hundred, many having died from the weakness consequent to their antecedent wants) to Twer. The sick and wounded, who still existed in the Foundling hospital, and other infirmaries of the Kremlin, the merciful Iloviaskoy treated no longer as enemies, but directed that their quarters should be made comfortable, and put over them two of their own surgeons who had been taken prisoners.

Ye who have the blindness still to call the Russian, a barbarian nation; ye who speak with what the Scotch would call a *glamoured* vision of Napoleon's warfare; compare these characteristics of the two people, and say, which is civilized, which is human! If nature may utter the truth, the spell is broken, and the tyrant will no longer be mistaken for a demi-god.

When the ravages of the fires, lit by the emissaries of Buonaparté, were stopped by the vigorous efforts of the Russian soldiery; the half-famished natives who poured in from the woods; and the perishing inhabitants, who crept from their vaulted sanctuaries in the city, offered themselves to assist in clearing the squares and streets from the numerous bodies, both of horse and man, which lay in every direction, block-ing up the passage, and polluting the air. Even the sacred pavements of the churches, were strewed with pestilential carcases. There, the patriot had died to preserve his altars from profanation; and there the sacrilegious violator had expired under all the tortures of disease and famine. But the exposed remains of human mortality was not sufficient indignity in the eyes of him who had worshipped the Goddess of French Republicanism; and who had bowed to Mahomet in the Pyramids of Egypt:—He introduced beasts of burthen into the churches of Moscow, to defile their altars; he poured out the blood of every living creature, on the pavement, who dared to contend with his will, or to say—"Respect the house consecrated to the Creator; spare the martyr who would die in its defence!"

All were active, to the extremest exertion of their strength, to remove objects so agonizing to their hearts, so dangerous to their existence; for the air had already become heavily infected with putridity. As you looked from the doors of the churches, along the streets, and over the squares, this sea of desolation presented to the eye in one view, the united ravages of a plague, with the bleeding horrors of a merciless war.

In the course of a few days, the surface of the main streets was cleared, by throwing the dead bodies into the river Moskva, but the narrow lanes were yet blocked up with strongly wedged heaps of slain; the murdered which lay in the wells, many of the cellars, and under all the ruins, were incalculable, and from the stench, could not be removed. The dread of a pestilence now spread itself over the city; indeed nothing could have averted its ravages but the rigour of the season, which soon put the atmosphere in chains.

On the 28th of October, Major-General Ivashkin, the chief master of police, returned to the city, and resumed his functions. The Military Governor, the magnanimous Count Rastapchin was soon expected. All hearts opened to welcome a patriot whose name must ever be remembered with veneration and gratitude. Buonaparté, (whose personal enmity to an enemy, is ever a proof of that enemy's fealty to his own country,) when he writes of Count Rastapchin, cannot forbear endorsing the diploma of his merits, with a thousand epithets of abuse.

The patriotic reader need only read a transcript of the letter which this judicious and disinterested nobleman affixed to a gate opposite to his palace, in the country, (to which noble building he set fire with his own hands;) to understand how well Rastapchin deserved the hatred of the enemies of Russia.

"For eight years, I found my pleasure in embellishing this country retreat. I lived here in perfect happiness, within the bosom of my family; and those around me, largely partook of my felicity. But you approach! and the peasantry of this domain, to the number of one thousand seven hundred and twenty human beings, fly far away; and I put the fire to my house! We abandon all, we consume all, that neither ourselves nor our habitations may be polluted with your presence.

"Frenchmen, I left to your avidity, two of my houses in Moscow, full of furniture and valuables to the amount of half a million of roubles. Here, you will find nothing but ashes.

(Signed) "FEDOR., *Count Rastapchin.*"

The moment the news was brought to Field-Marshal Koutousoff, that Moscow was again in the hands of his troops, he spread the happy intelligence throughout the army and the empire in the following animated address:—

ORDER ISSUED TO THE ARMIES,

OCTOBER 19th, O. S. 31st N. S.

The following Declaration is given for the Instruction of all the Troops under my Command.

"At the moment in which the enemy entered Moscow, he beheld the destruction of those preposterous hopes by which he had been flattered: he expected to find there Plenty and Peace; and on the contrary he saw himself devoid of every necessary of life; harassed by the length of continued marches; exhausted for want of provisions; wearied and tormented by our parties intercepting his slender succours; losing without the honour of battle, thousands of his troops, cut off by our provincial detachments; and no prospect before him but the vengeance of an armed nation, threatening annihilation to the whole of his army. In every Russian he beheld a hero, equally disdainful and abhorrent of his deceitful promises: in every state of the empire he met an additional and insurmountable rampart opposed to his strongest efforts. After sustaining incalculable losses by the attacks of our brave troops, he recognised at last, the phrensy of his expectations, that the foundations of the empire would be shaken by his occupation of Moscow. Nothing remained for him, but a precipitate flight: the resolution was no sooner taken, than it was executed; and he fled, abandoning nearly the whole of his sick, to the mercy of an outraged people, and leaving Moscow on the 11th of this month, completely evacuated.

"The horrible excesses which he committed, while in that city, are already well known, and have left an inexhaustible sentiment of vengeance in the depths of every Russian heart; but I have to add, that his impotent rage exercised itself, in blowing up part of the Kremlin, where, by a signal interposition of Divine Providence, the sacred Temples and Cathedral have been saved.

"Let us then hasten to pursue this impious enemy, while other Russian armies once more occupying Lithuania, act in concert with us for his destruction! Already do we behold him in full flight, abandoning his baggage, burning his war-carriages, and reluctantly separating himself from those treasures, which his profane hands had torn from the very altars of God. Already desertion and famine spread confusion before Napoleon; and behind him, arise the murmurs of his troops, like the roar of threatening waves. While these appalling sounds attend the retreat of the French, in the ears of the Russians resounds the voice of their magnanimous monarch. Listen soldiers! while he thus addresses you! 'Extinguish the flames of Moscow, in the blood of our invaders!' Russians! let us obey this solemn command! our injured country, appeased by this just vengeance, will then retire satisfied from the field of war, and behind the line of her extensive frontiers, will take her august station, between Peace and Glory!

"Russian warriors! God is our Leader!

(Signed)

"*Marechal Prince Golenistsheff Koutousoff.*

"General in Chief of all the Armies."

The army of General Essen had remained, since the affair of the 23d of August, without being engaged in any enterprize of considerable moment. Its position was nearly the same as that which it took up immediately after the contest of that day; and the attitude was so menacing, that a month elapsed, and still the enemy evinced no signs of venturing again to disturb its heroic vigilance.

The communication was uninterrupted between the armies of Essen and of Vigtenstein; and, had it not been for some slight firings from the French advanced posts, no symptoms would have appeared of any wish to interrupt it.

Essen was informed that considerable bodies of the division opposed to him, had fallen back from Mittau, and left that city with a very inadequate guard. He lost no time in making preparations to possess himself of a place which, he knew, had long been the intermediate depot of the enemy for its provisions, and other necessaries required in that quarter.

With this view he ordered a strong force to advance to Mittau. At the moment they set out, he placed himself at their head. As they proceeded, he descried some Prussian troops on the road leading to Baousk; but they retired with precipitation on perceiving the Russians, and left the country quite open to their operations. Essen pushed on his cavalry, and, following soon after, entered the city without opposition on the 29th of September. He took fifty effective soldiers prisoners, and found about one hundred and fifty wounded in the hospital. Four pieces of brass ordnance fell into his hands, and also a vast quantity of provisions, with the whole mass of pelisses which had been collected from the requisition for furs, levied on the province of Courland. These last articles were of the utmost consequence to the well-being of the army that possessed them in the cold season. That was now fast approaching, and the want of furs during a winter's campaign in this northern climate, was a calamity almost as great as the want of food.

General D'York, who commanded in chief in this quarter, did not allow the Russians to remain long in unmolested possession of this city; and, whilst he ordered General Grawart to move upon Riga through Eckau, D'York himself advanced towards Mittau, to drive Essen from his newly-acquired post.

The Russian General informed himself of his adversary's strength; and finding that it lay principally in cavalry, (a force particularly adapted to the nature of the ground on which they were,) and aware that his own little army was much inferior in this point; thought it most prudent not to risk the lives of his soldiers in so manifest a disadvantage, but to withdraw in good order from the city. Before he made this movement, he took possession of all its military stores, and then retired from the place in the direction of Riga. By this march, he meant to unite his division with that of Lieutenant General Count Steingel, who was acting in front of the enemy, and who had left Riga a few days before, the better to cover it from the French, who threatened to approach it from the vicinity of Petergoff, a town near which they hovered in great numbers. This station afforded them many advantages, as it was situated near to the roads that led to Dalenkirk and Eckau.

Difficulties only stimulated the military talents of the gallant Steingel, and he distributed with admirable judgment, the several corps of his detachment along the most commanding points that lay between the enemy and his nearer approximation to Riga. To this end, he placed his advanced guard, under the immediate orders of Major-General Veliaminoff, some wersts in front of a small village called Garossen, and which covered the road to Eckau. His left was near that town, and extended along the high road on the opposite side of a neighbouring rivulet.

On the morning of the 31st of September, the whole of his advanced posts, consisting of Cossacs and hussars, were attacked. They defended themselves in a style of such intrepidity that the enemy was checked at this point with considerable loss. The movement the French now made, induced General Veliaminoff to suspect that their next assault would be upon his left flank, the command of which he had entrusted to Colonel Count Galatee. His impression proved just; for, in the course of a few minutes the enemy, in great strength, crossed the rivulet, and charged upon his left column. To repel this, the Russian artillery and tirailleurs opened a heavy fire, which told so well upon the advancing troops, that they retired with precipitation; but a reinforcement with some pieces of ordnance coming to their support, after two attempts, their infantry penetrated to the high road near the village of Greden. Veliaminoff observed the advantage the French had gained, and, determined to dislodge them, dispatched a battalion of infantry, with Cossacs and artillery, to attack them in this quarter. The contest was obstinate; but at last the brave Russians had the satisfaction of compelling their enemy to re-cross the rivulet, with a severe loss, and the dismounting of two of his guns. However he passed again, higher up the stream, sending forward a considerable force of infantry and artillery, with the intention of more effectually turning the Russian left flank. Here again the battle re-commenced; and, during four repeated efforts on the side of the French, was maintained with tremendous fury until night closed the scene; and then the enemy, discomfited in all his ranks, thought it prudent to retire under the cover of the darkness.

The Russian advanced guard was left victorious, and masters of the same ground they had occupied at the beginning of the affair.

The loss on either side did not appear at all proportionate to the violence with which the combat had been fought. Four or five hundred, including killed and wounded, were all that suffered on that day.

Although this affair was spoken of by the French as a slight thing, being only that of an advanced guard; yet it was sufficient to show them the determined intrepidity of their foe; and, Macdonald made such reflections on the event as to induce him to move farther from his first position, and draw nearer to the Prussians. He was the more inclined to this measure, as his allies seemed likely to be in a condition to need his support; for news reached him on his march that a formidable reinforcement to the Russians had disembarked at Riga from Finland, under the command of Colonel Ridinger.

This step on the part of the French General considerably facilitated the operations of Count Vigtenstein, by liberating that part of his force which he had left to watch the enemy's motions near Dinabourg and towards Jacobstadt.

Several slight affairs continued to take place along the left bank of the Dwina; and the activity and spirit of General Steingel never failed to keep Macdonald on the alert. The Prussians were, on every occasion, backward in seconding the views of their ally; and so it was not to be wondered at, when they remained dormant to the menacing demonstrations of the Russian Commander.

Early in October, the General Aide-de-camp, Marquis of Paulutchi, was appointed to the command at Riga. The changes he made in the positions formed under the direction of General Essen, were very few; and the most prominent was placing a corps, under General Lewis, on the right bank of the Dwina at Kirkgolm, opposite to General Veliaminoff's left flank, which was then stationed near Dalenkirke. This movement was to prevent Riga being menaced on that side; and also to frustrate any attempts of the enemy to make excursions into Livonia.

From the troops of Steingel being permitted by the enemy to push forward with so little opposition on his right, it was evident he meant to abandon these parts of the shores of the Dwina: indeed he maintained them with such carelessness, that the town of Frederickstadt, almost without a blow, fell into the hands of the Russians on the 3d of October.

This retrograde motion of the French General, freed the troops of General Lewis from the necessity of keeping watch on their side of the Dwina; and, accordingly, they lost no time in recrossing the river, and forming a junction with Veliaminoff. Though the Russian Generals took every advantage that offered itself, from these extraordinary movements of the French Generals, yet they could not form any satisfactory guess of the reasons on which they were founded. The Commander-in-chief at Riga thought it possible they meant to concentrate the 10th division of the French army, and then fall with its whole weight upon that city. The abandonment of the shore of the Dwina, by the enemy, so high up as Frederickstadt, was soon followed by a similar desertion all along its banks, even to Dinabourg; and the troops, as they withdrew, were observed to take the road to Essoros.

Meanwhile, the detachment in advance from Riga, under Steingel, steadily pursued its march; and on the 10th of October found itself opposite to a part of Count Vigtenstein's army near Drissa. This fortunate junction decided the Count on immediately attempting an enterprise he had in meditation; and, with this in view, he moved in direct communication with the Riga troops, informing their chief of his plan to attack Polotzk, drive the enemy from that city, and then, by compelling him to quit his strong position in the neighbourhood, force him to retreat on the Vitepsk road, where he would become completely exposed to the assaults of both corps, and be cut off from any hope of forming an union with Macdonald.

To this end, Vigtenstein directed General Steingel to second the main body on the right bank of the river, by driving the enemy from his posts at Bononia and Rondna; and, if possible, to possess himself of Eknmania, and then proceed to the vicinity of Polotzk. The carrying of these points would prevent Guovion St. Cyr from crossing the Dwina at that city, and the consequent success must crown the most sanguine wishes of the Russian coadjutors.

The two Generals being thus in possession of their mutual intentions, Count Vigtenstein prepared to move.

On the 18th of October, (the morning of his first day's fighting for his present object), his army was posted in the following manner. His right wing extended from the road leading to Drissa, in front of the village of Poplovo, on to the way of Tebeche, near Belse. These detachments were under the orders of Prince Yashville, and communicated with others under General Sassnoff, in the neighbourhood of a small lake at Hotouychi. The Count himself headed the left and strongest division of his army; and it was stationed on the road leading to Nevel, at the village of Ourovichi.

At six o'clock the whole line began to move to the attack.

St. Cyr had placed the greater part of his forces in advance of their fortified position, and extended his parties considerably in front, upon the roads occupied by the Russians. His redoubts and entrenchments had long been receiving every addition from military art, and the city itself was encircled by a double trench and strong palisado. With these protections, in case of a defeat, the French General thought himself perfectly secure. The enterprise undertaken by his opponents was very daring, but the talents and perseverance of Vigtenstein and his Generals, promised a brilliant result. St. Cyr was aware of the characters with which he had to contend; he knew that in proportion as the difficulties of a Russian increase, so do his courage and magnanimity.

Before seven o'clock all the advanced guards of the enemy, from his right flank to his left, were hotly engaged. They were continually reinforced by bodies of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which covered the bank of the Dwina; but the impetuosity of the Russians could not be resisted, and every renewal of the attack compelled the French to lose ground and numbers. Their right was heavily pressed by Count Vigtenstein. He bore down upon it with a concentrated force, and individual acts of valour that seemed more like a scene of chivalry than a common battle. He had been joined by a little army from St. Petersburgh, and these fresh soldiers, full of indignation at the enemy, and panting for glory, charged upon them with an enthusiasm of valour that performed deeds which commanded the admiration of the oldest veteran on the field.

St. Cyr, seeing his troops rapidly fall back, and that, if his present position were forced from him, they must be entirely lost, called up a formidable support of Bavarians, Saxons, and Poles. These sturdy soldiers caused the ground to be again contested, and by the vigour of their exertions checked the Russian career.

For several hours both armies struggled for the advantage. They poured death into each other's ranks, and hundreds on each side heaped the extended plain so bloodily disputed.

The French at length gave way. Their first retrograde symptom was observed on the instant by the vigilant eye of Vigtenstein. He pushed forward a regiment of hussars, and a detachment of light artillery, towards the retiring point; and, by the fierceness of their charge, precipitated their retreat. The confusion spread to the centre, where the work of death was not less vehemently pursued. The left too, partook of the dismay, and with one accord the whole line turned about, and the flight was general.

Count Vigtenstein pursued, till the breathless enemy found a shelter behind his entrenchments; and, the gloom of night falling upon the bloody chase, the victors listened disdainfully to the guns which the defeated opened from their batteries upon their pursuers, and impatiently watched the dawn of that sun which was to light them on the morrow to the total destruction of their enemies.

Meanwhile General Steingel had pushed on to the town of Drouya, where he fell in with a party of Macdonald's corps. They attempted to stop his advance, and, though the stand was obstinately maintained, he gave them a total overthrow; and, driving them across the river Dissna, cleared the road through the city of that name. This last advantage he was the more eager to acquire, because it would enable him (should it be required) to assist the operations of his brave coadjutor. The loud and lengthened cannonade he heard, convinced him that Vigtenstein had been long engaged; and he lost no time in executing his part of their great military enterprise.

He sent immediate dispatches of his success to the Count, and having received the answers he desired, at five o'clock in the afternoon the attacks were to be opened on both shores. It is scarcely possible to paint the burning impatience which glowed in every breast along the Russian line. The moment of a final victory over this division of their enemy was come, and each individual felt himself ennobled in the privilege of becoming the champion of his country, in dying for her rights, or conquering for her glory.

The French contemplated the formidable array of their adversaries, and opened on them the whole range of their batteries with a tremendous cannonade. The dauntless Russians grasped their bayonets, and breasted this shower of balls, regardless of destruction. The parapets were forced, the redoubts carried, and heaps of brave men fell on both sides, choking up the very gorges of the works with their accumulating bodies.

The resistance made by the enemy was worthy of a better cause, but the determination of patriotism prevailed, and the emissaries of tyranny were driven in at all points, seeking a short protection from the palisadoes, and then the city. Their retreating steps were fast pressed by their victors, and as the latter advanced, the windows of the houses were filled with French soldiers, who poured a heavy fire of bullets upon the heads of the intrepid Russians. This salute was answered by one of more than equal power, with musketry, grape and ball.

Vigtenstein gave orders for a general assault. His troops, who had panted for that command, rushed on like a torrent. Nothing withstood their ardour. The palisadoes yielded to the crowds which pressed over them; and, at a hundred points the city became the scene of terror and of death. Sufficient praise cannot be bestowed on the exertions of the generals and officers who headed these overwhelming bands, and led their spirit to so decisive a purpose.

Amidst the crash and ruin which resounded in every quarter, General St. Cyr being severely wounded, and seeing that every thing was going against him, adopted the only means of saving the remainder of his army. His resolution was soon spread throughout his discomfited ranks, and, collecting the remnant of his artillery, they extricated themselves with great effort from the confusion in the city, and with their General precipitately began to cross the Dwina.

Meanwhile, General Steingel had not been less fortunate. He succeeded in beating the enemy's parties at Bononia, and drove them to within four wersts of Polotzk, on the left bank of the Dwina. This advantage threatened to block up the retreat of St. Cyr in that direction.

Such demonstrations urged the French General to lose no time in accomplishing his purpose. By a prompt exertion he had passed over the day before, his wounded and guns. Being thus lightened of the heaviest objects of interest, with greater ease he moved forward his people, and by three o'clock in the morning of the 20th, they had made their escape from the city, breaking down the bridges as they crossed, and taking every other method of throwing obstacles in the way of their pursuers. He took the road towards Vileyka, hoping somewhere in that neighbourhood to fall in with General Victor, who had been sometime on his march to join the grand army.

The loss of the enemy, during these two days, was great in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Amongst the latter were forty-five officers of different ranks, and two thousand soldiers. The wounded of the 18th of the month, having been immediately transported across the Dwina, their numbers cannot be accurately stated; but the killed and wounded of the 19th must have amounted to three thousand. Amongst the latter was St. Cyr himself.

The trophies of the Russians in this affair, were many cannon, and several large magazines of corn and provisions, which the enemy had not time to destroy.

The loss experienced by Vigtenstein, in the fall of his brave companions, was not inconsiderable. Amongst the officers wounded were Major-General Balk, the Princes Sibirsky and Gamen, and Colonel Rott; likewise the Chamberlain Mordwinoff, chief of the division of the St. Petersburgh armament, had his leg shot away while gallantly leading forward his patriot followers. About fourteen hundred of these brave defenders of their country received indelible marks in their persons, of the glorious deeds of these two memorable days. Well do breasts deserve stars of honour from their sovereigns, which are already stamped with the insignia of heroism by the scars of many a hard-fought field.

The list of wounded was particularly numerous in this victory, for the General-in-chief found it impossible to check the ardour of the new troops. The moment the word was given to advance, they rushed forward, and threw themselves by whole columns into the entrenchments and batteries of the enemy. Such zeal gained in position what it lost in numbers; but it added to the honourable catalogue of those who bled, the Generals Vlastoff, Sassnoff, and Dibsitch; Colonel Redigir, and the brave Senator Bibikoff.

General Steingel, seconded by Major-General Fock, added nobly to the renown of these two decisive days. He took six hundred prisoners, amongst whom were thirty-seven officers. And the cavalry of his division, headed by Colonel Bedriaga, were then in pursuit of the flying enemy.

The sentiments of the planner of this success, may be found below in a letter from Count Vigtenstein to Lieutenant-General Count Steingel.

"I have the honour to congratulate your Excellency on the taking of Polotzk, for which achievement I feel greatly indebted to the co-operation of the corps under your command.

"I hope to see you to-morrow in this city to consult with you on our future plans.

"I beg your Excellency will order Lieutenant-Colonel Bedriaga to follow up the enemy as rapidly as possible, as my cavalry cannot, in consequence of the ruined state of the bridges which cross the Dwina.

"I am this instant occupied in filling the ramparts of the monastry with cannon, to open upon the remnant of the enemy I can yet descry on the opposite shore.

(Signed) "COUNT VIGTENSTEIN,
"*General of Cavalry.*"

"Polotzk, Oct. 8th, 1812, O. S.
Oct. 20th, 1812, N. S."

The success of Lieutenant-Colonel Bedriaga was answerable to the hopes of the two commanders, and a complete clearing of this part of the country of the enemy, was the result. By this important series of events the city of St. Petersburgh was rid of the alarm which had possessed some of its citizens, that Macdonald would appear before her gates. The total overthrow of that General, rendered the Imperial residence perfectly secure; and indeed it is not to be doubted but that the military skill of the Commander-in-chief on the Dwina, and gallantry of his army, were the salvation of that capital. But still, had it so happened that St. Petersburgh had followed the fate of Moscow, no arms could have subdued his spirit who held this principle; " Walls are not my empire. If the enemy seize on Moscow, I have St. Petersburgh; if St. Petersburgh become their prey, I have Archangel; if Archangel be lost, I have my fleets and the hearts of my people, and Russia is still my empire."

As another instance of the system of falsehood with which Napoleon and his Generals universally deceive the French nation, and make it dream of conquests, when the blood of its sons has in fact been wasted, I will finish this account of the noble day of Polotzk, by adding the French report of the affair.

" General Vigtenstein having been reinforced by the divisions of Russians from Finland, and a great part of the militia corps, attacked Marshal St. Cyr on the 18th of October. Vigtenstein was repulsed by the Marshal and General Wrede, who took upwards of three thousand prisoners, and covered the field of battle with their dead. On the 20th, Marshal Govion St. Cyr, having learnt that the Marshal Duke of Belluno (Victor) was on his march to reinforce him, *repassed* the Dwina to meet him. After having effected the junction, he means to attack Vigtenstein, and to oblige him to repass the Dwina.

" Marshal Govion St. Cyr bestows the highest praises on his troops. The division of Swiss has distinguished itself by its coolness and bravery. Colonel Guenea of the 26th regiment of infantry, has been wounded slightly. The Marshal St. Cyr also has received a ball in his foot. The Marshal Duke of Reggio (Oudinot) is arrived at the army to replace him, and to re-establish the command of the second corps."

Victory having now declared itself on all points for the valiant Russians, the whole attention of the Commander-in-chief was turned to rendering it complete; not by driving the enemy out of the empire, but by holding him in it till he should expire, like Antæus, in the arms of his conqueror.

The perilous state to which Napoleon would be exposed, after having been compelled by his necessities to abandon Moscow, the extremities to which he must be reduced to subsist his troops, and to provide for them a place of refuge, were all before the comprehensive eye of Marshal Koutousoff. He saw with particular satisfaction the movements of the enemy, and the direction in which they were marching. He was directly in their front; and, on the moment of their evacuation of the city, he dispatched orders to the different branches of the Russian army, wherever they might be stationed, to move inward, and draw rapidly around the invader. By this manœuvre he would meet an opposition at every point whence he had thought it possible to make a retreat; and his troops, finding themselves encompassed by walls of circumvallation more impregnable than stone and iron bulwarks—the stedfast phalanx of the Russian empire in arms!—must either surrender in despair, or perish within the circle.

Couriers were dispatched to Vigtenstein, who, having freed himself from his antagonist, was commanded to move forward, and in a direction to meet the armies of the Danube and of Tormazoff, which had united on the 17th of September in the neighbourhood of Loutzk. Orders were sent to their commanders also, to push forward towards Minsk, to check the French who moved in that quarter.

General Tormozoff, after defeating the enemy in August, (as has been stated), retired upon Kobrine, where he remained for some time, annoying the Saxon and Austrian divisions by continually intercepting the convoys of every description, which came from the Duchy of Warsaw by the way of Brestlitofsky.

Having performed these services, and being apprised of the advance of the army of the Danube under the command of Admiral Tchitchagoff, he took immediate steps to form a junction with that army, and to draw closer his chain of communication with the division that was organizing at Mazir under the direction of Lieutenant-General Hertel.

To effect these objects he fell back to the bank of the river Styr, near the city of Loutzk.

The enemy, not aware of the purpose of these movements, revived in hope, and lost no time in over-running the small part of Volhynia just left; and General Dombrofsky with his Polish division (which had occupied Mohiloff on the departure of Prince Poniatofsky), showed himself in every quarter. With an admirable activity he dispatched his parties in every direction, and by these links (for a short time at least) kept up an uninterrupted communication with the corps of Renier and Prince Swartzenburg. His detachments were at Gloutzk, Pinzk, and the other towns and villages situated between him and the divisions of the French and Austrian Generals, whose line stretched to the shores of the Boug, near Olesk and Kovel.

During the time that Tormozoff awaited on the banks of the Styr the coming up of the army from Moldavia, his advanced posts and reconnoitring parties had several smart skirmishes with those of the enemy. They kept each other on the continual alert, and renewed the contest day by day, at every opportunity of meeting, although the one side fought with the disadvantage of the fortune of the hour almost constantly fixing itself upon the Russian sword. The Cossacs daily passed the river *à la nage*, and brought in numbers of prisoners.

On the 20th of September a rencontre took place between some cavalry of both armies, which, from its effects, may be considered as an affair of more than usual consequence.

Count de Lambert (who commanded in the Russian army, and was stationed on its left at Tourgovitch,) hearing that a strong body of the enemy's dragoons was to march through a village at some little distance on the opposite bank of the Styr, ordered several squadrons of Cossacs, under the command of Colonel Prince Bragation, and Count Buchovden, two officers of the Imperial hussars, to cross the river and advance to the place through which the French cavalry were to pass.

The Cossacs and their gallant leaders were soon over the Styr, and, reaching the village undiscovered, fell suddenly upon the enemy; who, not thinking to find their adversary so near, were taken by surprise, and began the contest in some confusion. It lasted only an hour, for the first consternation of the French troops never subsided; they fought in disorder, and soon fled with precipitation, leaving many of their comrades dead on the field. One hundred and forty soldiers, with eleven officers, were taken prisoners, and three standards fell into the hands of the victors.

The young soldiers who formed the division under General Hertel, and who were stationed far to the right of Tormozoff, were not less actively employed. They were eager to try their yet unpracticed arms; and their judicious commander did not curb their enthusiasm, but led them to every occasion of proving their courage. On the beginning of August he learnt that Dombrofsky, who for some time had occupied Mohiloff, was preparing to quit that place. He had two objects in this movement; to re-assemble his dispersed parties, with an intention of investing the city and fortress of Bobruisk, which was garrisoned by Russians; and to join a reinforcement which was arrived in the neighbourhoood of Sloutzk. By accomplishing these designs, he hoped to strengthen himself, and to cut off the communication of the division at Mazir with the other Russian corps.

Hertel was not backward in guessing at what the change in his adversary's position pointed; and forming an immediate plan to circumvent him, he dispatched reconnoitring parties towards Voultsha and Garbatchvichi, at which places the enemy had formed considerable magazines, and these magazines the brave Russians were determined to destroy. Meanwhile the General himself marshed to Bobruisk, and by his appearance, and the station of his troops, not only defeated the hopes of Dombrofsky in that quarter, but completely separated him from the approach of his expected reinforcement.

This being effected, Hertel led on a strong body of his forces to move towards Gloutzk. On their march they hourly fell in with foraging parties of the enemy, who were convoying droves of cattle, and carts full of provisions for man and beast. These the victors seized, and, taking the escort prisoners, sent the plunder back to the villages whence it had been ravaged.

On the 14th of September, Hertel reached the neighbourhood of Gloutzk, and having a thick wood to pass through, in which lay the roads leading to the town, he divided his little army into two columns, composing their advanced guards of Cossacs, hussars, some light infantry, and a few pieces of flying artillery.

As he proceeded to the openings of the wood through which his columns were to make their way, he discovered the enemy posted in front of the suburbs of the city. His force appeared to be chiefly cavalry, with about one thousand infantry, and a few guns: the rest of his troops were in the town.

No sooner were the Russian columns descried approaching from the wood, than the whole of the French cavalry, to the number of six hundred, rushed forward to the attack. The Cossacs and hussars, supported by their artillery, gave them a firm reception. Under cover of this war of sabres and of guns, the Russian infantry rapidly formed, and charging in their turn, soon drove the enemy back to the suburbs and thence into the town. Here a short resistance was made, but the overwhelming valour of the Russians overturned every obstacle, and cutting down the enemy wherever they presented themselves, every street was a theatre of triumph, and with shouts of acclamation they saw the last ranks of the French precipitately retreat, and abandon the city.

The discomfited General hastily crossed the river Ptitchy with his shattered army, and with as much expedition destroyed the bridge by which his escape was effected.

But these measures were but a short security. Hertel soon restored the ruined arches, and, with his brave *eléves* passed over to complete the defeat of the invaders of their country.

The enemy having consolidated his force, made a show of resistance, but the Cossacs and hussars charging his ranks with their usual determination, compelled them to give ground. Still however they maintained the conflict, receding and fighting, till the Russians, inflamed with impatience, assaulted them with such increased fury that they could no longer stand; and turning round, they *fairly took to their heels*. I know no other term that could so truly express the haste and manner of their flight.

General Hertel being thus left in quiet possession of the city and its environs, took two hundred and fifty prisoners, and a large magazine of corn. But determined to suffer no delay in the prosecution of his plans, which comprised the seizure or destruction of the enemy's depots in Voultsha and Garbatchvichi, and the prevention of the French flying-squadrons joining the detachment from Dombrofsky, then on its march towards Bobruish, the persevering Hertel again put his eager troops in motion.

At the distance of ten wersts from Gloutzk his advanced parties came up with a numerous body of infantry, who were fugitives from his late victorious field. Seeing themselves so closely pursued, they hastily formed, covering their flanks with two pieces of cannon and some light troops; but the completion of their line was not allowed to be made, for their old enemies the Cossacs and hussars, followed by a regiment of infantry, precipitated themselves upon their ranks, and mowed them down in the midst of the disorder they occasioned without the pause of a minute. While this deathful work was going forward in the van, the Russian General ordered the wood in their flank to be penetrated, that he might gain their rear. This was done: and the enemy, finding himself nearly surrounded, rose with the occasion, and fought with a desperation that almost made his opponents stagger. After five hours hard fighting, in which every man in the opposing legions must have found himself a hero, the French, wounded and faint, yielded the contest by rushing into the woods; there seeking a miserable shelter, while their more fortunate comrades lay dead or dying upon the disputed field.

The enemy lost upwards of one thousand men in killed and wounded, in this action, and one hundred and fifty as prisoners to the Russians, who took them with their two pieces of cannon.

On the side of General Hertel, the loss was comparatively small, amounting to no more than two hundred killed and wounded; but even these were great to him who lamented in each individual the early fall of one formed to reflect increasing honour on the soldier's name.

After compelling his indefatigable troops to take a few hours' repose, they impatiently listened for his command to pursue their career. That given, they were again in array, and on the road to Voultsha and Garbatchvichi. They needed only to appear before those places to receive the reward of their toil in the crowning of their enterprise. Both magazines fell into their hands; and Dombrofsky, hearing that the Russian force was coming upon him, broke up his lines before the fortress of Bobruisk, and fell rapidly back upon Mohiloff.

Whilst this success attended the troops under General Hertel's personal command, a detachment from his army under General Zapolsky, had defeated a party of Austrians close to the town of Pinsk. The result was, the abandonment of that place by the enemy, who retired upon Lubaschevo. A very large magazine filled with all kinds of stores was found by the victors in Pinsk.

When General Renier and Prince Swartzenburg were apprised of the union of the army of the Danube with that of Tormozoff, they made preparations for an immediate retreat towards Brest-Litofsky. The Russians were as prompt in pursuit, and the roads over which they passed presented a thousand traces of the haste with which the discomfited invaders retrod their steps. Dead horses, broken tumbrils, carts, and destroyed stores, were every where strewed along the path. The advanced parties of the retreating and pursuing armies were at hourly rencontre, killing numbers and making many prisoners. At last the Russian force pressed so close upon Swartzenburg, that he was obliged to hasten his march, and entirely evacuate the country before the troops so recently driven from Pinsk could make their way to his standard. Thus was Volhynia disencumbered of the load which had so long burthened her fields and her cities; but ere the enemy had reached the vicinity of Vlodava and of Brest, he left upon the ground he had so oppressed, upwards of two thousand killed, and five hundred prisoners in the hands of his pursuers.

When the Austrian Prince and his soldiers, with Renier and his followers, halted at Vlodava and Brest, they did not rest there, but pushed across the river Boug towards Brest-Litofsky. They were about forty thousand men strong, and here took up a position; but finding it expedient to dispatch the greater part of their force again to the opposite bank, they recrossed the river near that town, and entrenched themselves between Mouchovitza and the Lessna. The former is a little stream that flows into the Boug, and the latter pays its tribute to the same great river several wersts distant, near Bratouyanib.

Tchitchagoff's columns having kept on the right bank of the Boug, followed the enemy's motions in a parallel direction; and, after crossing the Mouchovitza at three places, arrived on the 11th of October opposite to their front. His reconnoitring parties brought him information that decided him on making an attack early next morning. But long after dawn it continued so extremely dark that the nearest object could hardly be discerned. On the clouds clearing away he bore down upon the French position, when, to his infinite disappointment, he found that the enemy had abandoned his lines and disappeared. In fact, Swartzenburg and Renier had taken advantage of the night and the obscurity of the morning to move off unperceived, and to retreat across the Lessna, in the direction of Vissoko-Litofsk.

The Russians lost no time in commencing the chace, and their advance-guards soon came up with the rear of the fugitives, even in the moment of their passing the river. A hot contest ensued, and many fell on both sides; the Russians fought at disadvantage, and the enemy crossed. Renier and his coadjutor had foreseen the pursuit, and prepared for it by placing pieces of artillery on the opposite bank, and lining the wood that overshadowed it with chasseurs. These kept up a heavy fire on their pursuers, and prevented them from immediately following the French rear across the stream. Indeed it was not until the next morning that the Russian commander found he could proceed with advantage; and then the pursuit was prosecuted with such speed and effect, that the enemy were driven far beyond Vissoko, and induced to make a rapid march towards Bialistock.

During this whole affair, from the first to the last of the pursuit, the Russians had about two hundred and sixty men killed and wounded, besides six officers. The enemy's loss was considerable. Four hundred were left on the road dead or dying; and seven hundred men, including twenty officers, were taken prisoners.

Meanwhile Major-General Dochtoroff and Colonel Tschernicheff, with some regiments of light cavalry, had been detached to the opposite shore of the Boug, at Brest-Litofsky, with orders to march upon Bialo-Lublin, and to dispatch their troops to the right and left, to destroy all the magazines they could find, and to make observations for future movements, in the event of a complete evacuation of the country by the French.

The object of this pursuit in so many points, was not merely to harass the enemy, but to drive him entirely out of that part of the country which bordered upon the lands whence the Russian armies in this quarter must draw their subsistence.

Admiral Tchitchagoff, being informed that the retreating forces had passed the Nareva, dispatched a corps which moved swiftly after them. It was meant rather to observe than to attack, and by hovering over the movements of the enemy in the direction of Bialistock, it would greatly facilitate the design of the Admiral to open a correspondence with the army of the Dwina, and to cut off this division of the grand army from any communication with Buonaparté.

One spirit of flight seemed now to pervade the French forces throughout the whole empire. In this quarter they retreated with a haste that did not permit them to make any observations of what was passing in their rear; and therefore the brave Tchitchagoff felt no uneasy anticipation of their attempting to return, when his recall to the interior should lessen the numbers of their pursuers. In vain would the divisions under the immediate command of Napoleon have wished to partake the escape of those under Renier and Prince Swartzenburg: Koutousoff had got them strongly hemmed in, and to complete the circle he was drawing around them and their dictator, he dispatched orders to Admiral Tchitchagoff to hasten his movements towards Minsk, as his troops were required in that quarter to intercept the *Grand Army*, which was then in full flight from Moscow.

This intelligence no sooner reached the Commander of the army of the Danube, than he set forward. He had already cleared Volhynia, and great part of the government of Grodno of their invaders. The detachments which he sent into the government of Warsaw, had carried terror to the gates of its capital; and returned to him, after having destroyed numerous valuable magazines in their path.

When the Admiral directed his march towards Minsk, (which he did on the 1st of November), Lieutenant-General Sakin was left, at the head of a body of troops, at Brest-Litofsky, with orders to remain in observation on the Duchy of Warsaw. General Liders was then at Voline, and with General Hertel, had received commands to move with all expedition upon Minsk. Liders was to proceed by the way of Pinsk, and Hertel through Gloutzk, whilst the army of the Danube directed its course towards Proujany. From that place it would continue its route through Slonim, Neswick-mire, and so onwards to Minsk, at which point the Admiral hoped to arrive on the 19th of November.

Field-Marshal Koutousoff having had accurate information of the growing miseries of the French during their occupation of Moscow, and of the extremities to which their leader was reduced, foresaw the speedy evacuation of that city, and the consequent state of the enemy. He therefore lost no time in making such preparations for the event as would render it decisive of the fate of Napoleon and his army.

The head-quarters of the Russian main army had been removed from Krasnoy-Pocra to the village of Touratino, where it was entrenched on the 2d of October; but on the 4th it changed its position to the village of Letachevka, further on the Kalouga road. From these points the Commander-in-chief dispatched his orders, and dispersed his divisions into every avenue into which it was possible the enemy in his flight might attempt to penetrate. Myriads of armed men covered the country from the vicinity of Bronitza to the grand road of Mojaisk, and thence through Klim on the opposite side to Dimitroff and Vladimer. The peasantry beheld the hour of retribution at hand, and they presented themselves every where in multitudes, some on foot and others on horseback, to assist the soldiery in the destruction of their enemies.

At this juncture of affairs, the Field-Marshal's own words will give the most satisfactory account of the relative state of the hostile armies. He thus writes:

"During the last eight days the Russian army has occupied the right bank of the Nara, near the village of Jarontino, where it now remains in a state of tranquillity, while it augments its strength; every regiment is kept up in its original numerical force, by troops continually arriving from the different governments. Prince Lobanoff Shostousky, general of infantry, superintends the formation and discipline of these recruits; who, daily exercised in the camp, rapidly acquire military knowledge, and become impatient for its display in active service. Excellent water, and abundant forage, give every advantage to our present situation: the regulations for the distribution of provisions are so admirably adapted to their object, that a want of any kind is unknown amongst our troops. The roads are covered with numerous waggons laden with the superfluity of adjacent governments. Convalescent officers and soldiers daily rejoin their regiments, while the sick and wounded, still in the bosom of their country, enjoy the inestimable privilege of being surrounded by the tender cares of their own families.

"Meanwhile, that confusion which prevails in the enemy's army, prevents him from attempting to disturb our repose: his remoteness from his own dominions deprives him of supplies; his subsistence, therefore, becomes hourly more precarious; and the prisoners unanimously confess that their army have long had no other meat than horse-flesh, and that bread was even scarcer than meat. The total want of forage reduces their cavalry and horse-artillery to the utmost wretchedness; the greatest part of this cavalry has been already destroyed in the preceding combats, and particularly in the memorable day of the 26th of August (7th Sept. N. S.), a day so glorious to the Russian name! The miserable remnant that is left, surrounded on all sides by our detachments that cut off every supply, suffer from the severest scarcity. Pressed by want, and straitened in means, the enemy can no longer attempt any thing beyond some feeble efforts to secure those escorts of provisions, which are uniformly beaten by our foraging parties. Our principal detachments upon the roads of Mojaisk, of

St. Petersburgh, of Kolomna, and of Sespouchoff, rarely suffer a day to pass without bringing in upwards of three hundred prisoners; even the peasants, belonging to the villages bordering on the seat of war, cause infinite vexation and loss to our invaders.

"Russia, which in every age has distinguished herself amongst the nations of the earth, by love for her sovereigns, burns to-day with more than her ancient zeal to defend the throne of her Emperor, and to avenge her own wrongs; filled with patriotic ardour, the peasants arrange themselves into armies; they post sentinels upon the tops of the hills, and of the churches, to watch the approach of the enemy, and when he is descried the tocsin is sounded, the patriot warriors rush into their self-formed ranks, pour with the force of mingled torrents upon these brigands, and stay their overwhelmed tide only by the total destruction of their opposers.

"Every day they are seen crowding to the camp bringing prisoners to head-quarters, and demanding arms and ammunition; the demand of these true sons of their country is never denied, while there remains the means of gratifying it. In many places these brave peasants have collectively taken a solemn oath to continue embodied for the common defence, and have at the same time enacted laws, by which the severest punishments are decreed for such as should basely desert their voluntary pledge.

"That awful arm, which sustains the just and strikes the unjust, is now manifestly stretched forth in wrath over the head of our enemies!—Intelligence has just arrived, that after completely routing the French, the Spaniards and the English have retaken Madrid; thus our invaders are discomfited every where; and while they are falling by thousands at one extremity of Europe, at the other their graves are digging in the soil of that empire which they vainly menaced with annihilation!"

The task of reconnoitring the great high road leading to Wiazma and Gchatz, was entrusted to the active zeal of Major-General Dorochoff. Besides this duty, he was ordered to attack the city of Vereya, which the enemy had garrisoned, to take it by assault, and to destroy the fortifications which they had recently constructed. This accomplished, the left of the imperial army would be freed from an impediment in its movements, and the whole country would be clear to the Gchatz road.

On the 2d of October General Dorochoff joined his advanced corps under Colonel Prince Vadbalsky and Colonel Davidoff, and pushed on to the country between Semlevo and Wiazma, where he surprised the enemy; and between the 2d and the 13th of October took upwards of a hundred carriages of various descriptions laden with plunder and provisions, wrested from the peasantry, and nearly a hundred and fifty head of cattle. During the rencontres with convoys, foragers, and marauders, which put him in possession of this spoil, he killed and took of the enemy more than two thousand men, with a great number of officers, and six pieces of cannon.

Vereya had been strengthened by the French, and was considered by them as a valuable depot for their arms, plunder, and provisions. Napoleon had placed there a garrison of one thousand five hundred men, composed of French and Westphalians; and when the Russians under Dorochoff approached to attack it, the town showed signs on every side of a determined resistance. However, the spirit that moved to the assault was as resolute as that which opposed it. Although the Russian general found the ascent to the fortifications extremely steep, and that they were rendered more secure by firm rows of palisadoes, he gave orders to carry the whole by storm. The deed followed the command; and the columns which led the attack were conducted by four intrepid citizens of Vereya. The native inhabitants of the town watched with anxiety the salvation their brethren had promised to bring them from Koutousoff's camp, and hailed with bounding hearts the approach of the Russian legions. They descried the standards of Dorochoff; and in the rear of his line a body of peasantry, with their hatchets and pick-axes, led on by a venerable priest to destroy the works and palisadoes.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 10th the whole of the advanced party had passed the first line of defence; this achieved, they rushed into the ditch, and in less than half an hour the Russian bayonets had made their way into the heart of the town. The priest and his warlike band soon levelled the parapets and bastions in all quarters, and aided their brethren in arms to sweep the city of its insolent intruders.

About five hundred of the enemy were slain, four hundred made prisoners, and the standard of Westphalia taken, with five hundred muskets, which were distributed amongst the peasantry. Some corn, flour, and biscuits were found, which were given to the troops and people.

The loss on the part of the Russians did not exceed forty men in killed and wounded. The brave citizens who led the columns were amongst the first to mount the ramparts, and one of them was wounded. The disaster was happily not mortal; and in recompence for the dangerous duty, he and his three brave colleagues each received the military medal of the order of St. George.

On finding the Russian light troops in the neighbourhood of Mojaisk, the enemy conceived apprehensions for the safety of Vereya, and dispatched to its garrison a reinforcement of three battalions of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry. They were seen from the town, about eleven o'clock, at a few wersts distance. Before they could perceive that all was over with their comrades in that garrison, a reserve of troops (stationed by the Russian General without the walls) instantly advanced and fell upon them. Their resistance was short, but while it lasted so sanguinary that they seemed to stand in blood. At length finding perseverance would be unavailing, they gave up the contest and fled. The dead they left on the field was terrifically increased by the swords of the Cossacs and other cavalry, which cut down hundreds as they pursued them to the covering lines of Mojaisk.

From the movements of the several French divisions towards every point connected with any avenue that led to the Dneiper, it was easy to understand the object to which their leader now bent his steps. His purpose was to retrace his march, to escape the vengeance of an incensed country, and to find himself once more in safety on the frontiers of his subject nations.

From the instant he found all hopes vain of bringing the empire of Russia to the necessity of soliciting a disgraceful peace, he decided upon retiring to that part of Poland where his magazines had been prepared, for a very different consummation of his campaign than the present retrograde motion.

Could he accomplish this retreat, which he flattered himself might be done with a comparatively trifling loss, he would remain at the vast entrance of the Russian empire, until the return of spring should re-open to him her gates. During the interval his harassed troops would be recovered from their fatigues; he would draw new levies and contributions from France and the continental states; and, again crossing the frontiers with his host, he would fall with interminable fury upon the Russian empire, and compel it to acknowledge "*a just sense of its duty as an European state!*"

It is evident that the Russian people and the Ruler of the French, see the "duty" of Russia "as an European state," in two opposite points of view. Which is the right one, any honest mind can affirm.

Being reduced to the necessity of putting his hard alternative into practice, Buonaparté saw with increased vexation the adjacent country so filled with his adversaries, that he must take extraordinary precautions to escape their vigilance. He thought it well to divide his army from its spoil; judging by his own soldiers, he seems to have planned a bait for the Russian troops in one path, which, when they were devouring, would have purchased for himself and followers a safe retreat beyond their lines. To this end, he sent forward on the great road to Smolenzk, several hundreds of carts, carriages, and waggons, filled with ammunition and plunder, sick and wounded soldiers, and a scanty store of provisions and forage.

While these proceeded on their perilous journey, he designed to set forward himself, with the grand army, in a parallel direction, taking his course by the way of Maloyarraslavitz Medyn, and crossing the governments of Smolenzk and Mohiloff, he hoped to reach Minsk in safety. In that city he had provided magazines of all kinds, and in its neighbourhood he expected to meet the reinforcement of Marshal Victor, joined by the remains of St. Cyr's division.

Buonaparté encouraged his army with the assurance that if they gained Minsk, the country diverging from it, and all along their future march, was so prolific, that while they remained on it they would scarcely again feel any privations from the war. Famished, and worn with the calamities they had suffered and inflicted, they were eager to press towards so desirable a goal; and to ensure a favourable issue to these hopes, their leader made his first movement in an attempt to deceive Prince Koutousoff. He wished to give him an idea that the object of the French troops was to pierce the main Russian army, to possess themselves of Kalouga, and to winter in the rich provinces around it. To make this impression, which was to be the operating seal of his great plan, he directed Murat to march forward upon the Kalouga road, with a formidable division of of the army, to attack the Russians, and by prolonging the contest, afford time for the rest of the troops and their sovereign to gain an unmolested retreat.

Prince Koutousoff was too good a master of the science of information to be ignorant of this scheme of his adversary. He made instant dispositions to render it abortive, and accordingly ordered a great part of his army to break up their position at Touratino, on the 17th of October, and march out under the command of General Baron Benningson. Their advance was to be as sudden as unexpected by the enemy, and they were to fall upon him *a l'improviste* near Maloyarraslavitz. The Baron and his brave troops hastened to the enterprise with an ardour answerable to its importance, for they could not but see that in proportion to the expectations of advantage which Napoleon had founded on the success of his plan, would be his despair on its failure. In such a dilemma they perceived no option for his followers but a miserable flight through the desolated ways of Wiazma.

Wiazma, which the Russians looked to as the probable temporary asylum of their defeated enemy, was fated to be the field of his severest contest. It is situated on the right bank of the river Louja, and stands upon high commanding grounds, at the foot of which are extensive woods that stretch to a vast plain, beyond which the country becomes, to a considerable extent, uneven and intersected with ravines and small rivers.

Benningson having drawn the battalions selected for this duty from the chief part of the right wing of the main army, they left their lines at seven o'clock in the evening of the 17th. His gallant corps was composed of the second, third, and fourth battalions of infantry, ten regiments of Cossacs under Count Orloff-Denisoff, the twentieth regiment of chasseurs, and four other regiments from the first division of cavalry under the orders of Major-General Baron Miller-Zakomelsky.

The whole body moved on in three columns. The first, composed of Cossacs under Count Orloff-Denisoff, and seconded by the force under General Miller-Zakomelsky, was to form Benningson's right, and endeavour to turn the left flank of the enemy. The second column consisted of a body of infantry preceded by a brigade of chasseurs, and four pieces of light artillery; the rear of this column was formed of the divisions of Lieutenant-General Baggavout and Major-General Count Strogonoff, and supported by a formidable train of artillery. The third column was commanded by Count Osterman-Tolstoy, and consisted of the fourth corps of infantry, with a battery of heavy guns.

These divisions, headed by their Commander, soon crossed the Nara, while the rest of the army followed their movements, and advanced along the great road. The day had not dawned before the leading corps had gained the various points whence they were to commence their operations.

When information was brought to Murat of the unexpected approach of the Russians, he hastily formed in order of battle, and, taking advantage of some rising grounds in the rear of a village close to his line, he planted it with a heavy battery of guns. The body of his army presented a vast front, extending its flanks to the extremities of the neighbouring woods. It consisted of fifty thousand men, and was commanded by himself and Beauharnois.

Previous to the Russian columns presenting themselves to the enemy, the brigade of chasseurs had spread themselves upon the plain; giving time, by this manœuvre, for the light artillery to come up and form at some distance from the head of its respective advancing corps.

The guns of the centre column were the first to open their fire. This was the signal for Count Orloff-Denisoff to lead near the edge of the wood, towards the enemy's left. Count Osterman-Tolstoy at the same moment moved to his left, to join the corps of General Dochtoroff, which had been previously employed in observation in the vicinity of Maloyarraslavitz. The centre was led on by the gallant Lieutenant-General Baggavout, who formed on the heights near the town, and covered them with cannon.

The action commenced with a tremendous fire; for some time both sides sustained the shock with admirable firmness, but the steady discharge of the Russian infantry began to shake the enemy's line, and what completed its disorder from his centre to his left, was the sudden opening of a battery hastily thrown up by the Russians on their left, and which added a heavy cross fire to that already poured upon the falling enemy. Nearly at this juncture Count Orloff-Denisoff turned the left flank of the French and fell upon their rear with great havoc. The confusion in this point was very great, and to render it decisive he seconded the unremitting fire of his musketry, with repeated discharges from the whole of his light artillery. While the dismayed multitude before him were deserting their ground in crowds, General Baron Miller-Zakomelsky came up with his cavalry and Cossacs and completed the destruction.

The success of the right column of the Russians was immediately observed by Benningson, and to redouble the advantage, he ordered his infantry and cavalry to press forward. The dragoons charged with vehemence, and the resolute infantry bore down with a weight that overthrew all opposition. The enemy rallied, and made a show of resistance, but the attempt was as short as vain, and they were driven at the point of the bayonet with dreadful slaughter from the field.

Owing to an unforeseen circumstance Count Osterman-Tolstoy had not been able to form a junction with Dochtoroff, but the rest of the Russian army appearing in sight, the right of the enemy followed the example of his centre and left, and precipitately fled before the victors towards Medyn.

The loss of the French in this day's battle amounted to two thousand five hundred killed, and one thousand taken prisoners. They also lost the *great standard of honour* belonging to the Napoleon regiment of cuirasseurs, thirty-eight pieces of cannon, forty ammunition waggons, all the baggage belonging to the division, an immensity of plunder amassed at different times by individuals of the army, the carriages of Murat, and other spoil of various descriptions. Amongst the slain on the enemy's side were many officers of rank; one general named Derie, was piked by a Cossac, and the bodies of twelve field officers were found on the field.

The loss on the part of the Russians was trifling in number, not amounting to more than three hundred killed; but in that small list they had to lament the brave General Baggavout, who was struck by a cannon-shot at the commencement of the action, and instantly expired. The veteran commander in this most glorious day, the intrepid Benningson, was also wounded by receiving a severe contusion in his leg; but he would not leave the field till he beheld the dauntless perseverance of his heroes crowned with victory.

The force by which it had been achieved was inferior in numbers to that of the enemy, but the spirit by which they were animated gave a more than mortal determination to their courage, and the effect was answerable to the inspiration.

The praise given to the troops for their conduct on this day, both by Benningson and Koutousoff, does not pay a more deserved tribute to the men than to the officers, whose discipline and example trained them to this glorious proof of the soldier. The venerable Field-Marshal thus expresses himself:—

"The circumstance in this victory that I dwell on with the greatest satisfaction is, that all the columns performed their movements with an order and tranquillity, more resembling the calm evolutions of a *field-day* than the tumultuous hour of battle."

General Benningson speaks the same language.

"I cannot sufficiently express my approbation of the good order and courage with which the troops executed their different movements, and made their attacks. Their coolness and intrepidity, as well as discipline, cannot be excelled. They have covered themselves with glory. In justice to the other part of the army, which circumstances did not permit to join in the action, I must add what is due to them, that the commanding disposition which they took on the farther extended heights to the left, materially facilitated the brilliant issue of this memorable day."

This defeat of Murat, so unlooked-for by his master, was a dreadful omen of the fate that awaited his devoted army. When the news reached Napoleon, he then felt the pangs of desperation in their full force. He found it impossible to deceive himself any longer, and he saw how improbable it would be much longer to deceive his wretched followers. The moment was come when the bonds by which he had linked so many varying interests into his were to burst asunder; when, perhaps, the thousands he had beguiled into this measureless distance from their homes, would turn upon their deluder, and wreak their vengeance in his blood. These natural suggestions rung a dreadful denunciation in his ears; not ten thousand spectres from their bloody graves could have been more terrible to his soul, than the voice that then spoke within him. Not a moment was to be lost. The great object he had in view, to open a path to his army by misleading Koutousoff, had been frustrated. Instead of his generals falling unexpectedly on the Russian army, Koutousoff's generals had fallen unexpectedly upon his.

The movement upon Yarralavitz had drawn upon him the whole force of the country, and at a moment when he ought to have endeavoured, by every stratagem he could devise, to have kept the Russians in their entrenchments at Touratino, while his famished legions were drawing off by degrees, and at least getting the start of their enemy. It is true, that in such a retreat they would have had many thousand squadrons of Cossacs and light troops to encounter and to pass; but still, had he directed Murat's force to have moved in a parallel direction nearer to the Mojaisk road, the Russian main army would not have been so soon aroused, and with it the whole Russian people *en masse*. The division was now discomfited with disgrace, which he had hoped would have covered his movements towards a place of restoration and rest for his troops; and the direful effect of the disaster was not merely tarnishing his glory, but compelling him to take a route that was pregnant with calamity to his soldiers and mortification to himself. The legions of Russia pressed around him, and he was forced to seek a way to the *promised winter quarters* over the desolated waste which his people, high in pride and anticipated conquest, had trod under foot in their progress to the ancient capital of the empire.

On the 19th of the month, two days after the defeat of Yarralavitz, Napoleon quitted Moscow. His troops were more eager to obey than he to give the word, that rid the groaning city of its ruthless invaders. This once splendid and jocund army were now naked and dispirited, with scarcely a day's biscuit for each man, or a mouthful of forage for the numerous horses.

With despair in their looks they heard the commands of their generals to move upon Mojaisk, by the ways of Borosk and Veraya. Murat and Beauharnois were to attempt gaining the same point by Medyn.

Buonaparté and his share of the troops proceeded to the proposed rendezvous by the old Kalouga road, and halting at Disna, his twenty-sixth bulletin reports him to have arrived on the twenty-third of the month at Borosk. It is thus expressed:—

"The head-quarters were at the castle of Troitzkoy (near Disna) on the nineteenth, and there remained all the twentieth. On the twenty-first they were at *Ignatieff;* the twenty-second at Fominskoy; and the army having made *two flank movements*, it arrived on the twenty-third at Borosk."

After the victory of the 18th, Field-Marshal Koutousoff resumed his position at Touritino, and strengthened his advanced-guard under Miloradovitch, which was stationed at Tchernichnaya, and spread its parties beyond Voronova. He also dispatched a reinforcement of twenty-five new regiments of Cossacs, to disperse themselves, under the direction of the intrepid Platoff, throughout every part of the country between the late scene of action and Mojaisk.

The enemy felt the full effects of these hostile preparations. In his march towards Maloyarraslavitz, every step he took was marked by the perishing bodies of his followers, fallen by the grasp of famine, or the swords of the flying parties of Russian cavalry which infested every village and every wood in their path. Koutousoff had no longer to stand on the defensive; his whole array was at his disposal to follow in any direction the breathless retreat of the enemy, and he did not fail to make active use of that part of his force which was calculated to bring back the best account of the fugitives. He possessed a body of horse that amounted to more than forty-five regiments, and great part of these he dispatched, with hordes of Bashkirs, Tartars, and other irregular troops, to traverse and destroy the French troops in every direction.

Amongst the numerous sanguinary rencontres which took place between these warriors of the desert and the soldiers of Napoleon, a more than ordinary brilliant affair took place under the brave leading of Colonel Prince Koudascheff. He perceived a strong body of the French approaching, and putting himself at the head of about six hundred Cossacs, he rushed suddenly from a thick wood upon the enemy, and charged them with a fury that levelled the first ranks with the earth on the first assault. It was the advanced guard of Sebastiani, but was taken off its guard. It was, however, commanded by a brave officer, and made several bold essays to recover the distinction of its name; but the overwhelming power of the Cossac arm was not to be resisted, and nearly the whole of the party were put to death.

This success was followed up by the victors with an increased ardour for new exploits. They set forward, and proceeding some little distance on the same road, came in upon a ravine, where they surprised another detachment from the grand army, which appeared as negligent of preparing against an attack as its predecessor. The gallant Koudascheff bore down upon it immediately, and though its numerical force more than doubled his, the enemy fell before him as before a mighty wind; and mounting their dead bodies to seize the trophies of his victory, he took from the field a park of twelve cannon, thirty baggage and ammunition waggons, and above one hundred and twenty carriages of all descriptions, in some of which were the spoils which had been gathered by Sebastiani and the officers of his division.

Even the French allow the defeat they suffered in this rencontre; and in two of their bulletins wherein they mention it, acknowledge that eight hundred men were killed; but, as if there were a principle within in them never to speak truth without breathing along with it a neuteralizing quantity of falsehood, they add, (as an excuse for the unmilitary conduct of their line in permitting a double surprise), *that the Russians, when they made this attack, broke an armistice.*

The most awful scene of misery and of blood that ever was registered in the annals of the world, was now about to open its horrors. Napoleon moved forward like the demon on the pale horse, with hunger and pestilence and death in his train; and the myriads of famished human beings who followed in the dreadful march, saw before them a vast barren track of nearly four hundred wersts, before they could hope to reach any sustenance for expiring nature, any shelter from the vengeful swords of their incensed foe.

Smolenzk was the nearest spot where magazines had been prepared. Thither was this devoted mass of suffering creatures doomed to drag on their exhausted and emaciated frames. The famished horses dropped dead beneath the powerless limbs of their riders, and the fainting riders threw themselves upon the stiffened bodies of their horses, for rest and for death. The wretched survivors, embracing hope in the very bosom of despair, listened eagerly to the promises of Smolenzk from the lips of their commanders; and, without other food than the flesh which they tore from the wasted limbs of their dying cavalry, they pressed on. The officers, whose information on the subject, rendered fatally prescient, saw with even more dismay than their men, the desperation of their circumstances. An enraged enemy hovered upon their rear and on their flanks, and the first harbingers of a change of season had already made themselves be felt: Winter, a Northern Winter, brooded with all its horrors over their heads. Neither was Napoleon ignorant of what was suffered, of what must yet be endured. British heroes regard their soldiers as the sinews of their strength; the French leader considers his as the machines of his ambition, and he treats them accordingly. He saw what was before his army in this his enforced retreat from Russia. He would not see any alternative that could compromise his dominant pride, and, leading forward his victims to their horrible fate, he continued to flatter them with hopes, while his pitiless heart defied the wants of human nature, and set at nought the threatening severities of the season.

By the twentieth of October, the whole army was on its flight, for by no other term can the manner of their retreat be truly described. Even while the encouraging exhortations of Napoleon, and his promises of honours and rewards for their persevering heroism, were sounding in the ears of his deluded and too faithful followers; even in that hour, when they were looking to him as to the (almost) demi-god for whom they had suffered all, and from whom they expected protection to the last—he resolved to abandon them! Escape was now his object, and taking with him a chosen few, he repeated *the scene of Egypt*, and left his Generals to bring on their despairing soldiers in the best way they could.

* * *

Murat, on retiring from the field of his late defeat, hoped that on reaching Medyn he might be able to penetrate a few wersts into the unexhausted country in its neighbourhood. But no; the indefatigable Cossacs were already there, and the pike and the sword shut every avenue against the attempts of his most resolute corps. Finding every effort vain, to gain relief in that quarter, he and Beauharnois consulted what was next to be done, and seeing no resource within their power to satisfy the wants of their troops, they determined sharing the fate of the other divisions of the army, and with this view they joined their fugitive comrades on the road to Mojaisk.

On these circumstances being reported to the Russian Commander-in-chief, he put his whole army in motion, moving its main body towards Wiazma, whilst the advance under Miloradovitch should follow in a parallel direction between him and the Mojaisk road. The advance division was fully competent to this important service, as it had been reinforced with a power that rendered it the complete half of the army.

While the main bodies thus moved on, every surrounding track, whether of wood or open ground, swarmed with Cossacs and light troops to harass the enemy, and to destroy the bridges in his path.

To secure the left flank of the main army from the chance of being annoyed by parties from Dombrofsky's division at Mohiloff, Koutousoff detached Lieutenant-General Shepeleff with a strong corps composed of the Kalouga armament, and supported by six pieces of cannon, with a party of cavalry, besides three regiments of Cossacs. He soon executed his orders, and informed the Commander-in-chief that his division had taken possession of the city of Roslav, that it covered the town of Briansk, and that it was moving upon Elnia.

While General Shepeleff was thus securing the country in the neighbourhood of Mohiloff, the gallant young Count Ogerofsky was dispatched to the same quarter at the head of a fine body of regular light troops.

Platoff, whose indefatigable zeal and active valour had been conspicuous from the first of the campaign, pursued the same animated course in the expulsion of a retreating foe, as he had taken in repelling his advance. Having learnt that a large body of the enemy, together with a considerable convoy, had passed on the night of the 30th through the village of Staroy on their way to Mojaisk towards Smolenzk, he lost not a moment in following their track. Near to the monastery of Kolotsk he overtook their rear-guard and luggage, which had halted close to the heights on which it stands. At day-break on the 31st, he ordered two brigades of his Cossacs to attack the enemy's left flank. As soon as they found themselves thus assailed, they showed every disposition rather to retreat than to engage, and accordingly began to move in a very rapid order of march. When the Hetman perceived their intention, he ordered another brigade to fall upon their right, whilst he, with a strong division well supported by artillery, would bear down upon their rear. A terrible slaughter ensued, but several times the French General endeavoured to stop his troops during their flying conflict, that some steady resistance might be offered. He attempted in vain. The flanks of his division were so pressed by the assailants, and they so heavily pushed and galled his rear with their pikes and cannon, that he found it impossible to hold his ground a moment. Once or twice he endeavoured to take advantage of the high ground over which he passed, but the activity of his pursuers neither gave him time nor opportunity, and at last he was compelled to give up the contest, leaving behind him in his flight twenty-seven pieces of ordnance and his colours. In this affair the French had two battalions completely destroyed, hundreds fell by the sabres of the Cossacs, and the earth was strewed with dying bodies, from the grape of the Russian guns. The full amount of the dead could not be ascertained, for the nature of the warfare did not allow of these calculations; no prisoners were taken, as it was a regular system with the Cossacs in their battles with the French never to burthen themselves with men as prisoners whom they had found exterminating enemies.

In order to render their retreat less incumbered, the wretched fugitives blew up their ammunition carts, and set fire to every thing that could impede their flight. Five hundred carcases of horses (for they seemed more dead than alive), which had been attached to the waggons and artillery, were set loose and abandoned to their fate. The following day this discomfited division of the rear-guard fell in with its companion division at Gridnevo; the main body of the army having reached Ghatz at the same time. Sad was the junction to all parties, for it brought nothing with it but a communication of miseries. In vain did that hope which, Phœnix-like, revives from death to death, in the human breast, in vain did it support the wretched fugitive in his flight with the idea that when he should come up with the main body some of his miseries would be relieved. He arrived, and they were increased by the pang of disappointment, by the horror of despair.

Rendered desperate by famine, and the privation of every necessary of life, whole regiments left their brigades, and forming themselves into bands of rapine, spread themselves every where for several wersts to force from the peasantry some share in their food and clothes. This track of country, having already felt the evils of war, afforded very trifling resources, but even these were withheld from the enemy. The vigilance of the Cossacs traced their marauding parties in every direction, and hunting them from the woods and byways, compelled them to fly before them towards the high road. Hundreds of starving wretches, who looked more like animated skeletons than men, dropped hourly in their path. The cries of the dying, perishing in all the agonies of want, and the imprecations of impotent exertion, expiring under the sword of the pursuer, were heard in every quarter.

While the parties who had separated themselves from the main body of the enemy, thus parted from it never to return, the army itself did not suffer less from the increasing calamities of its march. Its steps were tracked with the wreck of human mortality, and the starved horses that attempted to drag forward the numerous artillery, fell also beneath their tasks. To prevent the necessity of abandoning the guns, whole regiments of cavalry were dismounted, that their horses, though not in a much better condition, might supply the places of those which had perished.

Early as this might be deemed since the time of commencing the retreat, the awful circumstances which accompanied every step made the events of a few days seem the sufferings of many weeks. Two hundred and fifty wersts of desolated country were yet between them and Smolenzk, their first depot, and the nearest spot in which they could venture to rest. The divisions of Davoust, Ney, Beauharnois, and Murat, crowded fast upon each other, whilst the unceasing attacks of their pursuers obliged them yet more closely to compact themselves in the narrow way left open for their passage.

Platoff, while hanging over their ranks, thus describes their situation and his own proceedings: "The retreat of the French is a flight without example, abandoning every thing that demands carriage, even to their sick and wounded. The traces of this fearful career are marked with every species of horror. At every step is seen the dying and the dead, not merely the fallen in battle, but the victims of famine and fatigue. In two days, even in sight of my division, their despair has blown up one hundred ammunition waggons, while the sudden movement of my troops has caused them to leave untouched an almost equal number. We destroy these fugitives wherever we meet them, and when they attempt to make the least stand, the brave sons of the Don, assisted by their artillery and the chasseurs, soon relieve the empire of hundreds of its invaders."

On the 2d of November the enemy appeared near Ghatz in some strength. He presented apparently full columns of infantry, and of considerable depth. He had also left numbers of tirailleurs in the wood that skirted each side of the road; and had covered his front with batteries.

When Platoff perceived this array, he ordered ten pieces of Cossac artillery, and a body of chasseurs, to attack the wood on both flanks. The woods were quickly cleared of their tirailleurs; and the brigades of Cossacs, with their guns, fell vigorously on the enemy's wings. After a combat of two hours he gave way; another charge put him to flight; and, until night checked their reins, the victorious Cossacs pursued. Soon as morning dawned, they recommenced the chase, and ceased not till the poor wreck of their adversary came up with a strong body commanded by Marshal Davoust, and which was hastening towards Wiazma.

During this pursuit the Cossacs made a prize of seventy waggons, and twenty pieces of cannon, with several stands of colours; and the chasseurs took some thousand helpless and exhausted prisoners.

On the same day of the Hetman's success over this great division, on the 2d of November, Count Orloff-Denisoff fell in with a vast concourse of the enemy. It was literally a mob composed of numbers, who had wandered in various directions from a hundred regiments, and being hunted in all quarters by the Cossacs, were chased into the great road, where they found other sharers in the same circumstances of flight and misery. Assembling themselves in a body, the better to repel the attacks of the flying cavalry, they had proceeded only a little way when they were descried by the vigilant eye of Orloff-Denisoff. Without order or command they attempted to repulse his charge, but on the first onset they fell like unarmed men, so weak was their means of resistance, so feeble was their strength, and the earth was immediately scattered over with their killed and wounded.

Upwards of one thousand prisoners quietly submitted to the victors, and with them were taken forty loaded waggons, and several officers which belonged to the Commissariat.

General Miloradovitch, by a movement on his right, came fast upon the steps of Orloff-Denisoff and Platoff; and the heads of his columns presented themselves close to Wiazma on the morning of the third of November. Here the enemy were collected in great strength; and wishing to give time, if possible, for the part of their army in advance to proceed, they made a formidable show of giving battle. Marshals Davoust, Ney, and Beauharnois formed at a small distance from Wiazma. They had not chosen ground the best adapted to extensive military operations, nor had they been allowed time even to take advantage of the points within their reach to improve their position. Neither order nor discipline seemed to exist amongst the numerous ranks; all was confusion and uproar; and fighting with desperation alone was now their only hope of success.

Miloradovitch soon made his arrangements for the attack, which was immediately made on the enemy's left flank. The Russian troops fell upon their adversaries with a fury which nothing but the cruellest injuries could have excited; they were met by a resistance full of valour, but it was the valour of the soldier's last hour, when he knows that he must fall and is resolved to sell his life dearly. The contest was very short. A heavy and regular discharge from the Russian cannon and musketry swept down whole lines of the French, and compelled the rest to give way. The moment was seized by their adversaries, who rushed on with the point of the bayonet, and drove them with unparalleled slaughter into the town. The Russian cavalry, fresh and unfatigued, charged furiously after the retreating columns, over heaps of dead and dying; while the artillery continued to pour on their devoted heads myriads of balls and grape, with an execution as horrible as it was effectual.

Beauharnois fled with his shattered division towards the road leading to Douchovchina. Davoust and Ney took the high road to Dorogobouche; whilst thousands ran, they scarcely knew whither, along both banks of the Dneiper.

Twenty-eight pieces of cannon fell into the Russian hands in this affair. The French loss was tremendous. Six thousand killed, and three thousand five hundred taken prisoners; amongst the latter was a general of artillery and his aide-de-camps, the quarter-master-general of Davoust's division, and an immense number of officers of various ranks.

As usual, the pursuit of the enemy only finished with the night: and such a night! In that terrible darkness all the horrors of winter seemed at once to burst upon them. The snow fell unremittingly till it covered the face of the earth, and every object upon it that was not considerably above its surface. The cold was intolerable; and now it was that the loud complaints of human nature, suffering under every ill, burst from every lip. Then, O Napoleon! were thy magnificent titles of *Conqueror*, *King*, and *Emperor*, forgotten in the general accusation of *Tyrant*, *Betrayer*, *Murderer!*

The morning broke, and the usual track of their march had disappeared. The weltering bodies of their companions, the stiffened corpses of them who had perished by famine, all were hidden from their sight under one wide waste of snow. The cry which broke from their hearts at this desolate spectacle, this whitened world, which shut from their emaciated hands every root of the earth, every blade of grass for their fainting cattle, was like the cry at the judgment day—

all hope was vain, and the direst perdition seemed to await them at every point.

Severe as had been their sufferings before, it was from this moment that the French army knew by experience the utmost stretch of evils that humanity could bear. It was now that they knew, by ten thousand nameless horrors, what was imported in the term a *northern winter*. Buonaparté had taught them to deride its described terrors, and to hold them at nought. He had pledged himself that they should defy all its powers, by the exertions of his care, his foresight, his preparations. They should cheer its gloom with full boards and festivities; they should create a southern sun in its dreary atmosphere, by the glow of victory, and the glory of renown. This had been the promise; but what the reality? His foresight was, to lead them to destruction; his care, to abandon them in the severest moment of trial; his preparations, to leave them in nakedness and want; his full board, the barren waste of famine; his festivals and triumphs, the bloody field of retreat, and the dishonoured grave!

The frost commenced with an intensity uncommon even in Russia. The wretched fugitives of Napoleon were obliged to bivouac upon the naked snow, with no other covering than the drifting sleet which drove against their exposed bodies like the piercing points of arrows. In these terrible nights of more than mortal cold, they attempted to light fires; and round the half kindled sparks they huddled together, to participate the vital heat each yet contained. But it was so small, that in a few hours many hundreds died, and when morning dawned, their surviving comrades beheld them in ghastly circles of death around the glimmering ashes.

It was hardly in the memory of the oldest person in Russia, a winter having set in so early with such iron rigour. But the severest weather never found a people unprepared which had been educated from infancy to endure its annual return, and were never unprovided with means to repel any extraordinary violence. The Emperor, and the patriotic spirit of his nobles, had abundantly furnished the Russian army with provisions and winter cloathing; and, though out under all the inclemencies of the season, they hardly felt its fierceness.

Not so the French army. The persons who composed its legions were most of them born under more genial suns; their constitutions knew no habits answerable to the attacks which would be made on them in cold climates, and as no fictitious means had been prepared of shielding them from such inevitable evils, the consequence could not be but fatal.

Day after day these unhappy men dragged on their wretched existence. All military ideas were thrown aside: it was no longer an army that was retreating, but a multitude of famishing individuals, each seeking his own preservation, and careless of all other objects in the world. To speak of discipline, or order, was mockery to them. They spurned at a command so impotent, that it could only issue its decrees to their perishing ranks. "Give us bread," they would cry, "and we will obey you!" Officer and private alike contemned every effort of the Generals to maintain subordination, and the visible appearance of an army. They broke away in bands, like wild beasts howling for their prey; and rushing together, or in desperate solitary attempts, tore down every obstacle in their path to procure food and raiment. Friend and foe were assailed; self-preservation was their sole motive, and when no Russian property presented itself for plunder, they fell upon their own waggons, and pillaged them of their contents. A horrible distraction seized upon thousands, and wherever they moved the direst spectacles tracked their steps. Their figures now appeared hardly human; the faces of some were disfigured by the loss of various features from the inveteracy of the frost; others had lost their hands or feet, some whole limbs, but even these injuries were small, when compared with the combination of bodily sufferings (hitherto unknown in the annals of the world) which fell upon many, and produced diseases for which there is yet no name. The most horrible Golgotha of human victims sacrificed to the Molochs of India, could not be more fraught with the wrecks of mortality, than this road of death. Here perished man put on every shape of horror, and vast and deep were the heaps of his remains. Some lay in enviable rest; but history will have the abhorrent fact to relate, that many were the mangled bodies torn by the hands of their maddened comrades, who, wrought to frenzy by the pangs of unappeased hunger, seized on the limbs of the dead, and devoured the loathsome flesh with the appetites of cannibals.

Such were the effects on the most violent spirits amongst these wretched men; but those of a more temperate nature, bore the miseries of want and cold with a stern despair, until the weakness of their frames not allowing them to contend with the influence of the frost, a frightful drowsiness seized on all their faculties. Thousands in this state sunk into the hands of their conquerors; without speech, deprived of every sense, and almost motionless, they ceased to live even before they ceased to breathe.

The phials of wrath seemed to pour all their fury on the devoted heads of Napoleon's army. It was a scene that must make the most infidel mind pause to meditate; it was a scene to wring with agony the most obdurate heart. Bitter then was the cup of misery which man drank to the dregs.

As man brought himself by his own will into the way of these evils, it seems but just that he should be the longest afflicted. The poor animals which the French army had made the companions of their invasion, also suffered, but death sooner relieved them from their pangs. In every part of the retreat it was observed that although the men had all the miseries which reason, in such a situation, must add to those of the body, to contend with, yet their animals more immediately felt the fatal effects of the season. Each day and night the horses died by hundreds. These poor creatures had long been without forage, and the fatigue they endured had quite exhausted them even before the winter set in; but when that put the last stroke to the misery of the French army, no care was taken to shoe the animals for their icy march, and the consequence was injuries to their feet which nothing could cure, and a weakness of limbs which debilitated the creature to an excess that rendered him almost useless. To remedy this, what the enfeebled strength of a few could not do, many were brought to accomplish; thus, instead of the usual complement of horses to draw a heavy piece of artillery or a waggon, twelve, fourteen, and often twenty, were put to the task. But even with this addition, should they arrive at a rising ground up which the load was to be drawn, it became an insurmountable barrier, and guns and waggons were abandoned. The cavalry, (all excepting the cavalry of the guards), were hourly dismounted to assist with their horses in these often vain attempts to save their artillery and baggage. Sometimes, to preserve the horses, the baggage was left, and frequently both were lost together; the horses sinking at once under the unequal labour, and the abandoned waggons seized in the sight of their owners by the hovering Cossacs.

The grand army of Russia, continuing its march by cross roads, kept in a parallel line with the retreat of the enemy. General Miloradovitch ceased not to press upon their left flank, while he proceeded with Platoff and his clouds of the Don, which, with a fiercer fire than ever shot from the Boreal-Morn, hung on the corps of Beauharnois. The passage of the Dneiper at Dorogobouche, had been anticipated by the Russians; and a strong corps from their main army was fast approaching to increase the enemy's difficulties in attempting to cross it.

Every arm, in this awful moment, was raised to rid the empire of its invaders, and to hurl a direful retribution on their heads. The great, the aged Koutousoff, rested neither day nor night, but exposed himself at all hours, and under every inclemency of the season, to watch the progress of the enemy's flight; to share anxiety and fatigue with the youngest and most active of his soldiers. While he shared in their toil and in their glory, he forgot the merits of his own animating example, and thus unequivocally demands the gratitude of posterity for the men he led to conquest.

" The Cossacs perform miracles of bravery. They not only destroy whole columns of the enemy's infantry; but fall with undaunted resolution upon his flaming artillery. They destroy all that opposes them. Indeed the same spirit animates the whole of the Russian army."

On the 7th November, General Platoff, at the head of his band of warriors, passed swiftly along the right side of the road leading to Dorogobouche. His pursuit was Beauharnois, and to post his Cossacs in situations to prevent the marauding parties of the fugitives from destroying the villages which had yet escaped the last ravages of war. As he came down upon the way which leads from Dorogobouche to Douchovochina, not far from the village of Zeselia, he fell in with a division of Beauharnois.

The gallant chief of the Cossacs, even on the instant of rencontre, threw his followers into order of attack, which he could do to advantage, as the enemy had taken a very open position. He directed both flanks of his opponent to be assaulted at the same time, while he with a chosen squadron would bear down upon the centre. Victory now seemed to sit upon his helm. The enemy's right and left were turned, and the centre, not able to stand the united charge of chasseurs, artillery, and Cossacs, gave way in every direction; some fled, but many fell, dyeing the pale snow with torrents of human blood. Discomfited at every point, this once formidable division separated from before the swords of their victors, one party flying towards Douchovochina, and the other taking wing to Smolenzk. Platoff dispatched a strong corps in pursuit of the latter, while he himself followed the former, (at whose head was Beauharnois), with a body of troops determined to seize or pursue its commander to the verge of the empire.

The gallant train came up with the object of their chase the next day near to the banks of the Vope. The atmosphere was darkened by a thickly-falling snow, but darkness and light were the same to the zeal of the Cossac, the blaze of his own ardour was sufficient, and the battle was renewed. Beauharnois made a firmer resistance than before; his soldiers received the charge of the Russians with a furious recoil, and the combat raged for a little time with a grappling kind of courage. But it was not the courage of military order; the voice of command was not heard; all was the result of individual feeling, at one moment cutting down his adversary, and in the next, hurried on by frantic despair, precipitating himself upon the pointed weapons of the Cossacs.

Upwards of fifteen hundred of the enemy were killed during the attacks of these two days; and three thousand five hundred taken prisoners. Amongst the latter were General Sanson, many chiefs of regiments, and more than one hundred officers of inferior ranks. The spoil were sixty-two pieces of cannon, several standards, baggage, &c. &c.

Platoff, having destroyed nearly the whole of Beauharnois' division, moved down upon Douchovochina to finish its destruction, and then dispatched eight regiments of Cossacs to strengthen those already sent towards Smolenzk. His intentions were to follow these successes by proceeding on the great road beyond Selobpneva, and then turning on the heads of the enemy's advancing columns, cut them off in van and rear.

A short time after this affair, some of the Russian parties intercepted a French courier with letters from the defeated division, to that at Smolenzk. Two are here subjoined from Beauharnois, and they will give no faint impressions of his own idea of the sufferings of the unhappy wretches under his command.

Letter from the Viceroy of Italy to the Prince of Neufchatel, dated from the village of Zeselia, November 7th, 1812.

"I have the honour to inform your Highness that I put myself in motion at four o'clock this morning, but the badness of the roads, and severity of the frost opposed so many obstacles to the march of my division, that our van only was able to reach this place by six in the evening, the rear taking up a position nearly two leagues behind.

"At five in the morning, the enemy appeared on our right, attacking at the same instant our van, our centre, and our rear, with artillery, Cossacs, and dragoons. At the head he found an opening of which he took immediate advantage, and charging with a loud houra! made a prize of two pieces of regimental cannon which had been stopped by a steep acclivity at some distance from their escorts. The 9th regiment ran to recover them, but they had been already carried off.

"On the rear-guard the enemy opened a fire from four guns, and General Ornano believes that he saw infantry upon every other point with two pieces of cannon each, but he does not assert it as a positive fact.

"Your Highness must allow that my situation is extremely critical; embarrassed as I am by the quantity of baggage with which I have been forced to encumber myself, and by a long train of artillery of which, without exaggeration, four hundred horses have died this day. Nevertheless I shall continue my march by dawn to-morrow with the intention of reaching Pologgi, where I shall endeavour to gain that information which must determine whether I shall proceed to Douchovochina or to Pneva.

"I will not conceal from your Highness that after making every exertion to carry forward the artillery, I am at last under the necessity of abandoning so fruitless an attempt. In our present situation we must be prepared to make great sacrifices, and this very day several guns have been spiked and buried.

"I have the honour, &c."

Letter from the Viceroy of Italy to the Prince of Neufchatel, dated November 8th, 1812, *at the passage of the Vope.*

"I enclose to your Highness a letter which, though written by me yesterday, failed of reaching you; the officer who was to have delivered it having been led astray by his guide.

"Your highness will be surprised to find me yet upon the Vope; I have not however been the less active in quitting Zeselia by five this morning, but the road is so cut with ravines that it required nearly miraculous efforts to reach even thus far. It is with the most painful feelings that I discover the necessity I am under of confessing to your highness the great sacrifices we have made to expedite our march. These three days only, have cost us two-thirds of our artillery, and of the troops, four hundred horses died yesterday, and to-day we have lost double that number, not including any of those I was obliged to procure for the baggage waggons and other carriages. Whole trains perished nearly at the same instant, several of which had been three times renewed.

"To-day this division of the army has not been disturbed in its march. Some thought they perceived Cossacs without artillery, but that circumstance not being usual, it may be a mistake. If the report of one of the Voltigeurs, who was sent out on a marauding party, may be believed, he was followed by a column of infantry and artillery taking the same direction with ourselves.

"To-night I send a strong *reconnoisance* upon Douchovochina, which place I expect to reach to-morrow, provided the enemy does not oppose a serious resistance to my march; for I must not conceal from your Highness that the sufferings of these three last days have so completely depressed the spirit of the soldiery, that I fear they are at this moment incapable of making any sort of exertion. Many of the troops are dead from famine and from cold; and others, in despair, have suffered themselves to be taken by the enemy.

"I have the honour, &c."

By moving upon Douchovochina, Beauharnois cut off the communication between him and the greater body of the French army, and his taking such a route can only be accounted for in his anxiety to find some subsistence for his famished people. Could this be accomplished he might have a hope of gaining Vitepsk, and joining the remnant of his division with the forces of Victor and Oudinot, who were supposed to be then in that neighbourhood.

Whatever might have been his future object, the means to reach it were destroyed by the Cossacs. They never checked the career of their pursuit, till they chased the Viceroy of Italy and his staff to the gates of Smolenzk; and saw the poor wretches who had formed the last fragment of his division, dispersing themselves for shelter in every direction, flying to the woods and over the trackless snows, where they perished to a man.

There was not one of the Generals of Napoleon who did not openly or secretly condemn their leader for persisting in leaving Moscow with so immense a train of artillery. The delay it occasioned in their retreat, and the vast consumption of cattle it occasioned to transport it along, was one great cause of the future calamities of the army. Time, infinitely valuable at this crisis, was worse than lost. The various impediments which lay in the way of these heavy appendages of flight, stole away the hours and days in attempting to surmount them; thousands of horses, taken from riders too enfeebled to bear the toil of walking, perished in the harness of the guns; and the guns themselves were at last abandoned! But not till the delay they had occasioned had sealed the fate of the army:—it was overtaken by the Winter of the North!

At this moment when his dismounted and fainting troops were left to the mercy of their pursuers, he affects thus to remark on their situation: "the enemy, who saw on the road the traces of the calamity which had befallen the army, hastened to take advantage of its misfortune. He surrounded every column with Cossacs, who, like the Arabs of the desert, carried off the trains and carriages which were separated from us. Such are the acts of this despicable cavalry, which make a noise, but are not capable of equalling in speed a company of *voltigeurs*. They are formidable by the favour of circumstances alone."

All the hopes and false calculations of Buonaparté relative to the conquest of Russia, have been dissipated in endeavouring to realize them. Never was contempt of the character and resources of a nation more deeply rooted in the breast of man, than was the French Ruler's contempt of this empire. Never since nations existed has there been manifested so unanimous a patriotism, and with that patriotism a succession of resources equal to every exigency of the time. The calamities of the invasion instead of damping the ardour of the people, drew forth in tenfold strength their courage and incalculable powers of war. And while Napoleon proclaimed to the world that he went to separate a race of slaves from their tyrants, he only made it apparent that in the empire of Russia still exists the polity of the patriarchal ages. There may be found the hereditary bond and the free: a circle of allodial princes, and their tenants who, born on the lands and of a line of ancestors coeval with the pedigree of their lords, are rather the sons than the slaves of the soil. When Englishmen, in general, speak of northern vassalage, it is evident they consider it in the same point of view that they did the slavery in the West Indies. But no two states can possess more distinct lines of difference. The bonds of the Russian peasant are the same with those which bound the Chaldean shepherd; the servitude of the negro in the West Indies, was the slavery of a Spartan helot. As there is a progress in civilization, and every nation cannot be prepared to share at the same moment the privileges of other nations, it is as illiberal as absurd to contemn all people who are not elevated to the same pitch of political consequence we are ourselves. Solon gave to the Athenians, not the best possible code of laws, but the best they would bear. Such is ever the conduct of wisdom. Nations are like children. They are not set at perfect liberty till education had made them a law to themselves. The Russian Sovereign and his princes are not ignorant of this ordinance of nature. The circumstances of the French invasion have called forth the characters of the people. The high and the low are made sensible of their relative duties to the common weal: they are acquainted with their own powers; they are aware of each others virtues:—and the consequences are obvious. Alexander is the Father of his Empire! and the Russian nation must become as great in internal policy, as it is now renowned for loyalty and arms.

Count Ogorofsky continued to move towards the country in the direction of Krasnoy, while Lieutenant-General Schepeleff, after reconnoitring and clearing all in his front, moved on his right to Elnia. He found a strong body of the enemy in that city, but he did not allow them to remain there; in a few hours they were completely driven from the place and its neighbourhood.

Miloradovitch, with the advanced guard of the great army, pushed on through Semlevo towards Dorogobouche. On the 7th of November he discovered the enemy constructing an additional bridge over the Dneiper. That river intersects the great road in two different places about eight wersts from Dorogobouche. The most considerable part of the French army, with its guns and baggage, had already gained the immediate vicinity of that city. This detachment was therefore wholly unprotected; and Miloradovitch gave instant orders that it should be attacked. Being struck with terror at the unexpected charge, the men who composed it scarcely offered any resistance, but fell in heaps under the Russian sabre, or plunged for refuge into the river, where they were drowned. This impediment destroyed, Miloradovitch passed the whole of his forces over, and proceeded towards the town.

The French army in arriving there, had taken up an advantageous position; but, like most of their late efforts, it was of no avail. The Russian General dispatched a strong division to turn their left flank, their right being secured by the Dneiper. The combat was supported on both sides with the spirit of good soldiers. It was desperate on the part of the French, and determined on that of Russia. Two hours, however, put an end to the contest, and the enemy followed his fate of flying from the field. During the flight upwards of fifty ammunition waggons were blown up, and a vast number of guns thrown into the river. Several fell into the hands of the Russians, with about a thousand prisoners; and when the victors reconnoitred what had been the position of their adversary, they found it one line of dead and dying; the snow was blackened with their bodies; and every where around, the foot of man or horse could not step without trampling on the wrecks of human nature, destroyed by the sword, or cold, or famine.

Count Orloff-Denizoff moved his force in a parallel direction between the great army and that of Miloradovitch; and during his march very successfully continued his exertions against the enemy, destroying their men, and burning their waggons. This gallant division had been greatly increased by numbers of organized peasantry, and several noble partizans who assisted the general in his glorious toils. When he reached the villages of Kolpitka and Doubasichi, which are not far from Dorogobouche, he learnt that the enemy, to the amount of nine thousand men, under the command of Brigade-General Augereau, were divided amongst the villages of Yazvine, Liachovo, and Dolgomostia. On receiving this information, (it was on the 11th of November), he pushed on with his whole force. Liachovo was the first object, and was attacked by the artillery under the orders of Captain Figner, an officer who, throughout the whole of this desolating war, gave unceasing proofs of courage and military skill. The enemy made an attempt to form on some rising ground on the right of the village, but the Russian shot rolling in upon their ranks and marking them with horrid chasms, they deemed it prudent to retire again to the protection of the houses. Count Orloff-Denizoff, with his troops, immediately surrounded the place. The French Commander, seeing the inevitable consequences of his situation, did not hesitate, but laying down his arms, offered to capitulate. This division, all taken prisoners, consisted of two thousand men, and sixty officers, including their General. The detachment, which occupied Dolgomastia, finding that Augereau was attacked, dispatched a corps of cavalry to his support. These were met, charged and destroyed, nearly at the very moment in which their General and brethren-in-arms surrendered.

This was the first example of such a capitulation since the enemy's retiring from Moscow.

Next day, the victorious Count scoured the rest of the villages of their hostile inmates. On his approach to Prennina he learnt that a large convoy of provisions, cattle, horses, and other necessaries for the French army accumulating at Smolenzk, was on its way from Mohiloff, under the guard of strong detachments of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, the whole amounting to six thousand men. His information was so good, and his own movements so judicious, that he fell on all parts of this immense cavalcade almost in one instant of time, and his divisions closing in upon them, the whole was made his prize. One thousand five hundred of the enemy were killed, thirteen hundred were made prisoners, and four hundred waggons laden with biscuit, brandy and wine, were taken. Also two hundred head of cattle, and one thousand horses destined for the guns. Such was the report which the fugitive survivors of the action attempted to carry to Smolenzk; but the freezing blast and the shapeless drift destroyed what the sword had spared; and there was none to tell of a loss so terrible to an army whose wants rendered the smallest assistance invaluable.

Prince Koutousoff kept pace with the corps on his right, fixing his head-quarters at Elnia on the 7th of November, and on the 13th at Lobkovo.

Buonaparté and his chosen band, having tracked their way over deserts lost in snow, at last came up with the relics of his once fine army at Smolenzk, and established his head-quarters there on the 9th of November. At the moment of his entrance into that city he was in perfect ignorance of the relative situations of the several great divisions of the Russian army. His flight to this point had been prosecuted under circumstances of such speed and alarm that he had not had the power of sending out parties of reconnoisance to any distance. However, he flattered himself, from the rapidity with which he had moved, that he must now be considerably in advance of the enemy, and might reach Minsk before Admiral Tchitchagoff could approach it from Volhynia.

The division of Marshal Ney, (which now amounted to no more than fifteen thousand men), was yet a full day's march in the rear of the main body, and it was to be considered as its rear guard. Necessary as his advance might be, his utmost endeavours could not make more than a very slow progress; for the Cossacs and light troops of the Russian advanced guard fell on him at every point, and it may literally be said he purchased every step forward with the blood of some of his people. In one of his rencontres with the imperial troops, he lost nine hundred and eighty men, twenty-two pieces of cannon, and sixty ammunition waggons.

In fact, the numbers who perished of the French army, from the day of its evacuating Moscow, to that of its entrance into Smolenzk, are incredible. It exceeded *one hundred thousand men* when it left the gates of the ancient capital, and at Smolenzk *sixty thousand* could with difficulty be mustered, and even the greatest numbers of them were hardly able to bear arms. Though too enfeebled by want and fatigue to contend with any effect against their armed enemies, they were still only too prompt to obey the cruel orders of their leader to avenge their defeats and their miseries upon the last remains of the native inhabitants of Smolenzk. Ever since this wretched city fell into the possession of the French it had exhibited one uninterrupted scene of tyranny. The authorities instituted by Buonaparté, had exerted their powers of aggression both upon the town and the adjoining country with every act of avidity and ferocious violence. Amongst the many loyal Russians whose blood was daily offered by these monsters of cruelty to the ambition of their master, was the brave Colonel Engelhart. He was a private gentleman of Smolenzk, and on the entrance of the French into that government, he resolutely remained in his village, defending it against the rapacity of the enemy. Various parties were ordered out to destroy him and his little fortress together, but his courage was more than numbers, and many of the brigands fell by his own intrepid hand. But, shame to add, at last one wretch was found who could be persuaded to act the traitor, and Engelhart was betrayed into the power of his enemies. The joy they manifested at sight of their captive fully testified the merit of his opposition, and when he was interrogated on his conduct by his French judges, he answered in the simple language of virtue:

"I have only done my duty as a Russian subject. The obligation of opposing them who would disturb the peace of our legitimate sovereign, and destroy our country, is imposed by the Divine Law upon us all: and I have nothing to regret, but that I am restrained by these fetters from dying in the act of inflicting vengeance upon our invaders."

It was thus that the noble Engelhart declared the principles of his heroic heart before the tribunal of his enemies. He listened calmly to the sentence of death which they passed upon him. He returned to his prison in chains, through the streets of Smolenzk; and re-entering his dungeon with the mild dignity of virtue, there made his last testament of affection to those he loved, and of firm defiance to the oppressors of his country. At the place of execution he pointed out to the French their error in believing that they could ever enslave Russia; he predicted the destruction of her invaders, and thanked heaven that even his murder would prove a service to the empire.

Death had so few terrors for him who had been conducted to the scaffold by his virtues, that, when the executioners would have blindfolded him, he removed the bandage, and fixing his intrepid eyes upon the muskets which were levelled at him, made the sign of the holy cross upon his bosom. He fell a soldier of Christ, he fell a noble sacrifice to his duty as a subject and a man.

Very few were the days that the French army, beaten by the tempest raised by their crimes and the elements, remained at Smolenzk; but those few days were marked with every horror the most wanton cruelty could inflict. It was the reign of violence. Maddened by privation, and infuriate with every vengeful passion, the tide of rapine knew no bounds; blood flowed in every quarter, and the unrestrained swords of these famished bands even went so far as to attack the guards of their own stores, to pillage the contents; and in phrenzied intoxication, to consume by fire what they had not strength to bear away. Indeed the disorder amongst the troops rose to such a pitch that no common measures could bring it into any rule. The officers were set at defiance, and while any sustenance could be rifled from the magazines, the men despised subordination, and rioted in all the excess of mutiny and desperation. It was the bold despair of the seamen, who, seeing their vessel must founder, break into the ship-stores, and sink inebriated into their watry grave. There was ruin in every moment of this system being endured; and to check it at least, by changing the object of their avidity, Buonaparté gave orders that his disorganized people should be marched from the town towards the abundant granaries he had provided in Poland.

The last tragic act of fire and devastation that was to be performed in Smolenzk, was left to the direction of Marshal Davoust, and to be executed by those of his division who had happened to suffer the least under the late fatigues and privations. The orders to this effect were transmitted to him by Berthier, at the command of their August Dictator, and they may be found in the following intercepted letter:

The Prince of Neufchatel to the Prince of Eckmuhl.

"PRINCE D'ECKMUHL,

"It is the Emperor's command, that you support the Duke d'Elchingen in the retreat of his rear-guard. The Viceroy goes to-morrow to Krasnoy: you will be careful, therefore, to occupy and relieve such posts as may be necessary for the security of the Viceroy's advance. The intention of his Majesty is, that your corps and that of the Duke d'Elchingen should fold themselves back upon Krasnoy; and this movement must be made on the 16th or 17th.

"General Charpentier, with his garrison, consisting of two-thirds of the Polish battalions, and one regiment of cavalry, will quit the city with the rear-guard.

"Previous to the evacuation of the town you must blow up the fortifications around Smolenzk, by setting fire to the mines already prepared: you must personally superintend the burning of the ammunition, magazines, and the artillery waggons, as well as of the muskets. In short, every thing that cannot be carried off, must be destroyed. Such of the cannon as you are unable to remove, must be sawn asunder and buried. The Generals Chasselopp and Laribaissiere, remain here, to execute their share in the foregoing dispositions. You will be particular, Monsieur le Marechal, to order out patroles, for the purpose of preventing stragglers, and you will take measures for the removal of the sick, so that as few as possible may be left in the hospitals.

(Signed) "*Alexander, the Prince of Neufchatel,*
"*Major-General.*"

Smolenzk, the $\frac{2}{14}$ Nov. $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{O. S.}\\ \text{N. S.}\end{matrix}\right\}$ 7 in the morning.

The orders of Napoleon were still held in respect by his Generals, and with regard to the ruin in Smolenzk they were strictly obeyed. The command was devastation! and even the most mutinous soldier fell into the line that was to do the work. Use had made destruction a habit of their minds, and in the present case it was augmented to enjoyment, by making it an act of revenge. The mines were filled with upwards of eight hundred immense cases of combustibles. The city was fired in every quarter at once, and, as soon as the last ranks of the grand army filed out of it, the signal brand was thrown and the explosion took place. The raging of the flames, the thundering of the bursting mines, and the tremendous fragments of stone and wood that were hurled into the air, and fell back in blazing ruin, created the appearance of a volcano in the midst of the wintry desert. And beneath this burning shower, and wrapped in clouds of smoke, Davoust issued from the falling suburbs of the city, to join his master, who had departed on the 13th for Krasnoy.

Napoleon, as usual, had chosen his companions, taking with him his guards only, who, indeed, were the only troops who now affected any zealous attachment to his person, or maintained discipline amongst their ranks.

The Grand Russian army, by continuing to approach the city of Krasnoy, greatly increased the effects of General Miloradovitch's movements upon the enemy's rear. That excellent officer having approached Liaghovo, by a movement on his left, pushed on to the villages in the vicinity of Krasnoy, in consequence of his finding that the chief part of Beauharnois' corps had been destroyed; that Platoff was following the rest in the directions of Douchovchina and Smolenzk; and that Ney was also flying for refuge to the latter place. The whole Russian corps to a man participated in the zeal of their general, and they marched eagerly on, hoping to intercept some of the enemy's columns before they could quit Smolenzk.

The great body of the Russian forces, now moving in a concentrated form, under the command of so consummate a General as Koutousoff, awakened an universal expectation in the country that the decisive stroke on the Invader and his army was soon to fall.

The light troops and parties under the Counts Ogorofsky, Osterman-Tolstoy, and Orloff-Denizoff, were hourly destroying or taking prisoners the French detachments in their retreat from Smolenzk.

Buonaparté had arrived safe at Krasnoy, but being now well aware that his pursuers were much nearer than he either wished or expected, he awaited with the greatest anxiety the coming up of Marshal Davoust. However, to provide against accidents, he made the best dispositions for his troops that the city and its environs would admit, taking some advantageous stations in the village of Dobroë and on the Orcha road to secure his escape in a case of extremity.

On the 17th of November, Miloradovitch masked his advance with the village of Merlino and the uneven grounds in its neighbourhood, in order to allow the troops of Davoust (which were then proceeding towards Krasnoy) to pass his line. This done, he would attack their rear, whilst their left flank should meet a similar greeting from the third corps and second division of cuirassiers under General Prince Galitzen. At the same time, three strong divisions of infantry and artillery, with detachments from the corps of Ogorofsky and Borosdin, supported by eight regiments of Cossacs and chasseurs, should pass through the villages of Soukovo and Sorokino towards Dobroë, to cut off the flight of the enemy by that route.

Davoust, though always expecting annoyance, moved forward without any idea that the enemy menaced him with such a force. Unconsciously he passed through their deep, and to him invisible, defiles near Merlino; and, marching on with feelings almost of security, he had just gained the village of Koutovo, about three wersts from Krasnoy, when he was confounded by finding himself assailed at once, in flank and rear, as if by an army risen out of the earth. Fearing that he should be totally encircled, he halted to form and prepare for a battle; but the hot and heavy fire of the Russian musketry and guns pressed his people so close upon each other, and the ground on which they stood was so unfavourable, that in endeavouring to produce order, and to force his men into some shape of defence, he only redoubled their confusion. Miloradovitch gave them no time to recover from their first dismay, but ordering his men forward they precipitated themselves upon their foes with uplifted sabres, and the bristling points of countless bayonets. These relentless weapons soon gave a movement to the enemy, but it was to fly.

The *Great Napoleon*, from amidst his guards, witnessed the commencement of this terrific route; but, not waiting to behold its issue, he turned his horse and fled at full gallop with his suite towards the town of Laidy. Thus did he abandon a division of his army, to which he had hitherto affixed so much consequence, and leave to the fury of an incensed enemy a Field-Marshal whom he had always affected to regard with peculiar esteem.

The complete destruction of the whole corps of Davoust succeeded to the acclaim of victory from the Russian lines. The cries of his deserted and dying soldiers must have followed the flying steps of Napoleon, as he vanished from the field. He was deaf to the appeal, and was seen no more. The wretched creatures, who escaped the swords of their conquerors, sought shelter in the neighbouring woods which skirt the Dneiper, for an extent of five wersts. There these desolate beings, wounded, starving, and naked, laid them down under the frozen thickets, and soon forgot the desertion of their leader and their own miseries in the sleep of death.

It is impossible to pass over the shameful flight of Buonaparté from the field of Krasnoy, and to witness the apathy with which he abandoned this division in its extremity, without feeling some touch of the old-fashioned idea, that hereditary sovereigns have an inherent parental love for their people, which never can exist in the breast of a strange prince. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that *Henri Quatre* could have fled from any field where he must leave his subjects to be butchered. But we need not go so far back for a proof of this kind of affection: Louis XVI. need never have returned from Varennes, would he have allowed his friends to fire upon the suspicious persons who approached his carriage—"Spare my people!" he said, and his own death on the scaffold was the reward of his tenderness!

If Napoleon did not act as became a sovereign, Davoust possessed so much more honour than his master, that he maintained his character of a General to the last. He fought without receding a step, until the total destruction of his division, and the flight of the few who survived, drew him along with them into the woods.

The detail of the French loss in the battle of Krasnoy was, two generals, fifty-eight officers of different ranks, nine thousand one hundred and seventy soldiers, taken prisoners. The killed amounted to four thousand: and the remainder of the division, flying in every direction, perished in the manner before described. The trophies of the victory were seventy cannons, three standards, and the batôn du Maréchal of Davoust, with the whole of his baggage, and no inconsiderable part of Napoleon's.

By the defeat of this branch of the army, the corps of Ney was completely cut off. Indeed, the discomfited General had no means of apprising Ney of what had happened, that he might avoid a similar destruction. His division was to leave Smolenzk on the very day of this victory. And Prince Koutousoff being informed of his march, took instant measures to mislead him, and to make his detachment follow the fate of his friend's. To separate him entirely from any communication with the main body of the French army, the Commander-in-chief dispatched a strong division to Miloradovitch. These troops were posted near the villages close to the high road, and a range of batteries were constructed of forty pieces of cannon, commanding the only access to Krasnoy by the highway. Through it Ney's division must pass to reach the town, and by so doing it must inevitably fall in with the great body of the Russians which was posted close to Krasnoy.

On the 19th the Cossacs in advance discovered the enemy, but from the thickness of the fog they could not calculate the number of his columns. The same density of atmosphere prevented him discerning the batteries that were prepared to destroy him.

The French Marshal came rapidly forward, and seeing only small parties in his way, affirmed them to be only bodies of reconnoisance; and urged his men to haste to join the division of Davoust and their Emperor at Krasnoy! Full of this expectation, he had no idea but that Koutousoff was at a considerable distance from him, and he proceeded confidently forward till he arrived within half a cannon shot of the Russian batteries, and there he was presented with a flag of truce and a summons to surrender. At this he laughed, still believing that the troops he now saw were at the best but a small detachment. "Je saurai me faire jour!" exclaimed he, and rushed to put into execution his determination.

The answer to this reply was immediately made by the Russian guns, and then indeed was he convinced of his mistake. He saw his men, at the distance of two hundred paces from the cannons' mouths, fall in whole ranks, but the instantaneous slaughter did not check the resolution either of the soldiers or their commander. The surprise only seemed to elicit the full blaze of their courage, and they charged upon the batteries with the most furious impetuosity. The carnage was dreadful: showers of grape mowed down hundreds, but still the vacuum was filled. A valour worthy of the noblest cause was exhibited by column after column pressing towards the batteries, to glory or the grave. At this crisis they suddenly found their rear assaulted, and were obliged to alter their position. A Russian division under the command of General Paskevitch, had issued from the villages and behind the high road (which had been the screen of the main army) and attacked the enemy's rear with the bayonet. At the same moment his right was turned by the Hulans of the guards, and his left pushed by the grenadiers of the Pauvlofsky battalions. The French fought with intrepidity at every point, and kept up a heavy fire of musketry and grape upon the heads of their assailants—but all was in vain. They were surrounded, their position was raked from side to side by the Russian guns, and Miloradovitch and his brave followers setting their lives at nought, unless they could reduce this division to the same state as its predecessor, penetrated the ranks of the enemy with so resistless a force that their order was destroyed. A ruinous confusion increased every moment, and the slaughter redoubling in horrible heaps, a retreat was attempted by the bleeding remnant of the day. Order was impossible; it was no longer a military body, but a concourse of individuals, the relics of regiments that strewed the ground, seeking a refuge from an exterminating sword! The wretched survivors followed the track in the snow yet left them by the fugitives of the preceding day, and fled into the woods. Ney crossed the Boristhenes at the extremity of these thickets, leaving in the hands of his conquerors his colours, cannon, and baggage.

General Korff pursued the fugitives wherever they might be found, and, before many hours, none of these two divisions, that were not prisoners, excepting their Marshals, lived to tell the story of their disasters.

Scarcely had the shores of the Dneiper witnessed the completion of this second victory, when another body of the French appeared in sight. It consisted of the last columns of the rear-guard, amounting to something more than eleven thousand men. They too, were ignorant of the late defeats of their countrymen, and were pressing forward in the same direction, when a battery of twenty pieces opened upon them and checked their speed. A few minutes afterwards their rear was charged by three thousand Russian cavalry, and every demonstration being made to convince them of their disability to resist, their Commander yielded to necessity, and dispatched a flag of truce to General Miloradovitch to ask for quarter. It was instantly granted, and the whole of the French division surrendered and laid down their arms before the Russian troops. Eleven thousand men were made prisoners, and one hundred officers; five thousand, with four Generals, were left dead in the field. Not a single dragoon was with these columns, consequently they had no means of reconnoitring, and were more than usually at the mercy of their enemies. Fifty pieces of cannon, the military chest, and all the baggage, (which contained much of the plunder from Moscow), fell into the hands of Miloradovitch. The loss sustained by the Russians during these two brilliant days, was not more than five hundred men.

The French had abandoned Smolenzk on the night of the 16th, and on the morning of the 17th of November. Its ashes were still throwing forth mingled columns of flame and smoke, when Platoff approached it. He left within it a regiment of chasseurs, and a party of Cossacs, and then proceeded on the right of the Dneiper to take vengeance on the enemy who retreated along its banks. The brave Hetman was accompanied by fifteen regiments of Cossacs, and an adequate proportion of the horse-artillery of the Don. He set forward towards Katane in the way to Doubrovna. General Orloff-Denizoff, with his two Cossac regiments, two light guns, and eight squadrons of dragoons were detached in his front.

Previous to Platoff's reaching Smolenzk, at about seventeen wersts from the town, and on the 15th of the month, he fell in with twelve pieces of cannon, and a train of carriages stretching to an incredible length, which had been abandoned by the French army in its progress to its *promised depot of plenty*. On examining the waggons they were found laden with spoil and plunder; with the moveable properties of towns and villages; but no food either for man or beast. The poor animals which had been destined to drag these useless loads were dead in their traces; and mingled with them, under every shape of past agony, lay hundreds of human bodies. Some had dropped from excess of fatigue; others showed by the gaping marks in their flesh, that while vainly attempting to remove from the hour of contest they had died victims to previous wounds. Many had sunk down from their seats on the top of the carriages, stiffened into death even before they were conscious of its approach. Wherever Platoff turned his eyes he saw nothing but images of mortality. The ground was covered with the enemies of his country, but they no longer lived: it seemed like a scene of enchantment: and he marched by the insensible army as he would have passed a legion of marble statues which some mighty wind had levelled with the dust.

Buonaparté had defied the victorious arm of Russia; though beaten from Borodino, and forced from the capital of the Tzars, he was still dominant in pride, he was still teeming with false reports, till a mightier arm than that of all the potentates upon earth assailed him. When the winter of the North, and the thunder of its storms rolled on him from every quarter; when its tempests of sleet hissed on him over the trackless desert; then it was that this Dictator of the world acknowledged to himself that he was not omnipotent; then it was that he first spoke the truth. It is not necessary to expatiate here upon the general falsity of his bulletins, whenever a true narrative might check the oracle of "Cæsar and his fortunes!" The pen of a gallant British officer, who is also a distinguished military writer,* has put this fact beyond a doubt.

The accumulating disasters of the French army, the despair that darkened its onward path, and the horrors which appeared in its rear, all convinced Napoleon that he could no longer hope to deceive the nations. The dreadful truth must eventually contradict such an attempt; and, therefore, from policy he took up an honest pen. On the 11th of November, in his twenty-eighth bulletin, he commences his confessions. But they were not made from a free heart, confident in its motives, and therefore fearless of events. He garbles and qualifies; in short, he gives you a sketch of events through a dimmed glass, and though you may catch an idea of the outline, you must look for the particulars in some clearer medium.

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* Sir Robert Wilson.

Whilst the grand army of the Russian Empire, so successfully drove before it the main body of the French and its ambitious leader, Count Vigtenstein pursued the advantages he had gained by the fall of Polotzk and the defeat of St. Cyr. Soon after the flight of that general, Vigtenstein was informed by Count Steingel, that, in following up his victories over the enemy, his parties of reconnoisance had brought him information of large bodies of Bavarians who were advancing; and that they came on with such manifest superiority in numbers, it was prudent for him to fall back towards Dissna.

On this intelligence being received, Count Vigtenstein ordered General Sassonoff, with twelve thousand men, to proceed with all expedition along the right bank of the Dwina, to cross the river at Dissna, and to unite himself without loss of time to the division under Steingel. The junction being effected, he was to proceed immediately with that General to attack the enemy at Ouschatch.

The command and the execution seemed the act but of one moment; for early in the morning of the 24th of October, this gallant body presented itself before the enemy in the environs of that village.

His cavalry showed themselves in great force, and a considerable party of infantry came out to form and oppose the Russians; but the Count's additional troops made him so superior in every respect to his opponents that they were soon forced to quit the field, leaving three hundred men killed, and one hundred taken prisoners. Their precipitation was so great, that they passed a convoy of their own not far distant from the scene of their defeat, and had the mortification of seeing it seized by their pursuers without any resistance. It consisted of forty waggons, with a considerable escort. By this last prize twenty-two regimental standards, a great quantity of stores, a commissary-general, seven officers, and one hundred soldiers fell into the hands of the victors.

By these successes, minor in appearance, but of magnitude in their effects, the Bavarians were totally cut off from the corps of Gouvion St. Cyr. That General was then on his march upon Lepel, to unite the shattered remains of his divisions to a corps under the command of Marshal Victor, who had arrived in that neighbourhood.

Count Vigtenstein having passed the Dwina at Polotzk, was now in full pursuit of the enemy in the direction of Lepel. The roads over which his conquering troops urged forward their glorious chase, presented an epitome of those leading from Moscow. Dead bodies of men and horses, and abandoned cannon and carriages, every where strewed the way. During his advance towards Tchasniki he took ninety waggons of ammunition, nine guns, and made eight hundred stragglers prisoners.

On the 29th of October he arrived with his whole force in the neighbourhood of Tchasniki, having ordered Major-General Vlastoff to remain with a formidable detachment in the defiles between Drouja and Bretzlau, to watch the corps of Macdonald, and to maintain the communication with the troops of General Lewis, which had already moved from Riga along the left bank of the Dwina with such brilliant success.

By these manœuvres, having secured the attention of the enemy to that part of the country, the brave Vigtenstein found himself at liberty, without any apprehensions for what he left behind, to follow up his present object, which was to prevent Victor's joining the main army under Buonaparté. While he thus aimed to divide the Marshal from his leader, he hoped at the same time to form his own junction with Admiral Tchitchagoff, who could not then be far from Minsk.

General Le Grand, who had taken the command of the French after St. Cyr received his wound at Polotzk, reached Lepel; and, on the 30th of October, had the good fortune to join Victor, whose corps, consisting of fifteen thousand men, were posted upon the Oula, close to the town of Tchasniki. The Russians halted not far from his line; and Count Vigtenstein determined to dislodge him from his position, that he might rid the town of such hostile neighbours, and acquire for himself the free possession of the advantageous country on its right and left, where he could securely remain until he were fully apprised of the movements of Koutousoff and of the army of the Danube.

According to these plans, early in the morning of the 31st the Russian Commander put his army in motion. The enemy on perceiving this, hastened to form, but after a very slight affair, between his troops and the covering cavalry and light artillery of the Russians, he retired across the river Loukomnia. With that in his front, he attempted to make a stand, but Vigtenstein poured such a shower of balls upon him from his artillery and musketry, that, after sustaining a considerable loss, he put himself in motion again, and fell back behind another river. The Russians followed him close, galling him with the fire from their guns, and so harassing his movements with their cavalry and musketry, that at length, after three hours exposing himself to their destructive operations, he retired as fast as the wishes of his adversaries would have had him, to Senno. This retreat left the whole of the country open to the Count, and he had purchased so great an advantage at a comparatively small price, for he did not lose more during the whole affair than four hundred in killed and wounded. The enemy left nine hundred dead on the field, besides having eight hundred men and twelve officers taken prisoners.

Vigtenstein now fixed his head-quarters at Tchasniki, and stationed his principal force in the village and neighbourhood of Smolnya, a place about three wersts distant from Tchasniki. He likewise detached a body of troops under the command of General La Harpe, with orders to divide themselves on their reaching Beshenkovich, and proceed on both sides of the Dwina to Vitepsk.

These orders were executed with alacrity: and on the 7th of November, General La Harpe's advanced guard appeared before the city. At so unexpected a sight, the enemy set fire to the bridge, and opened two pieces of cannon, which had been planted on an adjacent height, upon their approaching adversaries. Both these attempts to impede their progress failed. The Russians attacked the enemy even in the act of destroying the bridge, extinguished the flames, and, in spite of the rapid fire from the two guns and the French musketry, drove him back into the town. In the same instant the rest of La Harpe's forces coming up, they joined the battle, and the enemy no longer making opposition fled precipitately through the suburbs to the Smolenzk road. While one part of the victors pursued the defeated for nearly twenty wersts, making an immense havoc, and returning with a considerable number of prisoners, the other took possession of the town. La Harpe had the satisfaction of finding there the French General Proujé, who was the Governor, and the Commandant Colonel Schvarde, with ten officers, and near four hundred soldiers. These were all made prisoners, and with them was taken a quantity of provisions, wine, forage, and ammunition, and the two guns which had in vain sought to command the bridge.

The joy of the people on their liberation from the French yoke, and at the presence of their countrymen, is not to be described. At once it turned the scene of war into that of festival, and "long live the Emperor Alexander!" resounded from every quarter. While the citizens rejoiced in their freedom, the brave soldiers of Vigtenstein were greeted in their turn with the most inspiriting tidings, for it was at Vitepsk that they received full information of the French grand army having evacuated Moscow, and that many of its columns paved the road to Smolenzk, where at last its discomfited leader had arrived. This news, and the near prospect of meeting the retiring foe, filled the Count and his brave followers with the most triumphant ardour. The impatience of the men could hardly be controlled, and the officers entreated for the moment of command when they should be ordered to rush onward, to assist in avenging the wrongs of the Empire upon the most obdurate and murderous enemy that ever broke the peace of nations, and steeped the race of man in blood.

Victor felt too severe a mortification at the defeat his division had sustained before Tchasniki, not to make some effort to displace the tarnish on his fame. He received a reinforcement of about three thousand men; and having called around him his detached parties from all quarters, determined in his turn to dislodge Vigtenstein from his position on the Oula. He was assisted in his plans to carry forward this resolution, by the counsel of Oudinot, who had once more taken the command of the remains of his division. These colleagues quitted Senno in good order and on the 14th moved upon Smolnya. In their approach they fell in with the Russian advance, who, according to orders, in case of an attack, were to fall back upon the main body, which was posted in the rear of Smolnya. The centre of the main body was protected by a battery of twenty pieces of cannon planted on a height, and several others covered the flanks, near which the reserves of cavalry were stationed.

Vigtenstein's information of the enemy's designs was so excellent, and his measures to counteract them so prompt, that in all these cases it seemed as if his spirit must mingle in their councils, to give him such early and perfect intelligence, that all was prepared on the instant to render every scheme abortive.

The advanced guard retreated according to the commands they had received, and the enemy, finding himself not opposed, followed with triumphant hopes, until the Russian retiring forces passing from before him he found himself all at once in front of Vigtenstein's centre. The surprise did not disconcert him, but urging his men forward to redeem the losses of former conflicts in the one before them, his whole body fell with fury upon the Russian line. The village of Smolnya was his immediate object. He fought with the energy of a man determined at all hazards to recover the glory of an invincible name; and, in spite of the heavy discharges from the Russian guns, the place was taken. For a moment it was in his hands! but in the succeeding one the Russians forced his soldiers back upon their steps. Still he would not be repulsed; and, with a wonderful valour on both sides, Smolnya was taken and retaken six different times at the point of the bayonet. The streets were blocked up with the dead, and the ground so slippery from the blood, that the combatants could hardly have kept their feet had they not been almost grappled together in the resolute contest.

While this was going forward at the centre, the Russian wings were formidably threatened by several heavy columns of French infantry, which were well supported with artillery, and were bearing down with a very determined front. They were permitted to approach, without molestation, to within a few paces of the Russian flanks; but when arrived at that point the guns and tirailleurs of their antagonists poured on them ceaseless showers of ball and grape, and soon levelled most of their too-confident ranks with the snow.

In vain was the attempt renewed. Victor exerted all his powers, he collected his broken columns, he brought them in one strong body again to the assault, but again the Russian guns and the Russian bayonet harrowed up his lines; and the disappointed Marshal found himself compelled to leave the field while he had yet the semblance of an army to take from it; and with the deepest mortification he drew off at the close of the day along the right bank of the Oula. He retired in this direction with the hope of getting round the right flank of his victorious enemy; but here again he was disappointed, by an unexpected rencontre with

General Fock, who commanded the Russian reserve. The darkness of the night put a stop to all hostilities; and so completely were his hopes annihilated, that with the morning's dawn he commenced a decided retreat, retracing the greater part of his steps, and then proceeding to Tchemerino, where he halted, on the two roads which lead to Senno and to Tcheria.

The Russians sustained a loss, in this day's contest between Vigtenstein and Victor, of eighteen officers killed and wounded, and one thousand men; but they made eight hundred prisoners in the field, and six hundred more were taken by the cavalry in pursuing the enemy next day. The French left fifteen hundred dead upon the disputed ground.

General Vlastoff drove their cavalry from Vidzy, and spreading his troops from thence to the town of Glouboko, made many prisoners, and took several pieces of cannon; and by this movement united his line of operation with that of Vigtenstein.

On the 18th of November Colonel Tchernicheff gained Count Vigtenstein's head-quarters. He had been dispatched by Admiral Tchitchagoff, at the head of a regiment of Cossacs, to discover how far the army of Vigtenstein had advanced, and to give that general information of the Admiral's approach to Minsk.

Much intrepidity and military skill were required to execute this arduous commission. The brave Tchernicheff had to make his way through many detachments of the enemy, some advancing and others retiring, before he could reach his destined point. But he undertook the task with eagerness, and performed it with a judgment proportioned to his zeal. His sword was frequently dyed in blood during his perilous march, and his helmet as often crowned with victory. Several rivers interposed themselves in his path; and, notwithstanding the severity of the season, their rapid course prevented their being frozen. These were no obstacles to him; he and his heroes breasted the inclement stream, and passed it *a la nage*. It was not enough that he marched towards the object of his commander's orders, he gathered glory in his path, and his eye, guided by his ardour, seemed to see on every side of him. He overtook, and seized or destroyed, whole convoys; making their escorts his prisoners, or giving them to the dust, which had so deeply been saturated with the blood of his countrymen. To recount the various particulars of the march of this true hero might appear a romantic relation, a tale more suited to the hyperbole of fiction than to the sober record of facts. But all who are personally intimate with Count Tchernicheff, with the comprehensive powers of his mind, which grasps in one sublime view the past, the present, and the future; which sees the fate which hangs on the decision of a moment, and has the courage to cast his life upon the point that cleaves the links; all who are acquainted with the invincible valour of his heart, and the almost supernatural power with which his spirit seems to mingle with the minds of his men, and to stimulate them to the most heroic daring; none, who thus knew Count Tchernicheff, can deem any thing marvellous which tells of his bravery, and the prowess of his troops. Amongst his numerous services in this expedition, one of the most dear to his country is, that to his vigilance the gallant General Baron Vinzingerode owes his life and liberty; and also, that the Russian empire is indebted to the same resolution for the return of another of its most invaluable officers.*

From Count Tchernicheff, General Vigtenstein received the full particulars of the ruined state of the French grand army, and of the actual flight of the Saxon and Austrian troops. A few days after the arrival of this animating report, all was substantiated by Vigtenstein finding himself in direct communication with Platoff and the main army. The General-aide-de-camp Golenischeff Koutousoff, arrived at the city of Babinovitchi on the 22d, and was the agent of this decisive communication. The conduct of himself and his troops, during his march, reflected honour on his illustrious name; and thus through a career of military achievements, he arrived at the point which was to complete the cordon of Russian forces around the retreating divisions of Napoleon Buonaparté.

Victor and Oudinot finding that their Great Leader was not merely in retreat but in flight, from the realms of the Russian Emperor, deemed it proper to follow his example. But they did not desert their troops;

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* See Note.

they marched at their head, sharing alike the evils of defeat with the triumphs of victory, and commenced their evacuation of the invaded ground on the 22d of November. They moved in the direction of Toutchino, with the hope of falling in with the fugitive divisions from the interior, and Dombrofsky's corps from Mohiloff. Vigtenstein observed all their motions, and his advanced guard followed them.

The army of Admiral Tchitchagoff had been on its march towards Minsk, from the 27th of October, leaving, as has before been stated, a strong corps under General Saken in the neighbourhood of Brest-Litofsky. Major-General Liders was on his way from Voline; and General Hertel from Mazir to the same place of rendezvous.

During these movements the advanced-guard of the army was commanded by Count de Lambert. While on his route he fell in with a party of Dombrofsky's division at Novossverjene, pursued it to Kaydanovo, attacked it there, and compelled it to surrender. In this affair he took two pair of colours, two pieces of cannon, sixty-three officers, and four thousand soldiers.

After this success of their advanced-guard, the army of the Danube proceeded without impediment to Minsk, which place they took possession of on the 16th of November. Admiral Tchitchagoff found it rich in well-stored magazines of various stores, also much baggage, which had lately arrived in advance from the French at Moscow; and a number of fugitives whom he took prisoners.

No sooner was the admiral in full occupation of Minsk, than he ordered the gallant De Lambert, (whose corps he greatly strengthened), to proceed with all expedition to Borrisoff, where he would fall in upon Dombrofsky. That Polish General lay there in much force, having augmented his numbers by every means in his power, and covered his position with a *téte du pont*.

On the 21st the Russian troops came upon the out parties of the enemy, drove them to the shelter of their works, and, scarcely waiting for an order from their commander, the heroes of the Danube rushed upon the French and Poles, carried all before them, and precipitated the enemy with a terrible slaughter across the bridge. Some fell over the parapets, and were drowned, and those which escaped the river and the sword, fled with the most headlong haste towards Orcha. Thirty-eight officers, and four thousand soldiers, with eight cannon, and two pair of colours, were taken by the victors in this contest. Borrisoff, falling of course into their hands, numerous strong detachments of the army spread themselves along the left shore of the Berezina, even to beyond Zembino, to seize all the passes, and to destroy every bridge by which Buonaparté and his legions might facilitate their escape.

During the eight last days, previous to the brave Tchitchagoff's possession of Borrisoff, he had made upwards of fourteen thousand prisoners, including the sick and wounded whom he found in Minsk.

Thus the three Russian armies, for so they may be named, were drawn almost to a circle, around the half-animated remains of their once merciless, but now flying enemy.

Buonaparté having dragged his famishing troops beyond Smolenzk, and still pushing them on with as much rapidity as they were capable of, imagined that he had passed the worst. He now cheered them, who had strength to listen to promises, with the hope of coming up with the corps of Victor, Oudinot, and Dombrofsky. He flattered himself that the junction would yet put him at the head of forty thousand soldiers! Such would then be the *grand army of France!* Once an usurper, the mighty Augustus of Rome, demanded with grief and indignation of his discomfited general, "Give me my legions!" What would Napoleon answer, if France were to demand of her Augustus, "Give me the four hundred thousand soldiers you carried from my frontiers!"

On leaving Smolenzk, forty-three thousand men were his whole anticipated host!

He counted on these three divisions of the beforementioned Marshals, as if already in his lines, and with eager calculation he enumerated the advantages of the country to which he was proceeding, where he must meet the vast magazines he had ordered to be prepared; and the fidelity of a whole people, who had once been under the jurisdiction of Russia, but were now devoted to France in him. Full of these anticipations he reached Orcha, and there he found they all were vain. A thousand voices opened at once to tell him that Minsk and all its magazines were in the hands of Admiral Tchitchagoff. Desperation makes men bold; this report was quickly accompanied with accusations in the shape of information, saying, that the Russians had spread themselves in formidable bodies along the shores of the Berezina river; that the French Generals had been beaten, and the Polish General Dombrofsky defeated with a terrible loss.

Galling as was such intelligence, and much as Napoleon might wish to discredit its truth, he found it impossible, for the sad proofs of the universal destruction of his armies were every day brought into the town. Flying troops, or solitary fugitives, were constantly pouring in for food and protection; and wherever he moved he beheld spectacles of defeat and misery; he heard the murmurs of wretchedness and the groans of despair. No parasite would venture to contradict to his master the evidence of his own eyes; and that master could no longer flatter himself into a disbelief that the Generals of Russia now held his fate in their hands. He learnt that Vigtenstein had been powerfully reinforced by Steingel, and was then in actual communication with Tchitchagoff, making all their movements in concert.

This formidable junction in his path presented to the mind of Napoleon fresh scenes of defeat and disgrace; and he was well assured that the speed of his pursuers would not allow him a moment's repose in his rear. The situation in which he found himself was indeed new to him: he saw before him nothing but death or captivity; and yet he trusted to his *fortunate star!*

Delay was encompassed with danger, and he determined to advance at any rate. To this end he collected his troops, and making some necessary preparations for what, he must be conscious, must be the last struggle of his army in his defence, he quitted Orcha, and gave orders that the passage of the river should be disputed at any sacrifice. What his own opinion was of the instruments he was using to cut his way out of the toil in which he had entangled himself, we have in his own words:

"This army so complete on the 6th, became very different after the 14th; nearly destitute of cavalry, of artillery, and of transport-carriages. Without cavalry it was impossible for us to *reconnoitre* beyond the distance of a quarter of a league; while without artillery we could not risk a battle, and firmly remain in expectation of the enemy. It was indispensable for us to occupy a certain space of ground to avoid being turned, and that without cavalry, to unite the columns and advance for the purpose of observation. This difficulty, joined to the suddenness of the intense cold, rendered our situation extremely vexatious. Those feebly-constructed men, to whom nature had denied the power of rising above the chances of place and fortune, appeared shaken, lost their gaiety and good humour, and brooded solely over present suffering and future calamity; but such as she had created superior to every accident, preserved their spirits and their ordinary temper, and saw in every new obstacle but additional glory."

Those whom "nature had created superior to every accident," and had enabled to "preserve their ordinary temper," and even their lives, under all the attacks of a northern winter, without shelter or raiment, and accompanied with every "calamity" (not in prospect but in reality) of war, disease, and famine; those that were thus tempered were indeed very few: while the many who despaired and perished, were surely worthy of some pity from the man in whose cause they died.

It is said that *fear lends wings.* The flight of Buonaparte proves, that those he borrowed were of the swiftest pinion; for, on leaving Orcha he found he had so outstripped his pursuers that he might pass the river without a sacrifice. The great mass of the Russian army from Krasnoy having to make a short halt to give time for the arrival of their provisions, which the rapidity of their late movements had left considebly in the rear, Buonaparté used this moment of breathing to the best advantage. He had been joined by some of his fugitive generals, whom he now thus disposed of. Dombrofsky he dispatched to the left of Borrisoff; and Victor and Oudinot to his right, to oppose Vigtenstein; whilst he, with the rest of the army, would approach the shores of the Berezina.

Having made these dispositions, on the 20th of November he evacuated Orcha, and took the Borrisoff road through Kockanova, leaving many straggling parties behind, who had not come up with his late head-quarters before he quitted them. And fortunate it was for him that he had been so prompt in executing his resolution to leave Orcha, for not long afterwards it was entered by Ogerofsky and his Cossacs.

That officer, and his brave coadjutor, General Borosdin, had been indefatigable in following up the rear-guard of the enemy, and near Doubrovna they fell in with a considerable body, killed more than one thousand, and took four cannon, a quantity of baggage, and upwards of six hundred prisoners. The rest fled, and the Russians continued to pursue the fugitives till they led them to the gates of Orcha. They entered with them, and found the town just as it had been evacuated by Buonaparté. Twenty-six cannon fell into their hands, with some prisoners, and an immense number of sick and wounded.

Ogerofsky proceeded in the great pursuit by moving on his left towards Gorki, in the direction of Mohiloff, which road was covered with thousands of the flying enemy.

Count Platoff maintained his victorious career on the right shore of the Dneiper, where he continued to destroy hundreds of the discomfited corps which had fled from the defeat at Krasnoy. His chasseurs took upwards of three thousand of these men prisoners, and happy were many of them so to be rescued from famine and constant exposure to the elements.

While thus employed, the brave Hetman received intelligence that Marshal Ney, with a part of his shattered division, had been seen near the woods at the village of Goussinovo, where he was collecting stragglers, to form a tolerably effective force to move towards Orcha. Platoff determined that if he could prevent it, neither Marshal nor soldier should ever see that place, and he ordered masked-batteries to be instantly constructed in the road Ney must pass, while, covering his Cossacs and other troops with the woods, he stood to overwhelm the unsuspecting enemy. In the moment of their full entrance into this well concerted ambuscade, a dreadful fire of grape was opened upon them, and the exhausted troops finding death surround them, with one accord dispersed and fled into the woods. There the Cossacs met them, and slew about two thousand. Eight hundred were taken prisoners by the other troops.

Marshal Ney, with a few of his followers, was so fortunate as to escape the search of his conquerors. But he passed the whole of the wretched night in the snows of the forest. He did not sleep, for sleep in such a situation, under these malignant skies, would have been death. He wandered about with the dread at every step of rousing his hunters from their rest. A tiger from its lair, would have been more tolerable to him: and, with the morning's light he pursued his flight, passing through abandoned Orcha with the speed of desperation.

A short time before this event, the Cossac Chief had been reinforced from the main army with fifteen battalions of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and two companies of artillery. This formidable aid joined him under the command of Major-General Ermolloff, who crossed the Dneiper near Rassasna.

The advanced-guard, under Miloradovitch, passed the Boristhenes at Koscis on the 23d, in order to follow up Platoff and his colleague, who were rapidly approaching the army of Vigtenstein by the way of Toulchino.

A little before this period the main army had received its provisions, and, having issued them amongst its divisions, it moved onward. On the 19th the head-quarters were at Dobrae; on the 20th at Romanova; the 21st at Laniki, where it halted. On the 23d it reached Garranu. It then passed through the village of Morosovo, and gained Kopis on the 25th, where it crossed the river, directing its march by Staroselia to the city of Zezerinya. From this place the Field-Marshal proposed moving, according to circumstances, upon Bobre, or the Berezina.

Every observation on the enemy now convinced Koutousoff that he intended to force a passage somewhere between Borrisoff and Vassilevo. To prevent this, the main army moved on towards Ouchival, whilst a strong detachment proceeded to Barressino and took possession of that town.

The corps under the General-aid-de-camp Koutousoff, which had long acted on the extreme right of Platoff, marked its advance with a success equal to that of the Cossacs. During its various engagements with the enemy it took upwards of six thousand men prisoners, besides three Generals and eighty other officers, and killed more than equal the number.

At Babonavitch, this gallant officer, so worthy of the illustrious name he shared, came up with the light troops of Count Vigtenstein. This junction was the prime object of his march, and when he arrived, he was to put himself under the orders of the Count. Vigtenstein was too well aware of his value, to allow him to remain a day without an employment adequate to his high military abilities. He therefore dispatched him instantly to his right flank, to cover it from any attack the enemy might make; and that one might be meditated, was evident from certain dispositions made by a strong body of Bavarians under General Wrede, who were at that time in the neighbourhood of Dockchitzi. However the links which formed the circle of the Russian army might move themselves, still the chain was complete: however the shattered divisions of the French army might extend themselves in their flight, still they were held within the ring of their enemies. There appeared not an avenue of escape. The French soldier seemed to have nothing now to do, but to surrender or to die.

To force Napoleon to one of these alternatives was now the object of the Russian generals; and before many days Count Vigtenstein, seconded by Platoff and the advanced guard of the main army, had the glory of striking a decisive blow towards his destruction, on the banks of the Berezina. The final stroke was left to the arms of the heroes of the Danube and their intrepid chief.

The corps of Oudinot and Victor took their rapid march towards Borrisoff. The wretched division of the latter was supposed to form the rear-guard of the once formidable grand army. General Vigtenstein followed these troops through Tcherie to Holopolichi, while his advanced guard under General Vlastoff followed the general pursuit, and fell in with a part of the enemy at the village of Batoury. This rear division was commanded by General Dentelne. Vlastoff attacked it without a halt, overturned every opposition, and saw its dispersed members fly before him in every direction. He pursued them for two days, during which time he made General Dentelne his prisoner, with forty officers, and two thousand men.

On finding the enemy retreat in such haste, and in such numbers, General Vigtenstein made a movement from the city of Holopolichi, to his right, towards the village of Barani, in order to cut off their escape by Lepel, and to enable himself to act upon Vesselovo and Stoudentzi. At these two places the fugitives had collected in great multitudes, and were then constructing bridges over the Berezina, the old ones having been broken down to prevent their passage. At one of these points he could not doubt that Buonaparté must be himself; and aware that the half-frozen state of the river must render the erection of bridges a difficult task, he hoped to intercept the PRIME MOVER OF THE WORLD'S DISCORD at one or other of these bridges. To this end he sent instant advice to Platoff, not to delay a moment, but to push forward with all expedition towards Borrisoff. Vigtenstein accompanied these orders with his own movement from Barani to Kosstritzi. From thence, in the afternoon of the 26th, he came down upon Staroy-Borrisoff, a short way from Stoudentzi. By the rapidity of this march, and its disposition, he completely cut off Marshal Victor from the point at which he aimed; and totally destroyed the various parties of other fugitives that lined the way to Stoudentzi. Not a moment was given them to form. The Russian artillery at once opened their flaming mouths, and pouring grape and shot upon them they were drove from every quarter into one concentrated mass of terror and of death. Columns of Russian infantry spread themselves along the bank of the river, presenting an insurmountable barrier against them who would have attempted to cross. Four hours did the torrent of destruction, from cannon and from musketry, shower upon the heads of these devoted men, cooped up within a narrow circle, and almost unresisting. They could not fight, but they attempted to fly. No avenue could be found; and Count Vigtenstein, feeling for the distress of even so ruthless an enemy, sent a flag of truce to their general, telling him that as no hopes of retreat were left he must instantly surrender, or see his whole division abandoned to the rage of the Russian soldiers. For a few minutes hesitation seemed ready to precipitate these devoted people to the horrible fate of merciless extirpation; but in the moment of their doubt, and of the impatience of the indignant victors, the invincible chief of the Don and his followers made their appearance, and decided the council of war. They gave themselves up to the clemency of Vigtenstein, laying down their arms, and, in the surrender, put into his hands the four Generals Billiard, De Lettre, Kamuse, and Blamont. In the conflict, the Russians had taken thirty officers and one thousand men prisoners; but the capitulation, besides the generals named above, augmented the list with the addition of five colonels, two hundred and thirty-nine officers, and seven thousand eight hundred soldiers. Three pieces of cannon, two standards, and a vast quantity of baggage, were also taken; but the trophy of the greatest consequence was the seizure of two whole regiments of cavalry in excellent condition; the one had arrived to Victor from the Duchy of Berg, and the other was composed of fresh Saxons.

Buonaparté not having been found in the one spot, no time was lost in seeking him at the other; and immediately on the submission of the enemy under the Generals Billiard, &c. Platoff was dispatched by the way of Borrisoff to the opposite shore, to join Admiral Tchitchagoff, and in conjunction with him to fall upon the *grand fugitive*, if he should have been so fortunate as to have passed, by any means, over the river.

While the Hetman pursued his order, Count Vigtenstein proceeded to attack the other branch of the enemy, even in the act of crossing the Berezina. Two bridges had been completed, the one near Stubentzi, and the other near Vesselovo. Here, indeed, was Napoleon. The opposite shore was Zembino. The instant the work was passable, the impatient *Emperor of the French* ordered over a sufficient number of his guards to render the way tolerably safe from immediate molestation; and the moment that was ascertained he followed with his suite and principal generals, a promiscuous crowd of soldiers pressing after him. The bridge was hardly cleared of his weight and that of his chosen companions, when the rush of fugitives redoubled. No order could be kept with the hordes that poured towards its passage for escape and life, for the Russians were in their rear; the thunder of Vigtenstein was rolling over their heads. No pen can describe the confusion and horror of the scenes which ensued. The French army had lost its rear-guard, and they found themselves at once exposed to all the operations of the vengeful enemy.

On the right and on the left there was no escape; cannon, bayonets, and sabres, menaced them on every side; certain death was on their rear; in their front alone was there any hope of safety; and, frantic with the desperate alternative, thousands upon thousands flew towards the Berezina, some plunging into the river, but most directing their steps to the newly constructed bridges, which seemed to offer them a passage from their enemies. Misery had long disorganized the French army, and in the present dismay no voice of order was heard; the tumult was tremendous, was destructive of each other, as the despairing wretches pressed forward and struggled for precedence in the moment of escape.

Vigtenstein stood in horror, viewing this chaos of human misery; to close it at once in death or in capitulation was the wish of his brave heart: but the enemy was frantic; nothing could be heard but the roar of cannon and the cries of despair. The wounded and the dying covered the surface of the ground; the survivors rushed in wild fury upon their affrighted comrades on the bridges. They could not penetrate, but only press upon a crowd at the nearest extremity; for the whole bodies of these passages were so filled with desperate fugitives that they crushed on each other to suffocation and to death. Trains of artillery, baggage, cavalry, and waggons of all kinds, being intermixed and driven pell-mell to one point, hundreds of human beings were trodden down, trampled on, torn and mashed to pieces. Officers and soldiers were mingled in one mass; self-preservation was the only stimulus, and seeking that, many a despairing wretch precipitated his comrade to destruction, that he might find his place on the bridge. Thousands fell into the river, thousands threw themselves into the hideous stream, hoping to save themselves by swimming, but in a few minutes they were jammed amidst the blocks of ice which rolled along its flood, and either killed in the concussion or frozen to death by the extremity of the cold. The air resounded with the yells and shrieks (it was something more horrible than cries) of the dying, wounded, and drowning; but they were only heard at intervals, for one continued roar seemed to fill the heavens, of the Russian artillery pouring its floods of deathful retribution on the heads of the desolators of its country. Welcome indeed were the deaths it sent; few were his pangs who fell by the ball or the sabre, compared with his torture who lay mangled beneath the crowing feet of his comrades, who expired amid the crashing horrors of a world of ice. But the despair of these fated wretches was not yet complete. The head which had planned all these evils might yet be amongst them: and the bridges, groaning beneath the weight of their loads, were to be fired! The deed was done; and still crowd upon crowd continued to press each other forward choking up the passage amid bursting flames, scorched and frozen at the same instant, till at length the whole sunk with a death-like noise into the bosom of the Bezerina.

This desperate expedient prevented Vigtenstein from immediately crossing to the other side to pursue those which had escaped; but having so far done his part, he did not doubt but that the rest would be achieved by his coadjutors on the opposite shore.

It is scarcely possible to calculate accurately the amount of the enemy that were lost on this dreadful occasion; certainly more than five thousand were killed, and nearly the same number drowned. Thirteen thousand prisoners, with many officers of every rank, were taken, and sent by the Russian General into his rear. He also took fifteen pieces of cannon, and baggage of every description filled with the pillage of Moscow, and the sacking of other Russian cities. The booty nearly covered the space of half a square mile, and so closely were the carriages which contained it wedged together that it was impossible for either a horse or a man to find a way through them. Several colours and eagles were taken amidst the spoils; but the trophy which would have crowned all, and whose captivity would have given the world peace, had escaped! and the brave followers of Vigtenstein looked to the army of the Danube to put the *Troubler of the Earth* into their hands.

All this havoc could not be made on any people however paralyzed by terror, without some desperate resistance; and accordingly during these three or four tremendous days the French did make some show of opposition, but in a desultory and unmilitary manner.

Not more than two thousand men fell on the part of Count Vigtenstein.

As soon as that General discovered that Buonaparté had crossed the Berezina, he dispatched the General-aid-de-camp Koutousoff towards Lepel, charging him to pass the river there, and come down upon the flank of the enemy on the opposite side. Meanwhile, he ordered a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Tettenborne to move against the Bavarians at Dockschitzi. These commands were punctually obeyed. Tettenborne reached the Bavarian rear guard, which he attacked and defeated, making twenty-six officers prisoners, with one thousand men. This success and the occupation of Dockschitzi, completely separated Wrede's corps from the fugitive army, and cut off from that army all hope of strengthening its exhausted ranks with additional troops, until it might reach the frontiers of Poland. Hope dared hardly rest upon the prospect, for those frontiers seemed now divided from them by a world of horrors, whose least terrible apparition was that of death!

During the conflagration of the bridges, and pursued by the horrible shrieks of his deserted people perishing in the flames, Buonaparté speeded on his flight till the wind no longer brought the sounds to his ear. Oudinot, and the generals which were his companions, and the guards who yet afforded him protection, followed his steps into a deep wood on the left bank of the Bezerina, near the village Tchatchovo, and leading to Brilovo. Here, in its closest recesses, he sought a temporary covert for his fears and his shame. The greater mass of fugitives, the thousand victims of his ambition, who had desperately forced their way over the bridges before they were set on fire, having also gained the opposite shore, ran in crowds towards similar places of refuge, and hid themselves behind the thickets and under the trees which spread every where upon the margin of this river.

But these hapless wretches did not pass to their shelter unobserved. Night alone prevented the parties of Tchitchagoff from driving them back into the water; for, until its shadows covered them from their enemies, the Russian guns and musketry poured upon their heads, and strewed the line of their flight with the dead bodies of their companions.

The next day (the 28th of November) the brave Admiral bore down upon the last array of the enemy. That any should be attempted after such countless defeats, and such complete destruction, seemed as vain as surprising; but Napoleon had one more point to gain, and the spectre of an army was therefore raised to stand between his last recreant acts and the eyes of his pursuers.

During the night the poor fugitives had been collected into the semblance of a force; and what artillery and baggage they had saved, being gathered into one point, they were told that if they hoped to reach the Polish frontiers they must exert themselves like true soldiers, and make themselves a way to Wilna; for the road by Minsk was too thickly covered by the enemy to allow of even an attempt. The French Generals might exhort and issue their commands for some show of order; but it was to a desperate multitude they spoke, no longer to a disciplined army; and no attention was paid to their orders.

In this terrible dilemma the enemy heard once more the Russian guns. The forces of Tchitchagoff were impatient to give the final blow to their merciless adversaries; and the fire of their musketry kept time with the showers of balls which the artillery hurled on the falling ranks of the enemy. The French Generals were in despair: they were seen galloping to and fro, endeavouring to animate by their example, or force by their threats, the exhausted courage of their soldiers. Ney rode amongst them, calling to the men who seemed to have the most power, to remember the days of their victories and glory. Mortier and Victor, and several others, followed him with similar excitements, but all in vain; the men were resolved and sullen: they would fight man to man for their own lives, but no more battles for the author of their miseries!

Oudinot had been more successful in his exhortations; but in the moment of his bringing up an illassorted band of dismounted cavalry and infantry to oppose to a battalion of Russians who were charging forward in great force, he received a shot in his side, which placed him *hors de combat*, and afforded his reluctant followers a good excuse to take him and themselves into the rear.

While this extraordinary and bloody scene was going forward, the chief of all these horrors seized the opportunity, and, screened by the tumult of the slaughter (for it was no more a conflict!) moved off with his chosen few towards Pletchinichou!

Having again had the good fortune to escape the guns and the hands of his enemies, he set at nought all lives but his own, and totally abandoned every idea of making any attempt to save an individual, or an article, belonging to his once vast army. Buonaparté was now the sole object in Buonaparté's mind; Buonaparté without faith, without honour, without courage! In this spirit, so worthy of a tyrant, he left the few perishing thousands who had survived the wreck of his ambition, to the utmost rigors of their fate.

For some hours after his desertion his generals strove to keep up the appearance, at least, of a resistance to the triumphant career of their enemies; and by this valour on their side time was afforded him to make his flight more distant, and therefore more secure. But their utmost exertions could not continue very long to oppose the force of the Russian troops, and the enfeebled state of their own; and at last they found themselves compelled to take to flight, while their wretched followers again broke into scattered multitudes, and fled in every direction into the forests, along the roads, and over the distant wastes. In short, there was no point to which they did not direct their frantic steps, where they might hope to avoid the sabres and pikes of their enemies.

During this carnage Tchitchagoff had given orders to throw some pontoon-bridges across the Berezina, to accelerate the advance of Count Vigtenstein. This was speedily done, and the victorious Count was soon by the side of his brave coadjutor. By a parallel movement on the Admiral's right, his eager troops pursued the general object in concert with the army of the Danube.

The General-aide-de-camp Koutousoff, together with his able colleagues, Generals Borosdin and Tettenborne, received orders to push on from the neighbourhood of Vilyky, even to beyond Wilna, to destroy the bridges as they passed, and if possible to intercept the flying Napoleon before he could reach the Niemen.

Count Platoff, in full HOURA! with his clouds of Donskoy heroes, followed the fugitives with blood and slaughter along the roads leading to Molodetchino and Smorgon. Tchitchagoff's advanced-guard, under Major-General Tchaplitz, moved in the same direction; whilst that of the main army, under Miloradovitch, brought up the train. In this disposition was almost the whole military strength of Russia in full chase of their invaders.

Whilst this accumulation of distress and disgrace was overwhelming the remains of the French army, its fugitive chief was endeavouring by every subterfuge of falsehood to conceal from France and his allies its ruined condition. Even his own generals at Wilna were kept in ignorance of his complete discomfiture; and it was not until the dearth of intelligence from the grand army created in them some alarm, and the information that Minsk was surrounded by the army of the Danube struck them with a conviction of disaster, that they had any suspicion of the universal defeat their master had sustained.

It is related, but I do not affirm it as a fact, that after twelve days of suspense, during which no information whatever arrived from Buonaparté, Maret dispatched a young Polander, disguised as a woman, towards the probable position of the French. After an absence of five days, he at length found his way back, but it was by thriding a thousand mazes filled with the pursuing enemy; and he brought with him a true statement of the case. If this anecdote be true, Maret was too well versed in his master's will to make the fact public; for, about this very time he published a gazette at Wilna, importing that Napoleon was moving along the banks of the Berezina at the head of the main body of his army, while the rest remained in good garrison at Smolenzk; and to complete the tale, it was added that the Russians were so overpowered in every quarter that the army of the Danube was the only remnant to be destroyed. When that affair was over, *the Emperor and King* would then proceed in full glory to Wilna!

While Maret thus attempted to veil the disasters of Buonaparté, he was equally active in trying to avert the worst consequences. With this intention he dispatched General Loison (who had some time before arrived from Koningsberg with ten thousand men) towards Oschmiani, to cover the flying army. But the evil was too great for so small a power to stem. The sword of the enemy, and the "arrowy sleet" of the inclement nights, reduced them to less than three thousand men before they came within sight of their fugitive comrades.

The way was long and disastrous between the banks of the Berezina and the Polish frontiers. There was no where a stand, but an unceasing chase from that river's brink to the passage of the Neimen. Prisoners, arms, standards, baggage, every where fell into the hands of the pursuers. Nothing can better depict the extreme abandonment of hope, and the excessive misery of the enemy during this dreadful period, than a letter which one of the brave Russians, then in pursuit, addressed to a relation in St. Petersburgh.

"Though besieged with miseries, and assailed with all the fury of our cannon and our bayonets, it is certain that nearly forty thousand of our merciless invaders escaped to the nearest bank of the Berezina. But there, even in the moment in which they believed themselves safe, they met their destruction; they plunged in to gain the opposite shore, and many of them met the death from which they fled, in the cold breast of the river, in the direful flames which rolled along its surface.

"They who escaped the flood and the conflagration were not more secure, for all nature seemed to fight against them. Heaven itself appeared to hurl its last bolt upon their sacrilegious heads, by increasing the cold to a degree that was almost intolerable to the best defended; but to those who had no covering it was suffering worse than the tortures of the rack.

"It was at this crisis, when nearly deprived of the power of moving, they abandoned their guns, baggage, and arms, and throwing themselves upon the drifting snows, called on the blast to end their miseries. Then rising in frantic despair, they ran howling amongst each other, exclaiming aloud against their betrayer, and demanding death at the hands of their equally distracted companions. Thousands of these poor wretches were nearly naked; few had either shoe, or boot, or pantaloon to protect their freezing limbs. Many had endeavoured to shield them from the severity of the weather, by wrapping about them the raw hides they had stripped from their perished horses. Others covered their bodies with old matting, canvas, women's clothes, priests' vestments, or any other thing that might assist in sheltering their emaciated frames from the piercing wind, and a frost that seemed to cut into their souls. Happy was he who had been so lucky as to have purloined from the plundered countryman his winter sheep-skin, or saved a pelisse from the general pillage! Officers and men shared in the same want of covering. The wretched fragments which decency would still wrap around them were tattered into a hundred shreds; but from the inclemencies of the iron season there was no shelter. Thousands became benumbed and stupified; many dropped in silence into the grasp of death; others moved on their gradually freezing bodies, moaning their pangs, and cursing the name of him and all his race who had brought them into such depths of unimaginable human suffering.

" Every corps, and every rank of officers, partook of the general distress. The guards, once the proud favourites of their proudest chief, were alike the sport of the angry elements, were alike exposed to nakedness and privation. Their gay caparisons were changed into loathsome rags; and, a prey to every evil of squalid wretchedness, to hunger and to cold, they dropped down dead in heaps, groaning out the reproaches their tongues were too feeble to utter.

"Defence was now totally out of the question. Flight, not escape, was their object; for none possessed within himself sufficient strength to promise him an existence of many hours. It was not life they sought, but relief from the agonies of fear. An undefinable terror hung on the soul of the famished wretch who, stretched on the chilling snow, called fervently on death to release him from his misery. Even in this state, let but the simple cry of *the Cossacs!* be sounded in his ear, and it would be sufficient to arouse him to temporary energy: a thousand would partake his dread; and suddenly spreading themselves in flight, they would every where darken the snows with their flying shadows, and fill the air with their despairing shrieks. In this state, some thousands would be made prisoners to a band of perhaps no more than a hundred Cossacs.

"The road on which this ruined army moved was rough with their dead, who, heaped on each other, shewed through the uneven surface of the snow their grisly and disfigured visages, their perishing and dismembered bodies, and all the horrid variety of death inflicted by want, and pain, and the sword.

"Every *bivouac*, at the dawning of morning, resembles rather the consequences of a sanguinary conflict than a night's rest. Cold and fatigue benumbed many into their last repose; but scarcely did the hand of death close their eyes before they became a spoil; nay, even whilst they yet breathed, their comrades would seize on their expiring bodies, and strip them of their ragged coverings to defend themselves. Vast are the circles of the perished they leave behind them in these dismal night watches; and when they proceed in the morning, there is nothing before them but a similar fate. Desperate with cold they set every house and barn on fire in their way, in order to alleviate with the heat the pangs which rack their joints. But the expedient is fraught with new sufferings. Hundreds hasten to the blazing scene to enjoy a few moments' warmth; but not having strength to retire with sufficient speed from the influence of the flames when they become outrageous, they fall a prey to their fury, and the ruins of the burning houses are surrounded with the expiring remains of their helpless consumers. Many of those who escape immediate destruction from the fire, scarred by its flames, blackened in part by the smoke, and pale as the snow itself, range themselves like a host of ghastly spectres upon the lifeless bodies of their countrymen, and there remain in motionless apathy till the benumbing hand of death steals by degrees upon their vitals, and they fall amid the icy and scorched corses of their comrades.

"Numbers having their feet frozen and half mortified, were reduced to a state of complete helplessness, and being left upon the road, were forced to abandon themselves to the death they might otherwise have averted for yet some days. In those days, now so cruelly cut off from their chance of prolonged existence, some succour might arrive! The idea alone seemed to speak a hope, of which they were irresistibly deprived; and their despair broke out in cries of the bitterest anguish; it was a lamentation of rifled existence, that paralyzed the hearer, and made him behold the unfathomable depth of the perdition into which the falsehood of the French leader had plunged his too confident followers.

"Multitudes of these desolate fugitives lost their speech, others were seized with phrenzy, and many were so maddened by the extremes of pain and hunger, that they tore the dead bodies of their comrades into pieces, and feasted upon their remains.

"But I will not attempt a further enumeration of the varieties of human miseries I have seen. Only those who have witnessed such extremes of distress, can form any idea of the horrors I have left yet untold of the hideous spectacle exhibited between the Berezina and the Neimen, and whose parallel for miseries is not to be found in the annals of the world."

To be nearer the goal of his glorious race, in this career after the most ruthless enemy that ever invaded a brave people, Field-Marshal Koutousoff removed his head-quarters from Ravenitzi to Kovossino. He made the movement on the 4th of December.

Tchitchagoff continued in full pursuit, Miloradovitch the same, and the main army followed with answerable zeal the steps of its advance. The division under Count Ogerofsky, having proceeded in a parallel direction with its left wing, arrived in full force at the town of Volshine.

Meanwhile, Buonaparté continued his flight; and at Smorgoni, finding a favourable moment present itself for his complete disappearance, he appointed Murat his lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the army; and then putting on a disguise, stole with Caulincourt into a wretched sledge, and proceeded over the snows as swiftly as his fears could carry him towards Warsaw. On the 7th he passed through Wilna with hardly a minute's delay; and on the evening of the 10th, sheltered his head in safety in the Polish capital! The final escape of Napoleon was known to a very few only, for some time after it was effected; but as he shot through Wilna he found it expedient to see Maret. The conference did not last many minutes, and then he departed with as much secrecy and haste as if a pursuer were in every gale. Thus did this presumptuous man, whom an infatuated people had raised to be their tyrant, and who, not content with the sovereignty of half Europe, aspired to universal dominion; thus did he pass from Russia, the last object of his ambition, in obscurity and dishonour; and thus did he desert, in their extremest need, the people whom he called his subjects, and who had confided to him their liberties and their lives! Unfair and cruel as the French army were in their modes of warfare with the people of Russia, it is but justice to say that in no instance, till they were paralyzed by suffering, did the meanest individual in the French ranks shrink from meeting the foe; and in every situation of peril, and desertion of their leader, did his generals conduct themselves with the steady valour of true soldiers. Buonaparté alone proved himself a slave in spirit. Had he possessed a soul worthy the confidence reposed in him, on the bridge of Berezina he would have died.

Platoff, Tchaplitz, and the other Russian generals, with their advanced corps, proceeded with great speed, gathering thousands of prisoners, cannon, baggage, and ammunition waggons, in their path. Large convoys of the latter, with provisions, had been dispatched from Wilna to meet the retreating French, and hence augmented the spoil of the Russians.

When Platoff entered Oschiamani, he fell in with the remaining three thousand of Loison's corps, which he instantly cut in pieces, and took from them twenty-five pieces of cannon. Near Smorgoni, Tchaplitz came up with the small pretension to a rear-guard which the enemy had made; he slew them to a man, and sixty-one pieces of cannon fell into his hands. Finding the road quite open, he next pushed on to Wilna, and arrived at its environs on the 10th. He had the satisfaction of meeting at the same rendezvous large bodies of his brave countrymen, who had already reached it, under the commands of Sesslavin, Lanskoy, and other Generals who were fresh from a new victory gained over a corps of French cavalry which had presented itself before the town. Six guns and one standard had been taken in this affair; but the victors did not think themselves in sufficient force to follow up their advantage by pushing on to the city, until they could be supported by Tchitchagoff's troops.

As soon as Tchaplitz came upon the ground he attacked the enemy in the suburbs, and, after some slight resistance drove them out in disorder, and filled their quarters with his own battalions. This stroke was decisive, for on entering the city next morning (the 11th) he found the last ranks of the enemy in the act of abandoning it. They had taken their measures in such haste and confusion, that nothing had been destroyed. Vast magazines, filled with all kinds of stores, and upwards of thirty pieces of cannon, became the property of the Russians. The French sick too, in great numbers, were left to the mercy of their enemies.

After the affair at Oschimiani, Platoff directed his rapid course to the left of Wilna, towards the Kovna road, spreading his Cossacs all over the country to the shore of the Neimen. The General-aide-de-camp Koutousoff adopted the same plan on the right of the city, stretching his people in the direction of Wilkomir, to prevent the escape of Macdonald's corps.

Meanwhile, the Admiral kept up close to his advance-guard, and at the distance of a few wersts from Wilna made the following report, dated November 29th, O. S. (Dec. 11th, N. S.)

" Ever since the 17th of November, (O. S.) I have with unceasing vigilance pursued the flying enemy, allowing him repose neither day nor night. During the first day or two our pursuit was a little checked by his having broken down the bridges, but the exertion of a few hours restored us a passage, and by forced marches we soon gained upon our object. The advanced guard did not lose sight of him for an instant; coming up and defeating him continually in a variety of encounters; daily taking from him numbers of cannon, and making prisoners to the amount of some thousands, besides forcing his harassed troops to march during the night.

"From the passage of the Berezina, until the arrival of the Imperial troops at Wilna, we have ourselves taken one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, more than seven hundred ammunition waggons, and so considerable a quantity of baggage, that the whole road for a great distance is covered with it. Two standards, with several generals, and many thousand prisoners, are also in our hands.

"The rear-guard of the enemy was attacked and destroyed, and the effects have been so serious to him, that ever since the utmost confusion and murmuring has prevailed amongst his troops. They drop hourly from famine and fatigue, or in despair cry aloud to surrender.

"The loss to the enemy is not less than thirty thousand men. The road is covered with killed and wounded, frozen and dying. The divine vengeance falls so heavily on these barbarous wretches, that they become victims in hundreds to the flames themselves have lighted to destroy the dwellings of the peasantry; and they are found frozen to death in the very houses they have sacked and despoiled of their doors and windows.

"Our advance on entering Wilna did not allow the enemy time to remove any thing from the city. Independent of all that has been mentioned before of our spoil, great acquisitions were made there in cannon and stores. Amongst the sick and wounded who had been abandoned, were found several generals: Saiontschiki and Lefebre are of the number.

" My advanced guard pursued the enemy without ceasing. General Tchaplitz has particularly distinguished himself, as much by vigilance and indefatigable zeal, as by his excellent military arrangements.

" An aide-de-camp of Marshal Davoust's was taken at Oschimiani, having been left by the Marshal to await the arrival of his rear-guard, and to ascertain the number of troops in pursuit. But the rear-guard having been destroyed, this young officer was surprised by seeing, instead of it, the Russian advance enter the town. He was in amazement, and could not conceive what was become of the troops he had expected.

" The prisoners assure me that Napoleon can no longer conceal the critical state of his situation; that the remains of the army, harassed with fatigue and starvation, do not merely murmur, but loudly threaten even to revenge themselves on the *author of all these miseries*. During the latter days of the pursuit, we have taken many of his guards. Indeed we are so near, that I have often occupied the same quarters which he had quitted but a few hours before. Several times he has not been farther from us than the interval which divided the cannonades between the respective rear and vanguards."

The admiral followed Tchaplitz with his main body, and next day the head quarters of Koutousoff were established at Wilna. On the 8th they had been at Molodetchino, on the 9th at Smorgoni, on the 10th at Oschimiani, and on the 12th at Wilna.

No sooner were the troops of his Imperial Majesty entered into the city, than they were hailed by the most rapturous acclamations. *Long live the Emperor Alexander!* resounded from every quarter; and the inhabitants, with the eloquence of nature, expressed their joy at being restored to the mild government of a just and beneficent prince.

Two days after his arrival at Wilna, the field-marshal made the following statement to the Emperor Alexander.

"Dec. 2d, O. S.
14th, N. S. 1812.

" On the occupation of Wilna by our troops on the 10th of December (N. S.) the enemy fled towards Pogoulianka; and Count Platoff, in order to cut off his retreat upon the Kovna road, entirely occupied that road with Cossacs, hussars, and dragoons. Having allowed the first mass of fugitives to pass, he ordered Count Orloff-Denizoff to open a fire of musketry upon them; while he, with a strong force, fell upon another multitude. He was seconded in this attack by the artillery under Prince Khoudescheff. The enemy being thus assaulted on all sides, nay, absolutely surrounded by heavy discharges of artillery and musketry, fell in masses: Indeed the destruction was so complete, that only thirty officers, and one thousand men, were saved from the universal carnage. In this affair, twenty-eight cannon, and a quantity of baggage, fell into the hands of the Cossac chief.

" Ever since the occupation of Wilna by your Imperial Majesty's troops, I have been employed in restoring all things to their ancient order; hence I have not had time to collect a particular statement of the stores found in the city. However, the quartermaster-general, Stavrakoff, and General Besrodny, say that in some of the magazines which have been inspected they have found fourteen thousand measures of corn, five thousand measures of flour, besides an equal number of biscuit; an immense quantity of uniforms, muskets, cartouche-boxes, saddles, cloaks, helmets, and other military necessaries.

" Seven generals were made prisoners in the town, namely, Vivier, Goassé, Normond, Guliot, Lefebre, Ivonousky, and Saiontschiki; with two hundred and twenty-five officers, and nine thousand five hundred and seventeen soldiers! five thousand one hundred and thirty-nine sick, were found in the hospitals.

" We are hourly collecting prisoners from the environs of the city. As reports are made to me, I will not fail communicating them to your Imperial Majesty."

The enemy had not neglected to raise contributions on the people of Wilna, according to his usual custom in the places he honoured with his presence; but as that city was the great link of communication between his resources and his armies in the interior of Russia, it became the policy of the French leader to order the inhabitants to be treated with a lenity in pecuniary respects that might sooth them into his interests. He also managed to hold them in awe of his colossal power, by a constant concealment of the tremendous reverses it sustained in the series of his invasion. Consequently when the truth did burst upon these deceived people, by the sudden entrance of the Russian army, the effect was as striking as it was fraught with safety and happiness to them all.

The change was so great, that it seemed hardly the work of human agency. Only a few months prior to his shameful flight through this city, Napoleon had occupied its palace, with an imperial and military pomp never before equalled by the proudest legitimate sovereign. Like Xerxes he beheld his hundred thousands pass in review before him; but not like Xerxes did he shed any tears at the procession of a host, so few of which were fated to return. An ambition, even more fierce than that of the Persian monarch, had dried up the sources of pity in Napoleon's heart; rivers of blood had long washed away the purer drops from his relentless eyes. The obdurate to others are generally the most weakly sensible to their own sufferings; and it is hardly to be doubted, that he who had viewed the horrors of Moscow and the Berezina without compassion would, when lying a disguised fugitive at the bottom of a wretched sledge, find it possible to weep over the disappointments of his own pride.

In that moment, while hurried with fear and dishonour across the Russian snows, how vain must he have found the boastings of his fancied omnipotence! Where were his promises to restore Poland to her independence? Where the universal empire he was to found on the ruin of that of the Tzars? What was become of the loud thunders of his artillery with which he was to proclaim his conquest and his dominion, from the shores of the Baltic to the boundaries of Asia? And where those myriads of his own subjects, whom he had brought armed at all points into Russia, to subdue the people, and to cover themselves with spoils and military glory?

The whole had disappeared. The same all-powerful hand, which had baffled the ambitious enterprizes of the Persian monarch, turned the plans and the vast preparations of the French Ruler into nothing! His presumptuous dreams, and his thousands of armed men, were alike as if they had never been.

Out of more than four hundred thousand men (including the Austrian force) not more than twenty-five thousand, exclusive of Swartzenburg's corps, repassed the Neimen. Out of one hundred thousand horses, scarcely one survived. More than one hundred thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Russians, from the day in which the French army quitted Moscow, until its arrival at the Neimen; and above twelve hundred pieces of cannon; for not one single gun was carried by the fugitives across the barrier stream. Thus did the very instruments, with which the Invader intended to proclaim his victory, become the trophies of Russia in witness of having discomfited its enemy, and covered its menaced land with the deathless laurels of patriotic valour.

Such was the termination of this unparalleled attempt against the dignity of one of the most virtuous monarchs that ever swayed a sceptre; and in subversion of the happiness of a people, who loved his equitable rule, and every day increased in political wisdom and moral vigour. Russia, aware of her privileged destiny, with one unanimous exertion, freed herself from the inroad of the Usurper and his emissaries, and exulted in the contrast between her own magnanimous Emperor, and the selfish aggrandisement of his opponent. She stood as Hercules, with Virtue on the one side and Seduction on the other: behind the former, whose stern visage was armed in complete steel, devolved rocks, and ghastly precipices; but beyond was the paradise of the gods. Around the latter bloomed a labyrinth of verdure; but at the close of each enchanted thicket, yawned a treacherous gulph overgrown with sweets, that betrayed the trusting feet to bottomless perdition! The Russian people, and the Russian Monarch, spurned the blandishments of the Deceiver, and destroyed with the vigour of true bravery his most formidable warfare. The Imperial

Alexander, not satisfied with having achieved the independence of his own nation, generously sounds the trumpet of liberty to the rest of Europe, and at the close of this eventful year, so propitious in its omen to mankind, and so glorious to Imperial virtue and to patriotic determination! he thus addresses his invincible defenders; and by that channel he would stimulate the world.

"SOLDIERS!

"That year is gone! That memorable and glorious year, in which you have levelled with the dust, the pride of our insolent Invader! That year is gone; but your heroic deeds remain. Time cannot efface their remembrance: they are present with ourselves—they will live in the memory of posterity.

"The deliverance of your country from a host of confederate powers, leagued against her very existence, has been purchased by your blood. You have acquired a right to the gratitude of Russia, and to the veneration of foreign realms. You have proved to mankind by your fidelity, your valour, and your perseverance, that against hearts filled with love to God, and loyalty to their Sovereign, the efforts of the most formidable enemy are but as the furious waves of the sea breaking upon an immovable rock: after all the tumults, they leave but the confused sound of their own overthrow.

Soldiers! Eager to distinguish by some peculiar mark, all who have participated in these immortal exploits, we have caused silver medals to be struck, and to receive the benediction of our Holy Church. They bear the date of the memorable year 1812! Suspended to a blue ribbon they will decorate those manly breasts which have been the bucklers of their country. Each individual of the Russian army is worthy to wear these honourable testimonies, the reward of valour and of constancy.

"You have all shared the same hardships and the same dangers. You have all had but one soul. This ennobling conviction should make you proud of these equal military honours. They will every where proclaim you—faithful sons of Russia! Sons, upon whom God the Father bestows his paternal blessing.

"May our enemies ever tremble, when they behold this insignia! May they know that beneath this medal glows an imperishable valour! Imperishable, because it is not founded upon ambition or impiety, but on the immutable bases of patriotism and religion!

(Signed) "ALEXANDER."

"1813."

NOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUBJECTS REFERRED TO IN THE BODY OF THE WORK.

NOTE I. II. III. [*For page* 41.]

THESE three patriots distinguished themselves at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the death of Demetrius; when the Poles on the one side, and the Cossac Zaroutzki on the other, were contending for the supreme power, and rendering the empire a field of blood.

Kozma-Minim, butcher of Nijhi-Novgorode, formed the bold design of collecting a body of patriots to oppose the factions of Sigismond and Zaroutzki. He assembled his fellow citizens, exhorting them to sacrifice their whole possessions for the salvation of their country; to sell all that belonged to them, for the sake of obtaining funds with which to support an army. His virtuous enthusiasm passed into the souls of all that heard him. The citizens of Nijhi-Novgorode did indeed strip themselves of every worldly possession; but these sacrifices were found inadequate for their great purpose.

It was then that Palitzen, a monk eminent for his piety, called together the holy brotherhood of his monastery, and with the most affecting eloquence conjured them to embrace real poverty, by voluntarily bestowing the treasures of their community upon the new levies. The proposal was unanimously agreed to, and the money was deposited in the hands of Kozma-Minim.

Regarding this act as a testimony of the Divine favour, Minim hastened to Pojarskoi, a Russian nobleman whose valour had been honourably proved in many a victorious field, but who, now incapable of breasting singly the torrent that was overwhelming his country, had retired in despair to a small estate at some distance from Nijhi-Novgorode.

When Pojarskoi was urged by Minim to arise from this unworthy despondency, and instead of deploring his country's wrongs, arm in her defence, the brave veteran called on Heaven to witness that he was ready to perish for Russia, had he but the remotest prospect of heading even a handful of patriots animated with the same spirit.

Minim then hailed him *General of the brave band of Nijhi-Novgorode!* and laid at his feet the treasure entrusted to him by Palitzen. Pojarskoi received both with transport, and returning the treasure to Minim, beseeching him to take charge of its right distribution, he accepted a command which finally restored independence to the empire.

NOTE II.—[*For Page* 117.]

BUONAPARTE'S THIRTEENTH BULLETIN.

Smolenzk, *Aug.* 31.

Le 16 au matin, les hauteurs de Smolenzk furent couronnées; la ville présenta à nos yeux une ceinte de murailles de quatre mille toises de tour, épaisses de dix pieds et hautes de 25, entremêlées de tours, dont plusieurs étoient armées de canons de gros calibre.

Sur la droite du Borysthene, on apercevoit et l'on savoit que les corps ennemis tournées revenoient en grand hâte sur leurs pas pour défendre Smolenzk. On savait que les généraux ennemis avoient des ordres réitérés de leur maître de livrer bataille et de sauver Smolenzk. L'Empereur reconnut la ville et plaça son armée, qui fut en position dans la journee du 17. Le

Maréchal Duc d'Elchingen eut la guache appuyant au Borysthene, le Maréchal Prince d'Eckmuhl le centre, le Prince Poniatofsky la droite; la garde fut mise en réserve au centre; le Vice-Roi en réserve à la droite, et la cavalerie sous les ordres du Roi de Naples à l'extréme droite; le Duc d'Abrantes, avec le 8e corps, s'étoit égaré et avoit fait un faux mouvement. Le 16, et pendant la moitié de la journée du 17, on resta en observation. La fusillade se soutint sur la ligne. L'Ennemi occupait Smolenzk avec 30,000 hommes, et le reste de son armée se formait sur les belles hauteurs de la rive droite du fleuve, vis-à-vis la ville, communiquant par trois ponts. Smolenzk est considerée par les Russes comme ville forte et comme le boulevard de Moscow.

Le 17 à deux heures après midi, voyant que l'ennemi n'avoit pas débouché, qu'il se fortifiait dans Smolenzk et qu'il refusait la bataille; que malgré les ordres qu'il avait, et la belle position qu'il pouvait prendre, sa droite à Smolenzk, et sa gauche au cours du Borysthene, le général ennemi manquait de résolution, l'Empereur se parta sur la droite, et ordonna au Prince Poniatofsky de faire un changement de front, la droit en avant et de placer sa droite au Borysthene, en occupant un des fauxbourgs par des postes et des batteries pour détruire la pont et intercepter la communication de la ville avec la rive droite. Pendant ce temps, le Maréchal Prince d'Eckmuhl eut ordre de faire attaquer deux fauxbourgs que l'ennemi avait retrenchés à 200 toises de la place, et qui étaient défendus chacun par 7 ou 8000 hommes d'infanterie et par du gros cannons. Le Général Comte Friant eut ordre d'achever l'investissement, en appuyant sa droite au corps du Prince Poniatofsky, et sa gauche à la droite de l'attaque que faisait le Prince d'Eckmuhl. A deux heurs après midi, la division de cavalerie du Comte Bruyeres ayant, chassé les Cossaques et la cavalerie ennemis, occupa le plateau qui se rapprochait le plus du pont en amont. Une batterie de 60 pieces d'artillerée fut établie sur ce plateau, et tira à metraille sur la partée de l'armée ennemie restée sur la rive droite de la riviere ce qui obligea bientôt les masses d'infanterie Russe à évacuer cette position.

L'Ennemi plaça alors deux batteries de 20 piéces de canon dans un convent, pour faire taire la batterie qui tirait sur le pont. Le Prince d'Eckmuhl confia l'attaque des fauxbourgs de la droite au Comte Morand, et celle de la gauche au Comte Gudin.

A trois heurs la cannonade commença. A quatre heures, il s'ouvrit un feu de mousqueterie très-vif, et à cinq, les divisions de Morand et Gudin enleverent les fauxbourgs retrenchés de l'ennemi avec une intrépidité et un sang froid rares, et ils le poursuivirent jusqu'au chemin couvert qui était jonché de cadavres Russes. Sur notre gauche, le Duc d'Elchingen attaqua la position que l'ennemi occupait au dehors de la ville, s'en empora et la poursuint jusque sur le glacis.

A cinq heures la communication de la ville avec la rive droite devint difficile, et ne put avoir lieu que pour des individus isolés.

Trois batteries de piéces de 12, de brêche, furent placées contre les murailles, à six heures du soir, l'une par la division Friant, et les deux autres par les divisions Morand et Gudin. On deposta l'ennemi des tours qu'il occupait par des obus qui y mirent le feu. Le Général d'artillerie Comte Sorbier, rendit impracticable à l'ennemi l'occupation de ses chemins couverts, par des batteries d'enfilades.

Cependant, dés deux heures apres midi, le général ennemi aussitôt qu'il s'aperçut qu'on avait des projets sérieux sur la ville, fit passer deux divisions et deux regiments d'infanterie de la garde pour renforcer les quatre divisions qui étaient dans la ville. Ces forces réunies composaient la moitié de l'armée Russe. Le combat continua toute la nuit: les trois batteries de brêche tirerent avec la plus grande activité. Deux compagnies de mineurs furent attachées aux remparts.

Cependant la ville était en feu. Au milieu d'une telle nuit d'Août Smolenzk offrait aux François le spectacle qu' offre aux habitants de Naples une éruption de Vésuve.

A une heure après minuit, l'ennemi abandonna la ville et repassa la riviere. A deux heures, les premiers granadiers qui monterent à l'assaut ne trouverent plus de résistance; la place était évacuée; 200 pieces de canon et mortiers de gros calibre, et une des plus belles villes de la Russie étaient en notre pouvoir, et cela à la vue de toute l'armée ennemie.

Le combat de Smolenzk qu'on peut à juste titre appeler bataille, puisque 100,000 hommes ont ete engagés de part et d'autre, coûte aux Russes la perte de 4,700 hommes restés sur le champ de bataille, de 2,000 prisonniers, la plupart blessés, et le 7 à 8,000 blessés. Parmi les morts se trouvent 5 généraux Russes. Notrc parte se monte à 700 morts et à 3,100 ou 3,200 blessés. Le Général de brigade Grabouski a été tué; les Généraux de brigade Graudeau et Dalton ont été blessés, toutes les troupes ont rivalisé d'intrépidité. Le champ de battaille à offert aux yeux de 200,000 personnes qui peuvent l'attester, le spectacle d'un cadavre Français sur sept ou huit cadavres Russes. Cependant les Russes ont été, pendant une partie des journées de 16 et du 17 retranchés et protégés par la fusillade de leurs créneaux.

Le 18, ou a rétablie les ponts sur le Borysthene, que l'ennemi avait brûlés; on n'est parvenu à mâstriser le feu qui consumait la ville que dans la journée de 19, les sapeurs François ayant travaillé avec activité. Les maisons de la ville sont remplies de Russes morts et mourants.

Sur douze divisions qui composoient la grande armée Russe, deux divisions ont été, entamées et défaites aux combats d'Ortrovna, deux l'ont été au combat de Mohiloff, et six au combat de Smolenzk. Ney a que deux divisions et la garde qui sont restées entiéres.

Les traits de courage qui honorent l'armée et qui ont distingûe tant de soldats au combat de Smolenzk, seront l'object d'un rapport particulier jamais l'armée Français n'a montré plus d'intrépidité que dans cette campaigne.

To prevent misapprehending who may be meant under these titles of Prince, Duke, &c. a catalogue of the French Generals' names and their titles is subjoined.

FRENCH MARSHALS, GENERALS, &C. AND THEIR TITLES.

Joachim Murat	King of Naples.
Marshal Junot	Duke of Abrantes.

Marshal Victor	Duke of Belluno.
Marshal Augereau	Duke of Castiglione.
Marshal Lefevre	Duke of Dantzig.
Marshal Davoust	Prince of Eckmuhl.
Marshal Ney	Duke of Elchingen.
Bessieres	Duke of Istria.
Beauharnois	Vice-Roi of Italy.
Caulincourt	Duke of Vinzenza.
Maret	Duke of Bassano.
Marshal Champagny	Duke of Cadore.
Duroc (*dead*)	Duke of Friuli.
Marshal Mortier	Duke of Treviso.
Marshal Macdonald	Duke of Tarente.
Marshal Oudinot	Duke of Reggio.
Jerome Buonaparté	King of Westphalia.
Marshal Berthier (*dead*)	Prince of Neufchatel.
Marshal Massena	Prince of Essling.
Marshal Soult	Duke of Dalmatia.
Marshal Kellerman	Duke of Valmy.
Marshal Marmont	Duke of Ragusa.
General Sebastiani	Count of the Empire.
General Loison	Count of the Empire.
Rapp	Count of the Empire.

NOTE III.—[*For Page* 208,9.]

As there are people in the habit of expressing doubts of the accuracy of the information which has hitherto represented the cruelties exercised by Buonaparte and his soldiers on countries and individuals in their power, it is a satisfaction to corroborate the truth of such representations, by drawing together several witnesses bearing evidence of the same kind of acts committed by the same man and his followers in different parts of the world. His soldiers perpetrated acts of atrocity while in Russia, *too horrible for description;* and in the following letter, written by a distinguished British naval officer, and lately published in one of our own Gazettes, we find that the same spirit, and by the same agents, has been outraging human nature in a similarly *unmentionable manner* in Spain.

His Majesty's Ship Surveillante, off Castro,
25th June, 1813.

MY LORD,

I have the satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship, that the supplies of the garrison of Castro having been cut off by His Majesty's cruizers on this coast, and the total want of meat, obliged the Commanding Officer to evacuate the Castle on the 22d instant, and retire to Santona. The Sparrow heaving in sight at the same moment obliged the Commandant to do this so precipitately as to prevent his destroying his artillery, and powder, or doing any mischief to the Castle itself.

Captain Taylor very properly immediately garrisoned the Castle, and this day we have had a party of the army under General Mendezabel. I am sorry to say five-sixths of the town are in ruins, and that the dreadful barbarities committed by the French-Italian troops, as detailed by the few surviving old women, *are too shocking to be made the subject of a public letter;* nor was the carnage of the French confined to the evening of the place being carried by storm. The inhabitants who fled are now returning, but misery and poverty with them are at their summit. Fourteen of the savage authors of these excesses were taken at Bilboa since the evacuation, and deservedly put to death. I have now the pleasure of saying that the whole line of coast from Guaturia to Santona is evacuated by the enemy.

I have the honour to be, &c.
(Signed) GEORGE R. COLLIER.

To Admiral Lord Keith, &c.

[Vide Gazette, 3d July.]

NOTE IV.—[*For Page* 219.]

In the letters below of Buonaparté, (which Colonel Benkendorff intercepted by taking the courier who conveyed them) may be found a pretty accurate epitome of the *Great Napoleon's* character, and drawn by his own hand.

Intercepted letter from the Emperor Napoleon to (Maret) Duke of Bassano, Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated Moscow, October 16th, N. S. 1812.

"Monsieur! Duke of Bassano!

"I have two Prussian regiments here, which have gallantly distinguished themselves in the advanced-guard of the army, and of course they have suffered in the same proportion. Might not the King of Prussia raise two new regiments? And then the regiments, of which I first spoke, might go back to Prussia and be recruited. In every way the king will gain by this arrangement, as there will be a necessity for him to remount the regiments immediately, and by that means he will increase his number of disciplined squadrons that have acquired the habit of war.

"I have given a fit direction to the Prussian contingent, by sending it towards Riga; but I am very unwilling to have my seventh division employed in that quarter. I have therefore to require of the King of Prussia an augmentation of his contingent, by a thousand horse and six thousand foot, for the service against Riga; so that the force assembled there may be equivalent to my seventh division. The king may easily draw these troops from Koningsberg, Colberg, and Graudenz, and by that means they may arrive in a few days. They may be replaced by others drawn from a distance. Thus the King of Prussia will have in line four thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. It cannot be difficult for you to make him comprehend, that *his own interest* should urge him to activity in this business; because the sooner this great struggle is over, the sooner will he be relieved from the necessary anxiety and exactions attending its continuance.

"It is also good policy to show Russia, that in consequence of the great military resources we possess, not only in our states, but in those of our allies, his hope of wasting away our army by degrees is unfounded and illusory.

"You will use the same arguments to Austria, to Bavaria, to Stutgardt; indeed, they will do every where. I desire them not only to send their reinforcements, *but I charge them to exaggerate* the numbers of troops they send; let *double the number be given out.*

"I suppose you understand that the Prussian corps at Memel are not to be reckoned amongst the reinforcements.

"I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

Buonaparté has not a greater enemy than a comparison of dates. They unmask his falsehood as soon as brought together. By comparing the twenty-ninth bulletin with the following intercepted letter, it will be seen how much is to be believed of his public account of the twenty thousand horses, for remounting his dragoons, collected by General Bourcier from the different depots early in December; and also something will be seen illustrative of the credit to be given to his assurance, in the same bulletin, that the artillery had repaired its losses.

"TO THE DUKE OF BASSANO.

"*Smolenzk*, *Nov.* 11*th*, N. S. 1812.

"FOUR despatches have arrived at the same time, so that I have all your letters up to the 7th.

"I am quite satisfied with what you have done, in bringing the thirty-fourth division to Kovna; the only thing necessary now is, that it should be well supplied. General Loison tells me that he has made a purchase of six hundred horses for his artillery, and that the same dealer proposed bargaining with him for ten thousand more. Transmit this proposition to General Bourcier, in order that he may conclude the bargain if he finds the horses fit for the purpose. Tell General Bourcier that it is absolutely indispensable, that he must augment his command with six thousand horse-artillery and six thousand cavalry completely equipped, besides an equal number of draught horses. We are daily sustaining considerable loss by the frost and the extreme severity of the nights. It is useless for me to press upon you the importance of these purchases. General Bourcier ought to go as far as thirty thousand, and perhaps beyond that number. In short, he must only be limited by the impossibility of procuring so many of a good quality. Horses! horses! either for cuirassiers, or for dragoons, or light cavalry, or artillery, or draught. *It is the greatest want we have.* Ten thousand of our dismounted dragoons will soon march towards Minsk. General Bourcier must give them the direction of Koningsberg and Warsaw, according to the places in which they are to receive the fresh horses. Be very careful not to suffer the least delay in this affair. Write to Prince Schwartzenberg, and make him feel the importance of hastening his movements. I have had an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Belluno's (Victor), whom he left on the 9th. I have sent him back with positive orders.

" I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

(Signed) " NAPOLEON."

I cannot better comment on these demands of Napoleon upon one of his allies, than by inserting a Memorial of another upon similar requisitions.

Suite du compte rendu au Roi de Saxe, par le conseil ministériel du Duché de Varsovie, en date du 17 Novembre, 1812.

A la demande de l'administration Française le gouvernement du duché fournit à la place de celui de Prusse 45,000 quintaux de viande en bétail vivant, dont on lui promit le remboursement dans l'avenir. Les hôpitaux de campagne, érigés à Posen, à Bromberg, à Varsovie, à Plock, à Lomza, etc. reçurent outre

les alimens très couteux et les médicamens pour les malades, tout ce que S. M. l'Empereur et Roi ordonna de leur fournir pour leurs besoins, et pour le compte de son trésor. Celui du Duché, obligé de couvrir, les dépenses courantes de l'état, ne pouvait plus suffire, vu l'accroissement des charges qui presque toutes n'étaient pas comprises dans les budgets précédens, et qui surpassaient du triple les revenus du trésor. Il fallait des fonds extraordinaires; ceux qui provenaient de l'emprunt ouvert à Paris, aidèrent sensiblement à hâter les travaux des forteresses. La convention conclue à Dresde le 25 Février 1812 facilita la nouvelle augmentation de l'armée, mais pour couvrir les besoins énormes de l'approvisionnement et de tous les objets militaires, il fallut recouvrir à l'expédient violent et destrueteur de la réquisition; le patriotisme de nos concitoyens put le supporter; ou couvrit les besoins de la guerre, mais l'appauvrissement d'une quantité d'habitans empira et prolongea pour l'avenir le triste état du trésor.

Telle était la situation des choses, lorsque le conseil reçut des pouvoirs plus étendus des mains de V. M. Le premier usage qu'il en fit, fut la convocation de la diéte.

La partie des approvisionnemens, les différentes branches de contrôle, les hôpitaux de compagne, exigeaient des efforts efficaces; il fut établi pour cet effet une commission particuliére. Pour lui procurer les moyens de parvenir à son but, on mit à sa disposition tous les impôts fonciers arriérés, et la quatriéme partie des impôts courans, sans compter les fonds que l'etat assigna pour les fraix de contrôle et le payement des fournisseurs de viande. Plus récemment on y ajouta le produit arriéré et courant de l'impôt payé par les juifs pour la viande, appelé Koscher, et les fonds destinés à couvrir les besoins de la guerre excédérent la somme de 30 millions de florins de Pologne.

L'habillement et l'armement des conscrits dans les dépôts des différens régimens se montérent, dans l'ordre établi depuis l'entrée de l'armée en campagne, à 3116 fantassins et 2250 cavaliers.

Une partie de ce dépôts se mit en marche pour former un corps de 7400 hommes, qui fait le service effectif sous les ordres du général Kosinski; les gardes nationales rassemblées dans les départemens de Cracovie, de Radom, de Lublin et de Siedlic, et équipées et armées aux fraix de ces départemens, fournirent à ce corps 2.600 hommes d'infanterie et 1300 de cavalerie. Un appel adressé à tout le pays, et auquel on a déjà donné ordre de se tenir prêt, doit au premier signal fournir une force armée de 40,000 hommes. Elle doit être réservée pour le cas de la défense du pays. La garde nationale qui servira aussitôt à compléter et à renforcer l'armée, le rassemblement des conscrits et leur équipement exigent toute la sollicitude du conseil. Le nombre des gens à lever monte à 25,000, celui des chevaux à 8819. Pour les mettre au plus vite en état de joindre l'armée, le conseil prit les mesures suivantes: Comme ce qui reste pour les dépenses courantes de l'état des fonds des masses destinées pour l'habillement, les remontes etc. ne saurait suffire aux objets nécessaires pour l'armement extraordinaire, le conseil donna le 4 de ce mois le décret suivant:

" La quatrième parte des appointemens des fonctionnaires publics, ainsi que des pensions et émolumens payés par le trésor de l'état, sera retenue pour son profit pendant toute la durée de la guerre. Outre les impôts extraordinaires, on percevra la troisième partie de l'impôt foncier, la moitié de l'impôt personnel, le double du droit de patente, le tout comme un emprunt extraordinaire qui devra être remboursé à la paix. Les voies de contrainte usitées à la perception des impôts, seront aussi mis en usage pour cet emprunt. La nation juive, n'étant pas soumise à la conscription militaire, paye en revanche 700,000 florins de Pologne, mais comme cette somme a toujours rapport à des tems de paix, le conseil autorise le trésorier par le décret du 7 du courant, de percevoir encore une somme pareille, sur le motif de la guerre présente. En vertu d'un autre décret du conseministériel du 7 du courant, il se fait un enregistrement de tous les chevaux du pays; ceux qui sont propres au service, sont pris. Le prix moyen est de 25 ducats, et l'estimation sera faite par des gens de l'art. Les quittances des commissaires chargés de la reception des chevaux, seront acceptées en payement des impôts pour l'année 1813.—Déjà antérieurement les habitans fournirent volontairement, à la suite d'un appel du préfet, le nombre demande de 60,000 chemises, dans les magasins militaires.—On peut espérer d'obtenir de la même manière un nombre considerable de souliers. Pour s'assurer encore plus du succés des moyens susmentionnés, le conseil voulut donner aux autorités exécutives un nouveau degré d'activité et d'énergie, et hâter en même tems l'entrée des impôts, en redoublant de sévérité dans les ordonnances contre ceux qui désobéiraient ou qui commettraient des malversations au détriment du trésor. Tel est le double but du décret émané du conseil le 10 du courant.

Permettez, Sire, de répéter succinctement les valeurs et les montans de ce que le conseil vient de vous soumettre.

Le Duché de Varsovie fournit avant le commencement de la guerre 33,784 conscrits, il en fournit maintenant 25,000, ce qui fait par conséquent en moins de deux ans 58,784.

Il fournit avant la guerre 10,876 chevaux pour sa propre armée, il en vendit ou prêta 3847 à l'administration Française, il lui reste à en fournir actuellement 8810, ce qui fait en tout 23,542 chevaux.

Les dépenses pour compléter et augmenter derechef l'armée, occasionnent au trésor un surcroit de frais de 3,301,005 florins de Pologne.

La dernière construction des équipage, et l'achat des attelage et des armes, ainsi que d'autres dépenses de guerre extraordinaires, montent à 1,927,398.

Les travaux des forteresses coûtent déjà 9,513,261.

Les différens produits en nature livrés pour les besoins de l'armée, montaient avant la guerre à 40.000,000; les fonds destinés ensuite pour cet effet, montent à 30,000,000; fait en tout 70,000,000.

Le produit de l'emprunt et de l'impôt extraordinaire du recrutement, auxquels il faut ajouter aussi la reduction des pensions et émolumens, montent à 10,007,146.

Prix des chevaux comme à compte sur les impôts de l'année prochaine, 4,444,776.

Prix des chemises et souliers fournis volontairement, 600,000.

Reste d'autres charges, dont il est difficile ou impossible de faire un calcul, comme équipement et entretien des gardes nationales, suites des passages de troupes et des maux de la guerre dans les districts qui ont été le théâtre de la guerre; c'est ainsi que les charges extraordinaires qui pésent sur le trésor et le pays comme un suite de la guerre présente, montent (outres les conscrits et les chevaux, et les 68,259,952 florins de Pologne; qui, autant qu'on peut en faire un calcul constituent le montant de revenus annuels ordinaires du pays) à la somme de 99,783,586 florins de Pologne. Voilá, Sire, quels sont les efforts et les sacrifices signalés, dont les sujets polonais de V. M. peuvent déjà se glorifier, on que le conseil leur demande encore au nom de la patrie, persuadé de les obtenir de leurs cœurs tant portés pour leur salut.

On n'a besoin de rien ajouter pour prouver la grandeur des sacrifices des alliés de l'Empereur Napoleon. Nous nous bornons à dire seulement que la piéce importante qu'on vient de lire est signée *Stanislas Potocki*, président, et *Stanislas Grabowski*, sécretaire-général du Conseil ministériel.

NOTE V.—[*For Page* 243.]

Captain Wllloughby, of the royal navy, whose intrepid conduct at the capture of the Isle of France, is too well known and admired to need any further detail, being anxious to leave no interval unfilled by gallant actions, offered his voluntary services to the Emperor of Russia, while the frigate, which his own sovereign had destined for him, was building in England: his Imperial Majesty granted this permission; and Captain Willoughby went to Riga: but finding the service there less active than what his thirst for honourable distinction urged him to seek, he set off for the army of Count Vigtenstein. At the taking of Polotsk Captain Willoughby behaved with his usual intrepidity and ability; and he might still have been pursuing his noble career, had not an act of generosity thrown him into the hands of the enemy. Observing two Russian soldiers cruelly wounded, who were attempting to drag their bleeding limbs from the scene of slaughter, Captain Willoughby dismounted, and calling on the Cossac that attended him to do the same, he

placed the sufferers upon their horses, and was leading them away, when a party of French hussars surrounded and took them prisoners. This action, so worthy of the British character, could not fail of meeting an answering feeling in the heart of the magnanimous Alexander: he directed a letter to be addressed immediately to the chief of the French nation, offering any French officer in his possession as an equivalent for our brave countryman: the only answer vouchsafed by the ruthless Buonaparté was " that no Englishman would be exchanged."

This vehement hatred of the tyrant towards the English is one of our best testimonies of national virtue. He never found it possible to seduce or to subdue a spirit born in British land: and at this time his ambition was doubly racked by the report of Lord Wellington's victories in Spain; and his knowledge that the representative of the British monarch at St. Petersburgh, was not only a statesman of the first character, but a soldier eminent in talents and in fame. Buonaparté may sometimes flatter, but he cannot fail to hate the virtue that is opposed to him.

NOTE VI.—[*For Page* 154.]

BUONAPARTE'S EIGHTEENTH BULLETIN.

BATTLE OF MOSCVA (OR BORODINO.)

Mojaisk, 10*th Septembre*, 1812.

Le 4, l'Empereur partit de Ghatz et vint camper près de la poste de Gritneva.

Le 5, à six heures du matin, l'armée se mit en mouvement, à deux heures après-midi, on découvrit l'armée Russe placée, sur les hauteurs de la rive gauche de la Kologha: à douze cents toises en avant de la gauche, l'ennemi avait commencé à fortifier un beau *mamelon* entre deux bois, où il avait placé 9 a 10,000 hommes. L'Empereur l'ayant recconu, résolu de ne pas différer

un moment, et d'enlever cette position. Il ordonna au Roi de Naples de passer la Kologha avec la division de Compans et la cavalerie. Le Prince Poniatofsky qui était venu par la droite, se trouva en mesure de tourner la position, à quatre heures l'attaque commença, en une heure de temps la redoute ennemie fut prise avec ses canons, les corps ennemi chassé du bois et mis en déroute, après avoir laissé la moitié de son monde sur le champ de bataille; a sept heures du soir le feu cessa.

Le 6, à deux heures du matin, l'Empereur parcourut les avant postes ennemis: on passa la journée à se recconaître. L'Ennemi avait une position très resserrée: sa gauche étoit fort affaiblie par la perte de la position de la veille; elle était appuyée à un grand bois, soutenue par un beau mamelon couronné d'une rédoute armée de 25 pieces de canons. Deux autres mamelons couronnés de redoutes, à cent pas l'un de l'autre, protégaient sa ligne jusqu' à un grand village que l'ennemi avait démoli pour couvrir le plateau d'artillerie et d'enfanterie et y appuyer son centre. Sa droite passait derriere la Kologha en arriere du village de Borodino, et était appuyée à deux beaux mamelons couronnés de redoutes et armées de batteries. Cette position parut belle et forte. Il était facile de manœuvrir et d'obliger l'ennemi à l'evacuer; mais cela aurait remis la partie, et sa position ne fut pas jugée tellement forte qu'il fallut élluder le combat. Il fut facile de distinguer que les redoutes n'étaient qu' ébauchées, le fossé peu profond non pallissadé ni fraisé. On évalait les forces de l'ennemi a 123 ou 130 mille hommes. Nos forces etaient egales, mais la superioritè de nos troupes n'etoit pas douteuse.

Le 7, à deux heures du matin, l'Empereur etait entouré de ses marechaux à la position prise l'avant-veille: à cinq heures et demie, le soleil se leva sans nuages; la veille il avait plu—" C'est le soleil d'Austerlitz" dit l'Empereur. Quoique au mois de Septembre, il faisait aussi froid qu'en Decembre en Moravie. L'Armée en accepta l'augure. On batti un ban, et on lut l'ordre du jour suivant.

" Soldats,

" Voila la bataille que vous avez tant desirée! Desormais la victoire depend de vous; elle nous est necessaire; elle nous donnera l'abondance, de bons quartiers d'hiver, et un prompt retour dans la patrie. Conduirez vous comme à Austerlitz, à Friedland, à Vitepsk, à Smolenzk, et que la posterité la plus reculée cite avec orgueil votre conduite dans cette journée; que l'on dise de vous; il etait à cette grande bataille sous les murs de Moscow!"

"Au Camp Imperial, sur les hauteurs de Borodino,
le 7 Septembre, à 2 heures du matin."

L'armée repondit par des acclamations reiterées. Le plateau sur le quel etait l'armée etait couvert de cadavres Russes du combat de l'avant veille.

Le Prince Poniatofsky, qui formait la droite, se mit on mouvement pour tourner la forêt sur laquelle l'ennemi appuyait sa gauche.

Le Prince d'Eckmuhl se mit en marche le long de la forêt, la division Compans en tête. Deux batteries de 60 pieces de cannon, chacune battant la position de l'ennemi, avoient été construites pendant la nuit.

A 6 heures, le General Comte Sombier, qui avait armée la batterie droite avec l'artillerie de la reserve de la garde, commença le feu. Le General Parnesty, avec 30 pieces de canon, prit la tête de la division Compans, quatrieme du premier corps, qui longea le bois, tournant la tête de la de l'ennemi: à 6 heures et ½ le General Compans est blessé: à 7 heures le Prince Eckmuhl a son cheval tué. L'attaque avance, la mousqueterie s'engage. Le Viceroi, qui formoit notre gauche, attaque et prend le village de Borodino que l'ennemi ne pouvait defendre, ce village étant sur la rive gauche de la Kologha.

A 7 heures le Maréchal d'Elchingen se met on mouvement, et, sous la protection de 60 pieces de canon, que le General Fucher avait placée la veille contre le centre de l'ennemi, se porte sur le centre. Mille pieces de canon vomissent de part et d'autre la mort.

A 8 heures, les positions de l'ennemi sont enlevées, ses rédoutes prises et notre artillerie couronné ses mamelons. L'avantage de position qu' avaient eu pendant deux heures les batteries ennemis nous appartient maintenant. Les parapets qui ont été contre nous pendant l'attaque redeviennent pour nous. L'ennemi voit la bataille perdue, qu'il ne la croyait que commença. Partie de son artillerie est prise, le reste est évacué sur ses lignes en arriere. Dans cette extremité, il prend le partie de rétablir le combat, et d'attaquer avec toutes ses masses ces fortes positions qu'el n'a pu garder. Trois cents pieces de canon Françaises placées sur ces hauteurs oudroient ses masses, et ses soldats viennent mourir au pied de ces parapets qu'ils avoient elevés les jour precédants avec tant de soin, et comme des abres protecteurs.

Le Roi de Naples, avec la cavalrie fit diverses charges. Le duc d'Elchingen se couvrit de gloire, et montra autant d'intrepidité que de sang froid l'Empereur ordonne une change de fronte la droite en avant; ce mouvement nous rend maîtres des trois parts du champ de bataille. Le Prince Poniatofsky se bat dans le bois avec des succes variés.

Il restait à l'ennemi ses redoutes de droite: le General Comte Morand y marche et les enleve; mais a 9 heures du matin, attaqué de toutes côtés, il ne peut s'y maintenir. L'Ennemi, encouragé par ce succés, fit avancer se reserve et ses dernieres troupes pour tenter encore la fortune. La garde Imperiale en fait partie. Il attaque notre centre sur lequel avait pivoté notre droite—on craint pendant un moment qu'il enleve le village brûlé; la division Friant s'y porte, 80 pieces de canon françaises arrêtent d'abord et ecrasent ensuite les colonnes ennemis qui se tiennent pendant deux heures serrés sous la mitraille, n'osant pas avancer, ne voulant pas reculer, et renonçant à l'espoir de la victoire. Le Roi de Naples décide leur incertitude; il fait charger le 4 corps de cavalrie qui pénetre par les brêches que le mitraille de nos canons a faites dans les masses serrées des Russes et les esquadrons de leurs cuirassiers; ils se débandent de tous côtés. Le general de division Comte Caulincourt, gouverneur des pages de l'empereur, le porte à la tête du 5 cuirassiers, culbute tous, entre dans le redoute de gauche par la gorge. Des ce moment plus d'incertitude, la bataille est gagnée; il tourne contre les Russes, le 24 pieces de canon qui se trouvent dans la redoute. Le Comte Caulincourt, qui venait de se distinguer par cette belle charge, avait terminé ses destinées; il tombe mort frappé par un boulet; mort glorieuse et digne d'envie!

Il est deux heures aprés midi, toutes espérances abandonne l'ennemi; la bataille est finie, la canonade continue encore; il se bat pour sa retraite et son salut, mais, non pour la victoire.

La perte de l'ennemi est enorme; 12 à 13 mille hommes, et 8 à 9 mille chevaux russes ont été comptés sur ler champ de bataille; 60 pieces de canon et cinq mille prisoniers sont en notre pouvoir—nous avons eu 2500 hommes tués, et le tripple de blessés, notre perte totale peut être évaluée a 10 mille hommes; celle de l'ennemi à 40 ou 50 mille. Jamais on n'a vu pariel champ de bataille, sur six cadâvres il y en avait un Français et cinq Russes. Quarente généraux russes ont eté tués, blessés ou pris; le général Bragation a été blessé—nous avons perdu le général de division Comte Monbrum, tué d'un coup de canon; le Général Comte Caulincourt, qui avait été envoyé pour le remplacer, tué d'un coup une heure après. Les généraux de brigade Compere, Plauzonne, Marion, Huart ont eté tués; sept ou huit généraux ont été blessés la plupart légerement. Le Prince d'Eckmuhl n'a eu aucun mal les troupes franç ises se sont couvertes de gloire et ont montré leur grand supériorité sur les troupes russes.

Telle est en peu de mots l'esquisse de la bataille de la Moskva, donnéex à déux lieues en arriére de Mojaisk, et à vingt cinq lieues de Moscow, prés de la petite riviere de la Moskoa. Nous avons tiré 60 mille coups de canon, qui sont déja remplacés par l'arrivée de 800 voitures d'artillerie qui avoient dépassé Smolenzk avant la bataille. Tous les bois et les villages, depuis le champs de bataille j'usqu'ici sont couverts de morts et de blessés, on a trouvé ici deux mille morts ou amputés Russes. Plusieurs Généraux et Colonels sont Prisoniers. *L'empereur n'a jamais été exposé;* la garde, ni à pied ni à chéval, n'a pas donné et n'a pas perdu un seul homme. La victoire n'a jamais été incertaine, si l'ennemi, forcé dans ses positions, n'avait pas voulu les réprendre—notre perte aurait été plus forte que le sienne; mais il a détruit son armée, en la tenant depuis huit heures jusqu' à deux sous le feu de nos batteries, et en s'opinaitrant a' reprendre ce qu'il avait perdu—c'est la cause de son immense perte.

Tout le monde s'est distingué; le Roi de Naples et le Duc d'Elchingen se sont fait remarquer.

L'artillerie et surtout celle de la garde, s'est surpassée. Des rapports détaillés feront connaître les actions qui ont illustré cette journée.

NOTE VII.—[*For Page* 358.]

BUONAPARTE'S TWENTY-NINTH BULLETIN.

Molodetschino, *Dec.* 3, 1812.

Jusqu' au 6 Novembre, le tems a été parfait et le mouvement de l'armée s'est éxécuté avec le plus grand succés. Le froid a commencé le 7; des ce moment, chaque nuit nous avons perdu plusieurs centaines de chevaux qui mouraient au bivouac. Arrivés à Smolenzk, nous avions déja perdu bien des chevaux de cavalerie et d'artillerie.

L'armée russe de Volhynie était opposée à notre droite. Notre droite quitta la ligne d'opération de Minsk, et prit pour pivot de ses opérations la ligne de Varsovie. L'Empereur apprit à Smolenzk, le 9, ce changement de ligne d'opération, et présuma ce que ferait l'ennemi. Quelque dur qu'il lui parût de se mettre en mouvement, dans une si cruelle saison, le nouvel état des choses le necessitait, il espérait arriver à Minsk, ou de moins sur la Bérésina, avant l'ennemi; il parût le 13, de Smolenzk; le 16 il coucha à Krasnoi; le froid qui avait commencé le 7, s'accrut subitement, et du 14 au 15 et au 16, le thermométre marqua 16 et 18 degrés au-dessous de glace. Les chemins furent couverts de verglas, les chevaux de cavalerie, d'artillerie, de train, périssaient toutes les huits non par centaines, mais par milliers, surtout les chevaux de France et d'Allemagne plus de 30,000 chevaux périrent en peu de jours; notre cavalerie se trouva toute a pied, notre artillerie et nos transports se trouvraient sans attelage. Il fallut abandonner et détruire une bonne partie de nos pieces et de nos munitions de guerre et debouche. Cette armée si belle le 6, etait bien differente des le 14, presque sans cavalerie, sans artillerie, sans transports. Sans cavalerie nous ne pouvions pas nous éclairer à un quart de lieue, cependant sans artillerie nous ne pouvions pas risquer une bataille et attendre de pied ferme; il fallait marcher pour ne pas être contraints à une bataille que le défaut de munitions nous empêchait de désirer, il fallait occuper un certain espace pour ne pas être tournée, et cela sans cavalerie qui éclairât et liât les colonnes. Cette difficulté, jointe à un froid excessif subitement venu, rendit notre situation fâcheuse. Les hommes que la nature n'a pas trempés assez fortement pour être au-dessus de toutes les chances du sort et de la fortune, parerent ébranlés, perdirent leur gaieté, leur bonne humeur, et ne rêvérent que malheurs et catastrophes, ceux qu'elle a crées supérieurs a tout, conservérent leur gaieté, et leur manierés ordinaires, et virent une nouvelle gloire dans des difficultés différentes à surmonter. L'ennemi qui voyait sur les chemins les traces de cette affreuse calamité qui frappait l'armée française, chercha à en profiter. Il enveloppait toutes les colonnes par ses cosaques, qui enlevaient, comme les arabes dans les déserts, les trains et les voitures qui s'ecartaient. Cette méprisable cavalerie, qui ne fait que du bruit, et n'est pas capable d'enfoncer une compagnie de voltigeurs, se rendit redoubtable à la faveur des circonstances. Cependent l'ennemi eut à se répentir de toutes les tentatives sérieuses qu'il voulat entreprendre; il fut culbuté par le Vice-Roi, ou devant duquel il s'était placé, et il-y perdit beaucoup de monde. Le duc d'Elchingen qui avec trois mille hommes faisait l'arriere-garde, avait fait sautier les ramparts de Smolenzk; il fut cerné et se trouva dans une position critique; il s'en tira avec cette intrépidité qui le distingue aprés avoir tenu l'ennemi éloigné de lui, pendant toute la journée, à la nuit il fit un mouvement sur le flanc droit, passa le Borysténe à Orza, et l'armée russe, fatiguée, ayant perdu beaucoup de monde, cessa la ses tentatives.

L'armée de Volhynie s'était porte des le 16 sur Minsk, et marchait sur Borisow. Le Général Dombrousky défendit la tête de pont de Borisow avec 3000 hommes. La 23, il fut forcé et obligé d'évacuer cette position. L'ennemi passa alors la Bérésina, marchant sur Bobr, la division Lambert faisait l'avant-garde. Le 2d corps, commandé par le Duc de Reggio, qui était à Ischerain, avait recu l'ordre, de se porter sur Borisow, pour assurer à l'armée le passage de la Bérésina. La 24, le Duc de Reggio rencontra la division Lambert à 4 lieues de Borisow, l'attaqua, la battit, lui fit 2000 prisonniers, lui prit six piéces de canons; 500 voitures de bagages de l'armée de Volhynie, et rejetta l'ennemi sur la rive droite de la Bérésina. Le Général Berckhuin, avec la 4e régiment de cuirassiers, se distingua par une belle charge. L'ennemi ne trouva son salut qu'en brûlant le pont qui a plus de 300 toises.

Cependant l'ennemi occupait tous le passages de la Bérésina, cette rivière est large de 40 toises, elle charrioit assez de glaces, mais ses bords sont couverts de morais de 300 toises de long, ce qui la rend un obstacle difficile à franchir. Le général ennemi avait placé ses 4 divisions dans différens débouchés ou il présumait que l'armée française voudrait passer.

Le 26, à la pointe de jour, l'Empereur aprés avoir trompé l'ennemi par divers mouvements faits dans la journée du 25, se porta son le village de Studzionca, et fit aussitôt, malgré une division ennemie et en sa présence, jetter deux ponts sur la rivière. Le Duc de Reggio passa, attaqua l'ennemi, et le mena battont deux heurs, l'ennemi se retira sur la tête de pont de Borisow. Le General Le Grand, officier du premier merite, fut blessé grievement mais non dangereusement. Ainsi la journée du 26 et du 27 l'armée passé.

Le Duc de Bellune commandant le 9e corps, avait reçu ordre de suivre le mouvement du Duc du Reggio, de faire l'arrieregarde et de contenir l'armée russe de la Dwina qui la suivait. Portonnaux faisait l'arrière-garde de ce corps. Le 27 à midi, le Duc de Bellune arriva avec deux divisions au pont de Studzianca. La division Partonnaux portit à la nuit de Borisow. Une brigade de cette division qui formait l'arrière-garde, et qui était chargée de brûler lès ponts, partit à sept heures du soir; elle arriva entre dix et douze heures; elle chercha sa première brigade et son general de division qui etaient partis deux heures avant et qu'elle n'avit pas recontrés en route. Ses recherches furent vaines; on concut alors des inquiétudes. Tout ce qu'on a pu connaitre depuis, c'est que cette première brigade, partie à cinq heures, s'est égarée à six, a pris à droite au lieu de prendre à gauche, et a fait deux ou trois lieues dans cette direction, que dans la nuit et transie de froid, elle s'est ralliée aux feux de l'ennemi, qu'elle à pris pour ceux de l'armée Française, entourée ainsi, elle aura été enlevée. C'ette cruelle méprise doit nous avoir fait perdre 2000 hommes d'infanterie, 800 chevaux et trois piéces d'artillerie. Des bruits couraient que le général de division n'était par avec sa colonne et avait marché isolément. Toute l'armée ayant passé le 28 au matin, le Duc de Bellune gardoit la tête de pont sur la rive gauche; le Duc de Reggio, et derrière lui, toute, l'armée, étoit sur la rive droite. Borisow ayant été évacué, les armées de la Dwina et de Volhynie communiquérent; elles concertérent une attaque. La 28, à la pointe du jour, le Duc de Reggio fit prévenir l'Empereur qu'il était attaqué. Une demi-heure apres le Duc de Bellune le fut sur la rive gauche; l'armée prit les armes. Le Duc d'Elchingen se porta à la suite du Duc de Reggio et le Duc de Trévise, derrière le Duc d'Elchingen. Se combat devint vif: l'ennemi voulut déborder notre droite; le general Donmerc, commandant la cinquième division de cuirassiers, et qui faisait partie du 2d corps resté sur la Dwina, ordonna une charge de cavalerie aux 4e et 5e régimens de cuirassiers, au moment ou la legion de la Vistule s'engageait dans de bois pour percer le centre de l'ennemi qui fut culbuté et mis en déroute ces braves cuirassiers enfoncerent successivement six carrés d'enfanterie et mirent en deroute la cavalerie ennemie, qui venoit au secours de son infanterie, 6000 prisonniers, deux drapeaux, et six piéces de cannon tombérent en notre pouvoir.

De son côté le Duc de Bellune fit charger vigoureusement l'ennemi, le battit, lui fit 5 à 600 prisonniers, et le fuit hors la portée des canons du pont. Le général Journie fit une belle charge de cavalerie.

Dans le combat de la Bérésina, l'armée de Volhynie a beaucoup souffert. Le Duc de Reggio a été blessé; sa blessure n'est pas dangereuse; c'est une balle qu'il a reçue dans le coté.

Le lendemain 29, nous restames sur le champ de battaille. Nous avions à choisir autre deux routes; celle de Minsk et celle de Vilna. La route de Minsk passe au milieu d'une forêt et de marais incultes, et il eut éte impossible à l'armée de s'y nourrir. La route de Vilna au contraire, passe dans de trés-bons pays. L'armée sans cavalerie, faible, en munitions, horriblement fatiguée de 50 jours de marche, trainant à sa suite ses malades et les blessés de tout de combats, avoit besoin d'arriver à ses magazins. Le 30, le Quartier Genéral fut à Plechnitzi; le 1 Décembre à Ilaiki, et le 3, à Molo Delchno, ou l'armée à reçu les premiers convois de Vilna. Tous les officiers et soldats blessés, et tout ce qui est embarras, bagages, &c. ont été dirigés sur Vilna.

Dire que l'armée à besoin de rétablir sa discipline, de se refaire, de remonter sa cavalerie, son artillerie et son material, c'est le résultat de l'exposé qui vient d'étre fait. Le repos est son premier besoin. Le material et les chevaux arrivent. Le General Bourcier à deja plus de 20,000 de chevaux de remonte dans differans dépôts. L'artillerie à dèja réparé ses pertes. Les generaux, les officiers, et les soldats ont beaucoup souffert de la fatigue et de la dissette. Beaucoup ont perdue leurs bagages par suite de la perte de leurs chevaux, quelques uns par le fait des ambuscades des Cosaques. Les Cosaques ont pris nombre d'hommes isolés, d'ingénieurs géographes qui levaient les positions, et des officiers blessés qui marchaient sans précaution, préferant courir des risques plutôt qui de marcher posément et dans des convois.

Les rapports des officiers généraux, commandans les corps feront connoître les officiers et les soldats qui se sont le plus distingué, et les détails de tous ces memorables événemens.

Dans tous ces mouvements, l'Empereur a toujours marché au milieu de sa garde, la cavalerie, commandée par le Maréchal Duc d'Istrie, et d'infanterie, commandée par le Duc de Dantzic. Sa Majesté a été satisfaite du bon esprit que sa garde a montré; elle a toujours été prête à de porter partout ou les circonstances l'auroient exigée; mais les circonstances ont toujours été telles que sa simple présence a suffi, et qu'elle n'a pas été dans le cas de donner. Le Prince de Neufchatel, le Grand Maréchal, le Grand Ecuyer, et tous les Aides-de-Camp, et les officiers militaires de la maison de l'Empereur ont toujours accompagné sa Majesté.

Notre cavalerie etoit tellement démontée, que l'on a pu reunir les officiers auxquels il restoit un cheval pour en former quatre compagnies de 150 hommes chacune. Les Généraux y faisaient les fonctions de capitaines, et les colonels celles de sous officiers. Cet escadron sacré, commandé par le Général Lyrouchi, et sous les ordres du Roi de Naples, ne perdoit pas de vue de l'Empereur dans tous les mouvemens.

La santé de sa Majesté n'a jamais été meilleure.

NOTE VIII.—[*From Page* 341.]

WHEN General Baron Vinzingorode, and his aide-de-camp Captain Narishkin, were made prisoners at Moscow, in violation of every law civil or military, Buonaparté ordered them to be brought before him. The command being obeyed, the French leader, swelling with rage, but with an air of triumph, addressed the Russian general (who is a Hessian by birth)—" Sir," cried he, " you are a traitor: I shall send you back to your country, to meet the fate your infamy merits. You should die instantly, but that I wish your countrymen to have the satisfaction of beholding such a traitor receive the reward of his crime."

The Baron replied, with firmness, " Sir, I am no traitor, and, as a soldier, I never fear nor shrink from death, let it come in whatever form it may."

" You, Sir," said Napoleon, speaking to Captain Narishkin, " are of a brave family: I know the name well; and I lament to see you have been taken with such a scoundrel as that."

Soon after this conference, in which the manners of a true *sans culottes* exhibited themselves under the Imperial purple, the illustrious prisoners were put together into a *calêche*, and forwarded, under an escort of gens d'armes, towards Grodno: from that place they were to proceed to Warsaw, and thence the Baron was to be dispatched to Hesse. The fiat of his enemy was to accompany him; and his death would have added another to the list of innocent victims who had been treacherously taken and iniquitously butchered by the commands of the French despot.

The escort had reached the government of Minzk, when at the skirt of a wood one of the wheels which belonged to the carriage in which the prisoners were, gave way. The General and his companion were both asleep at the time, but the noise awoke Captain Narishkin, who, while looking out at the people remedying the accident, observed, amidst the trees, the points of some pikes. He instantly aroused the General, and communicated what he had seen. His observation, and his consequent hopes, were true; for immediately some Cossacs presented themselves, and moved forward unobserved by the Gens d'armes.

Vinzingorode put himself forward in the carriage, and placed himself so that the heroes of the Don saw his Imperial star. A glance was sufficient: they charged the escort: a few minutes decided the contest; the French took refuge in the woods; and the Russian General and his aide-de-camp were, in perfect safety, in the hands of Colonel Tchernicheff and his brave little band.

On their arrival at the head-quarters of Count Vigtenstein, the Baron, together with Narishkin and other prisoners of consequence whom the Cossacs had set free, set off for St. Petersburgh.

Baron Vinzingorode, who hardly believed himself liberated till he was again in the track of glory, soon after rejoined the army, and is now commanding a large division against his enemies on the Banks of the Oder.

Having given an instance of the greatness of mind with which a Russian officer could reply to the domineering insolence of the French ruler, I cannot refrain from adding to it one proof out of many of a similar spirit existing amongst the lowest subjects.

A party of French marauders entered the cottage of a poor peasant, in search of plunder and provisions. When they had seized every thing dead or alive, even to the very cat, one of the brigands took the left-hand of the honest Russian, and with a staining liquid marked on it the letter N. The boor seeing the figure, demanded what it meant; upon which one of the soldiers, who was a Pole, replied, "It is the initial of the French Emperor, and by that mark you are become his subject." On hearing this, the high-spirited Russian drew his axe from his sash, and laying his arm on the table, in an instant, and at one blow, left the disgraced hand, covered with blood, before the eyes of the astonished soldiery. "There," cried he, "take what belongs to the French Emperor, if it is his! But still my heart and my body belong to my own sovereign, and will ever serve him with fidelity."

NOTE IX.—[*For Page* 349.]

From such multitudes of the enemy being made prisoners by the Russians during this retreat, the duty of conducting them into the interior was transferred from the soldiers to the armed peasantry. The devastation which the invaders had caused presenting itself at every step to their conductors, did not tend to soften their minds towards the distresses of their captives; and therefore there was not often great pains taken to preserve them from the fatal effects of their situation. Indeed to have afforded adequate comforts for so vast a body, would have required resources which, considering the rapidity of the defeat, could not come into the calculation of the victors to prepare. The consequence was that the fatigue of marching by day, and the cold of the nights, every hour lessened the number of prisoners. Not having room in the inhabited dwellings for them, they were usually put until dawn into the half-destroyed out-buildings which lay in the way of their destination. And here hundreds would be found each morning stiffened to death by the severity of the frost. By these means, nearly three parts of the original number of prisoners miserably perished.

Of the 25,000 fugitives who reached the opposite side of the Neimen, many of them also fell into the hands of their pursuers; and those who did escape into Poland, were soon after seized with diseases incident to their sufferings, which either numbered them with the dead, or completely disabled most of them from future service.

NOTE X.—[*Referred to in the latter pages of the narrative.*]

The twelve hundred pieces of cannon taken from the French, during these latter days of their flight from the theatre of their most iniquitous aggression, are to be erected into a monument of the invincible courage which repelled the outrage, and of the favour of the Almighty Power which drove the invaders over the barriers of the Empire.

The celebrated Chevalier Quaringy, the Imperial architect, who has already given so many proofs of his talents to the capital of Russia, has presented a design for this memorial of patriotism and military glory: he proposed that the whole of the captured artillery should be taken to Moscow, and piled up into a vast pyramid, surmounted with a brazen statue of Victory. The idea is simple and sublime.

Greatness of thought in simplicity of expression is characteristic of the Russians. They have a medal, which was struck by Catherine II. in commemoration of the battle of Tchesma. Its device is the enemy's fleet on fire, and the inscription the Russian word which signifies "*It was.*" It has been suggested to carry the same *impresse* to the monument of French guns, which, as the remains of the *Grand Army*, must ever stand as a memorial of what "it was."

The great, the pious Alexander, in acknowledgment of the power whence alone he derives his glory, in a ukase, dated Wilna, Dec. 25, O. S. issues his orders that the foundation-stone of a new church shall instantly be laid in Moscow, and that it shall be dedicated to *Christ the Saviour*. He adds, that he trusts it will continue a perpetual monument, to future generations, of the deliverance of Russia, and of the magnanimity and devotion of its people.

His Imperial Majesty likewise ordained that a patriotic offering made by the Holy Synod should immediately be appropriated to its intended purpose. It consisted of a fund of 3,500,000 roubles, to be set apart for the repair of the cathedrals, monasteries, parish churches, and school-houses, which have been destroyed in the Kremlin, in Moscow, and in the other cities of the government where the enemy principally committed ravages. This treasure is also intended to furnish relief to priests and preceptors, and to such ecclesiastical seminaries as have suffered by the invasion of the French.

The glorious issue of the Russian campaign, even more than answered the high expectations which the patriot nation of Spain had formed of its termination. The sentiments of the Spanish Regency are so worthy of themselves, and of the noble people whose cause was that of all Europe, that I cannot resist concluding this note with their address on the struggles and hopes of Russia, to their brave countrymen engaged in the same contest.

PROCLAMATION DE LA REGENCE D'ESPAGNE A LA NATION ESPAGNOLE.

Espagnols!

L'Empereur de toutes les Russies, Alexandre, ce Prince, qui en peu d'années de paix, s'etoit rendu célébre par ses virtus sublimes, qui régne sur les cœurs de tous ces sujets de son vaste Empire, qui, par ses sentimens généreux, et par ses principes libéraux, paroit destiné par la Providence, à améliorer les destinees du genre humain, ne pouvoit se persuader qu'un homme qui pourroit ajouter à la gloire solide et immortelle de bienfaiteur de tant de peuples, et qui plusieurs fois dans ses écrits, dans ses discours, et dans ses entrevues avec Alexandre lui-même, avoit soin d'être animé des mêmes sentimens; et pénétré de la verité des mêmes principes, pût cacher sous les apparences, le cœur d'un Neron, la perfidie d'un Tibere, la férocité d'un Attila, et voulut devenir l'execration de tous les peuples. Mais la violation continuelle des traités, l'état permanent d'agression contre tous les Princes, pour les détroner, et

contre toutes les nations pour les subjuger successivement, et la maniére barbare de faire la guerre en portant partout le brigandage et la devastation, ont convaincu le généreux et magnanime Alexandre, qu'il devoit se constituer le protecteur de la liberté et de la civilisation non seulement du Nord, mais encore du midi de l'Europe.

C'est ainsi que nous devons le considérer à la vue des traités qu'il vient de conclure celui de l'alliance avec l'Espagne, la reconnoissance des Cortes, celle de la constitution et de Ferdinand VII. qui doit régner d'aprés elle, sont les surs garants de notre independence. Alexandre, dont le cœur est si noble, et si élevé! Alexandre, dont la vertu ne pouvoit même concevoir dans son ennemi un degré de dépravation aussi horrible que celui qui etoit nécessaire pour treamer d'aussi noires perfidus, d'aussi épouvantables infamies qui celles, qu'il a osé se permettre envers notre Souverain bien-aimé; Alexandre, saisi d'indignation au moment ou le voile qui couvroit des attentats et des trahisons si abominables s'est dechiré, touché de la fermété et de la loyauté héroique des Espagnols, sera indubitablement aussi constant et aussi inébrantable dans la sublime enterprieze du salut de l'Espagne, comme le fidéle nation Russe, dans celle de seconder ton magnanime Empéreur, et de n'épargner aucun sacrifice pour assurer le triomphe contre l'ennemi commun, et delivrer l'humanité du plus grand des fléaux qui ait jamais accablés les peuples civiles. La Régence de Royaume ne s'arrétera pas à vous tracer le tableau de tous ce que nous avons lieu d'attendre de la valeur incontestable du soldat Russe.

L'univers n'a par perdu le souvenir des fréquentes humiliations qu'il fait éprouver à Frederic le grand, ni de rapides victoires qu'il a remporteés tant de fois en Nalic sur les legions orgueîlleuses de ces vites esclaves qui' se donnoient alors le nom de républicains, ni de la leçon terrible qu'il leur donna à Eylau et sur d'autres changes de bataîle, lorsque ayant abjuré ce titre, ils prirent celui d'humber du tyran. Aujourdhui on extend déja le bruit de ses premiers exploits contre les mêmes enemis, commandés comme alors en Pologne par l'homme frénétique qui veut parroître invincible.

Si dans l'histoire de émigration des peuples, nous cherchions des motifs pour justifier les causes de la resemblance de caractére entre les Russes et les Espagnols, nous pourrions en assigner des raisons trés probablés, mais ce qu'l nous importe de savoir, c'est que le Russe est constant et religiuiez comme l'Espagnol; qu'il a une vivacité de caractére superieure à celles des autres peuple du Nord de l'Europe; et que gouverné et conduit par un aussi grand Prince qu'Alexandre, il restora inébranlable dans la noble entreprize de résister à l'ennemie commun, de la poursuivre et de consolider notre liberté et notre gloire. De notre côté, les efforts et les sacrifices qui nous restent à faire, ne démentiront point aux que nous avons déjà faits avec tant de fermété at pendant si long temps, qu'ils ont préparé les triomphes de nos alliés et l'époque de nos esperances.

(Signé) LE DUC DE L'INFANTADO,
President.

Cadiz, September, 1st, 1812.

NOTE XI.

THE following military returns are selected from a number of others equally proving the severe losses which the French army sustained in its Northern campaign. The original documents were never intended by Napoleon for the public eye, but were taken with other papers by Count Vigtenstein's cavalry after having driven the fugitives across the Neimen.

Fourth Regiment of Tirailleurs, of the Imperial Guard—1st Division.

STATE ON THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1812.

Present under arms on leaving Simolenzk.		LOSSES SINCE LEAVING SMOLENZK.												Remarks.
		Killed on the field of battle.		Wounded, who were not able to follow, but left in the power of the enemy.		Died of cold or fatigue.		Left behind, frozen, or from sickness or fatigue, are supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.		Total loss.		Present under arms.		
Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	
29	252	—	6	—	4	—	58	17	174	17	242	12	10	

(Signed)

ROBERT,
Colonel and Baron of the Empire.

Second Imperial Guard, 1*st Division,* *Fifth Regiment of Tirailleurs.*

STATE OF THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1812.

Present under arms on leaving Smolenzk.		LOSSES SINCE LEAVING SMOLENZK.												Remarks.
		Killed on the field of battle.		Wounded, who were not able to follow, but left in the power of the enemy.		Died from cold and fatigue.		Left behind, frozen, or from sickness or fatigue, supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.		Total loss.		Present under arms.		
Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	
27	470	—	5	—	12	—	1	10	428	10	446	17	27	

(Signed) BON. HENNEGUIN.

Colonel-Major.

Third Guard Imperial, 1st *Division,* *Sixth Regiment of Tirailleurs.*

STATE ON THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1812.

Present under arms on leaving Smolenzk.		LOSSES SINCE LEAVING SMOLENZK.												Remarks
		Left on the field of battle.		Wounded, who were not able to follow, but left in the power of the enemy.		Died of cold and misery.		Left behind, or from sickness or fatigue, are supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.		Tótal loss.		Present under arms.		
Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers.	
31	300	—	13	4	52	—	24	13	201	17	290	14	10	

(Signed) CARRE,
Colonel-Major Commandant.

Fourth Imperial Guard, 1st Division, *Fourth Regiment of Voltigeurs.*

STATE ON THE 16TH DECEMBER, 1812.

Present under arms on the departure from Smolenzk.		LOSSES SINCE LEAVING SMOLENZK.												Remarks.
		Left on the field of battle.		Wounded, who were not able to follow, left in the power of the enemy.		Died of cold and fatigue.		Left behind, or from sickness or fatigue, are supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.		Total loss.		Present under arms.		
Officers	Under officers and soldiers.	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	Officers	Under officers and soldiers	
32	427	3	26	2	65	—	103	1	204	6	398	26	29	

(Signed) CHER. GALTE,
Commanding the Regiment.

	Thus these four regiments on quitting Smolenzk had present under arms:		On the 15th and 16th of December.	
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.
4th regt.	29	252	12	10
5th regt.	27	470	17	24
6th regt.	31	300	14	10
4th regt. V.	32	427	26	29
Total	119	1,449	69	73

In so short a period the loss to this small part of the army amounted in officers to fifty, and in men to 1,376.

By the above document we see how greatly Napoleon's private accounts differed from his public reports; and how very wide the latter were from the fact, is now generally known in the present seat of war.

In the 15th number of a periodical work published at St. Petersburgh, entitled "Sons of their Country," we find an entertaining estimate of the Russian and French losses, during the late campaign: the following result is drawn from twenty-nine of the French Bulletins.

"According to Napoleon, the loss of the Russians amounted to 40,528 killed; 70,810 wounded; and 67,269 made prisoners: making a total of 178,607 men, besides 82 generals, 1157 pieces of cannon, and two standards.

"The loss of the French, on the contrary, consisted but of 1,198 killed; 18,317 wounded; and 3,170 taken prisoners; amounting altogether to 27,685 men; it lost also, 33 generals, 115 cannon, 30,000 horses, and 2138 empty ammunition waggons. We must recollect that Napoleon was generally acknowledged to have entered Russia with 480,000 men; deducting the above-mentioned loss of 27,685, there remains 452,315:—by supposing that about 20,000 men had the good fortune to reach Berlin, Thorn, Dantzic and other places, what has become of the remaining 432,315 men? Thanks to the *able* dispositions of their *Great Captain*, they are all starved to death, either by cold or hunger!

"Yet further:—Napoleon brought with him, at least 1200 pieces of artillery; by adding to them the 1157 which he professes to have taken from the Russians, he must have had altogether 2357: he owns however, that he has lost 115; pray may we not ask what he has done with the other 2242? Very likely they are to be found in the grand depot of 67,269 Russian prisoners; (not ten thousand of which have been seen to cross Germany,) that is to say—*in the Russian army!*"

FINIS.

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